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KING EDWARD AND HIS COURT

BY

T. H. S. ESCOTT

AUTHOR OF "ENGLAND, ITS PEOPLE, POLITY AND PURSUITS," "SOCIAL TRANSFORMATIONS OF THE VICTORIAN AGE," "GENTLEMEN OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS," ETC.

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CHAPTER I

KING EDWARD VII

King Edward's connection with Paris—Paris before and after the Franco-Prussian War of 1870–1—Remains of French colonies in England—Paris superseded by London as the fashionable metropolis of Europe—The Americans of Paris—Advice given to the present King by his father—Points of similarity between Prince Albert and his sons—Work done by Prince Albert in connection with the Court—His patronage of science—Literary men at Queen Victoria's Court—The precursors of monthly reviews—"Slumming"—Royal encouragement of nursing—Curtailment of dinner—The organisation of the Court in the new reign—King Edward VII. as an orator—His literary instincts—King Edward VII.'s royal ideas.

"BEHOLD the first cosmopolitan Prince of Wales produced by the reigning House of England." In such words as these did the Parisian press welcome the Heir-Apparent who in 1903 is Edward VII., October 30, 1881, to a breakfast with Leon Gambetta, then minister at the Moulin Rouge, since vanished from the Avenue d'Antin. For several days after the event the newspapers, on both sides of the Channel, were full of the conversational felicities interchanged between the embodiment of monarchical England and the re-creator of republican France. The incident illustrated in the social relations

of the two countries and their capitals an epoch that had opened some half a generation earlier. The Prince of Wales had begun to qualify for the leadership of English cosmopolitanism when, in 1863, he set up his own establishment at Marlborough House. The cosmopolitan movement of the nineteenth century was not, however, fairly started in England till a few years later. From the days of our grandparents the world's polite civilisation had taken its time, its tastes, and its fashions, from Paris. Of that bright city an English votary neatly said that the Lutetia of the ancients had become the *lætitia* of the moderns. Nothing that was not a Parisian manufacture could be *comme il faut*.

On the other hand, our French neighbours, from the era of the great revolution, periodically and in kind, reciprocated the compliment. In the theatre at Versailles it was an audience of courtiers that had cheered Voltaire's lines from the lips of a son of Brutus, "whose heart bore graven upon it the love of liberty and the horror of kings." A later chapter is specially devoted to this subject. Here it need only be said that, before the Versailles incident, from 1729 to 1731, the political philosopher, Montesquieu, as the guest of Lord Chesterfield, had studied closely the working of the English polity. His writings, quoted in the House of Commons by Burke and Fox, attained something like the same parliamentary and periodical vogue that till then had belonged only to the classical writers. The leaders of French fashion promptly followed suit by discarding the fantastic dresses of the old Court for the simple costumes of the

islanders. Between 1820 and 1825 the coat-tails of London visibly shortened. The recognition of George IV. had made Beau Brummel a dictator over his set and age; to his genius and the patronage of Carlton House was due the frock-coat. That garment suited the new French passion for simplicity, since it concealed the stars and decorations which a little time before had been proudly flaunted by the dandies of the Palais Royal. In such apparel the Count de Segur, who had been French ambassador at St. Petersburg, discovered an indication for the passion of equality which culminated in the outbreak of 1793. At the same time English horses first became in French demand; the French turf was reorganised after the English model; the English gig became the modish vehicle for the Bois de Boulogne; an English seat on horseback was the ambition of French equestrians. The Anglicising process has indeed continued in France intermittently ever since its eighteenth-century manifestations. Most persons have smiled at the sign of the British shop on the boulevards, "Old England," flanked on either side by Bodegas, where unimpeachable British sherry is on draught from the wood. Such are the superficial manifestations that the French tendency to pay perfidious Albion the homage of imitation is not confined to the more or less fashionable little households in the Parc Monceau district, where "five o'clocks" have long been acclimatised. If in *The Parisians* Bulwer Lytton did less than he might have done with the subject, full justice to which would have demanded the genius of Shakespeare or Æschylus, he

drew to the life the superficial transformation effected by England's example in some of the ideas and habits of her nearest continental neighbour. Bulwer, himself, even in his original English, had as many admirers on the other as on his own side of the Dover Straits; the revival of his popularity in England is considered by some experts due to the impulse of translations of his works in France.

All this was nothing in comparison with the metamorphosis in the relations between the English and French capitals to be worked by the Franco-Prussian War (1870–1). The exodus from France during the revolutionary and Napoleonic periods left its visible mark for years to come on those parts of England whither geographical accidents first caused the Gallic emigrants to betake themselves; Brighton is only one of several English South Coast towns which remains to this day a social monument of seventeenth and eighteenth century occupation by French refugees of all classes. A Sussex waltzer continued to Victorian days a synonym for proficiency in the dance, the credit of whose invention is divided between Germany and her next-door neighbour. To-day these South Coast resorts are the paradise of the foreigner *en tour;* whole neighbourhoods of these English towns still bear traces of their earlier occupation by French professors of the language or of the movements that it was the business of Mr. Micawber's lively neighbour, the Gaul, to teach the slow-witted and slower-limbed islanders. The French strain in the physiognomy and patronymics to be met with on the English Channel littoral still

survives; that, perhaps, may explain why the *al-fresco* life of Boulogne, Dieppe, or Ostend is even to-day reproduced more happily under the shadow of George IV.'s Pavilion and at the contiguous towns than in any other part of the United Kingdom.

What was the sequel of these earlier movements towards British cosmopolitanism that took place upon so noticeable a scale rather more than a generation ago? In the September of 1870 the second French Empire fell at Sedan; the establishment of the Republic of Adolphe Thiers and of Leon Gambetta, supervening on the spasmodic outburst of communism, rendered Paris for the time neither a fashionable nor desirable place of sojourn. Before and since Nathaniel Hawthorne the educated American has had a peculiar passion for Rome; his less cultivated compatriots have imbibed that affection—probably because antiquity is the one thing that cannot be manufactured to order. The flight of the Emperor and Empress to Camden House, Chislehurst, left their city a capital without a Court. To the republican votary of fashion the idea of a European pleasure-haunt dissociated from a palace and a crown seemed intolerable. The æsthetic instinct of the modish Yankee revolted against the thought of coffee and light refreshments, served to the tune of the "Marseillaise" instead of the imperial "Partant pour la Syrie"—although the words of that song, by Comte Alexandre de Laborde, with the music by Queen Hortense, were known as early as 1809, they were not really popular and were without their Napoleonic

symbolism till the composer's son, in 1852, had been dubbed Napoleon III.—as their inspiring accompaniment. Imagine literary exquisites like Mr. Marion Crawford or Mr. Henry James living and writing in a capital whose timepieces in drawing-rooms of every degree were not set by the Palace clock. The last quarter of the nineteenth century favoured London with frequent visits from an elderly buck, Mr. Samuel Ward, known through two continents as "Uncle Sam," and a less hoary but still mature dandy who, from the same new world, followed in his senior's wake, Mr. W. H. Hurlbert, a fashionable newspaper man. Both were chips of the same Gallo-American block, both have justly descended to posterity as types of the born boulevardiers still shipped in increasing quantities from New York to Europe. Meanwhile, by the example of the future Edward VII., and by that of some among his chief lords, the fashionable itinerary of travellers of quality on the Grand Tour had come to include nearly the whole of that country which, in the nineteenth century, Spain had some reason to regret having encouraged a Genoese mariner some four hundred years earlier to discover. The coming of age of the then Prince of Wales, still more the setting-up of his establishment next year at Marlborough House, gave the signal for the fashionable recognition of eligible transatlantic strangers in the social latitudes of Belgravia or Mayfair. London, as it were in a moment, from the most insular and dullest of cities was, by royalty's immediate patronage, converted into the smart capital of the world. Naturally, as the

successor of ancestral sovereigns of society, the two last Georges and the fourth William, the Heir-Apparent to Britain's imperial crown became, while yet a subject, the controller of a fashionable centre more variously and picturesquely cosmopolitan than any of the old-world cities at their imperial prime had been.

"To dominate statesmen and to guide affairs were the object and boast of your mother's predecessors. In proportion as they represent and identify the Crown with interest and forces will those who reign after her make their throne the seat of loyalty and power. I hope my son will remember that truth in his turn." These words of wise counsel may be searched for vainly in Sir Theodore Martin's Life of Queen Victoria's husband, or in any of the Court memoirs of the period. They were, however, shortly before his death on December 14, 1861, addressed by the Prince Consort to his son, then a lively and impressionable lad of twenty. A dutiful child, King Edward from a boy missed no chance of translating the parental precept into practice. Instructed from his earliest years in the theory and working of constitutional rule, his mother was no sooner left a widow than he set himself to illustrate the monarchy's fundamental maxim, that of itself, for good or evil, royalty can do nothing. Before further labouring these points, it cannot be insisted on too strongly that King Edward VII. is at once the modernised version and in some respect the connective of Prince Albert, his father. The Duke of Connaught, indeed, in his practical conversance

with military details, the late Prince Leopold, in the comprehensiveness of his intellectual tastes, each recall some aspects of their sire.

The cosmopolitan universalism, the locomotive habits, the diffused concern for the social welfare of all classes, have won for the wearer and representatives of the crown a social sovereignty that more than compensates for curtailment of political power. The Prince of Wales often received and gave pleasure by exercising a kind of providential control over his personal friends. Gradually that interest had been extended over the entire industrial class. It constitutes one among many proofs of the King's fidelity to his father's example. George IV., in a moment of amiable impulse, declared he would bestow a pension on Flora Macdonald. One instalment of it was paid, not, according to Wraxall, from the royal purse, but by Macpherson to whom the King committed the business, and who was never recouped for his expenditure. Contrast with this King Edward's expenditure of personal initiative and systematic work on the provision of decent dwellings for the industrial poor, and on the organisation of a movement that has resulted in a re-endowment of hospitals. "Slumming" acquired a fashionable vogue between ten and twenty years ago. It prepared the rich and smart for the responsibilities of a more practical philanthropy, whose discharge was to be stimulated by the King soon after his accession. In 1878 the great surgeon, Sir Erasmus Wilson, had expended £10,000 on bringing from Egypt to London the obelisk, Cleopatra's Needle, which now adorns the

Thames Embankment. "Here," exclaimed Matthew Arnold, then living, "was a new and intelligent example for millionaires to follow." Would not some one, of even greater influence and position, encourage our capitalists, Asiatic or European, to benefit their age and secure their own immortality by a similarly wise use of their accumulated gold? On coming to the throne King Edward answered that appeal, made by the dead apostle of culture, when he indicated to his wealthier subjects a more excellent way of employing their spare thousands. At the same time he excited a noble emulation throughout the richest of his courtiers. Plutocratic peers of Parliament and the Midases of the Commons engaged in a beneficent rivalry with the loan-mongers, the moneybrokers of the City, and the anglicised billionaires of all nations, from the Jordan to the Atlantic. Coming after the Georges and the good-natured royal tippler, the sailor king, William IV., the husband of Queen Victoria rightly regarded it as his first duty towards his regnant wife and his adopted country not to complete but to undo the work of her predecessors. The Court was to be made respectable, even so far as might be distinguished; the Crown, to such an extent as might consist with German ideas of its dignity, should be for the first time in English history really popular. That last epithet scarcely belonged to the Prince Consort till towards the close of his too short life. His notions concerning the standard of dignity proper to be observed within the royal precincts of England were taken from the rigid ceremonialism of a petty German Court. They were resented as oppressive

and absurd by the best-drilled members of the Queen's household.

The books of the Royal Society still contain the clear and bold signature of Victoria Regina. From the days of Charles II. natural philosophy had been esteemed within the royal circle the fitting diversion of kings. The tastes and accomplishments of Prince Albert were scientific rather than literary. Physicism, unlike letters, is of no country ; its votaries in England were more likely to be welcomed in the palaces of Albert and Victoria than were the writers, at whose head was then the author of *Pickwick*, who lived in and exhaled an intellectual atmosphere so different from that wherein had been nurtured the Prince, at Rosenau, at Brussels or Bonn. Tennyson, whose *Idylls of the King* might be read as a panegyric on the Queen's husband, could not but be highly esteemed at Court. Arthur Stanley, afterwards Dean of Westminster, the most graceful and picturesque of ecclesiastical writers, would not have been denied the same sunshine of royal favour as that in which basked Principal Tulloch and Dr. Norman McLeod. But, apart from the accomplishments of his pen, the English historian of the Jewish Church had long been singled out by the Prince Consort as, on his Palestinian tour, the personal conductor of the future Edward VII. to the Cave of Macpelah that contains the bones of Abraham, of Sarah, and that till the royal visit in 1862, had never been unbarred to any tourist among the Gentiles. Queen Victoria's favourite novelist was Jane Austen ; Thackeray she disliked ; an attempt, but partially successful, was made by her intellectual

purveyors to place Dickens in the *index expurgatorius*. The creator of Becky Sharp never saw the inside of a palace; the genius which gave the world David Copperfield, on his single visit to the sovereign's home, found from the master of its ceremonies a reception reminding him of the welcome given to a governess in a great house who is permitted to accompany her childish charge to the drawing-room. This was only what had been expected by the ladies and gentlemen surrounding the throne; all these complained among themselves that under the great and good master of the Queen's household, in comparison with their own, the lot of Fanny Burney, as under-mistress of the robes to George III.'s queen, was enviable and light. Next to his systematic promotion of Court decorum and order on every level, the most enduring service rendered by Prince Albert was the tincturing of polite life with serious interests. Something in that direction had indeed been done during the earlier years of the century in which he married the Queen. To-day, through the medium of the monthly reviews, nearly in the order of their social precedence, women of quality or of note, and men who in some walk or other have contrived to make their mark, convey their views to the vulgar. The true literary parents of these miscellanies were the Albums, Keepsakes, and other annuals of the same sort conducted not by a professional impresario, but by some matron of position, probably an Almack's patroness of the Lady Blessington type, caricatured, as is supposed, by Dickens in Mrs. Leo Hunter. Thus the pen became in vogue with hands that

usually held little except the fan or the cigar. Edward Bulwer Lytton and Lord Francis Leveson-Gower, among men, chiefly contributed to the rivalry of letters with politics as a fit subject of fashionable notice. The breakfasts of the poet-banker, Samuel Rogers, in the Park Place room, overlooking the Green Park, have been described as often as the parties at Holland House, in the person of Sir Charles Murray, died as recently as the first year of the present century, the best known survivor of Rogers's guests, who from experience could testify to the educating influence diffused by these reunions. As a guest in Park Place, Benjamin Disraeli won the chance of contributing to Lady Blessington's *Keepsake* some verses on Lady Stanhope's portrait. Those secured him the first appreciation from the high *ton* as a probable successor not to Pitt but to Byron. Science also now began to be recognised as a legitimate mode of fashionable culture.

The British Association owed its existence to Sir David Brewster and to Sir Rodrick Murchison. Established by these in 1831, it received its most powerful impetus from the participation of the Prince Consort in its late proceedings. The same patronage made Michael Faraday's lectures a fashionable function; it had some share in creating the upper-class appetite that professed to relish Carlyle's lectures some years later in 1840. Faraday's later discourses were listened to in his youth by King Edward, who has condescended to call himself the pupil of that inquirer into the universe. Nor can it be denied that the royal disciple has, in his way, encouraged the pursuit

of those studies in which an example was set by his father. Long before, in Victorian days, "slumming," to revive the cant word now obsolete, became the mode with the Prince's friends, or the University and other "Settlements" growing out of the Toynbee experiment were heard of, the late Edward Denison, son of a Bishop of Salisbury, after much conversation on the subject with his contemporaries, the present Sir Michael Hicks-Beach and the late Sir Baldwyn Leighton, conceived the idea of bringing the West End into closer sympathy with the extreme East, and migrated from his pleasant rooms in Mayfair to a mean lodging in a grimy and plague-smitten quarter of Whitechapel. Thus began the organised effort, so powerfully helped by his present Majesty, to ensure for the helpless dwellers in these dark and doleful districts, homes a little better than pigsties.

A concern for matters of this sort was a legacy bequeathed by Prince Albert to all branches of his family; it was possessed by the mother of the present Heir-Apparent's wife, the Princess Mary of Cambridge, much of whose energies and fortune were spent in the good works of a district visitor. But for the encouragement of the late Queen's Consort Miss Florence Nightingale would not have gone out on her mission to the sufferers during the Crimean War, and the beginning of nursing reforms might have been delayed another ten years. Whereas now the female attendants on the sick, satirised by Dickens in the notorious persons of Mrs. Harris and Sarah Gamp, have been quite superseded by ministering angels, necessarily neither ugly nor old, but often quite comely, who,

having restored the patient to health, sometimes crown their good work by making him their husband. Thus indirectly perhaps has royalty been instrumental in hewing out a short cut through the sick-room to the altar. Spectators, in recent years, of the well-drilled, white-girdled, white-aproned maids and matrons from the London hospital wards, assembled in the gardens of Marlborough House, have perhaps reflected too much on the blessings conferred by these on sick-beds and too little on the advantages offered to those who have taken up the merciful calling, and who, but for it, might remain spinsters all their lives. Nor in reciting the compensations for loss of political power discovered by the Crown in tasks of social usefulness and influence, ought one to forget the widely-spread wholesomeness of the royal example in many little matters of daily life. Thanks to Edward VII., dinner that formerly filled the whole of an evening is now merely one of its incidents. At its beginning, the function has been abbreviated by proceeding almost immediately, instead of after a wearying interval of entrées and kickshaws, to the game or the joint. At the other end of the feast, dessert is merely a name or an ornament like the flowers on the table. About the time that earlier kings or their courtiers in their own homes were preparing for a second or it might be a third bottle, coffee and cigars are ready, the eating and drinking are both at an end. Rigid compliance with this new order was the condition on which alone His Majesty, when Prince of Wales, could be induced to accept the invitations of those countless hosts aspirant whose ambition in life was to expend their revenues in

feasting their future king. The sum of the matter would seem to be this: the four Georges had been succeeded by the fourth William. All these and the fine folk about them drank hard, played high, lived fast, generally showed a princely indifference to public opinion, or to popular necessities. The Prince Consort fulfilled a mission to make the Court, with those who were within the sphere of its influence, respectable. His son has improved on that by causing it to become as comfortable as a palace can ever be, nor in a less degree, representative, cosmopolitan, and smart. Not, indeed, that there is any danger of Queen Victoria's successor tolerating a disquieting relaxation of ceremonial or etiquette. As regards opera or theatre visits, indeed all public appearances, the prescribed routine is not less unbending and to all those concerned in it physically wearisome than it was when the partner of the greatest and best beloved of British sovereigns ruled the palace, and with his own hands drew up the programme. Oh, then used to be the sigh, for a Lord Shaftesbury or some other philanthropic legislator in high places to fix by statute the number of hours during which ladies, far from robust and already exhausted by the day's duty, were doomed to stand throughout the evening! The ordeal to-day is, as suits a much more humanitarian age, much less severe. Those who ignorantly supposed the personal service of King Edward and Queen Alexandra would prove a round of easy delights discovered their mistake before the Coronation day had been fixed.

It is the lot of kings to be cradled into statesmanship as well as into much more of useful knowledge

on other subjects than they are generally credited with possessing. The present Francis Joseph is his own Foreign Minister. Might not, it is sometimes asked abroad, Edward VII. fill a like office here? While these pages are passing through the press, Paris (April 9, 1903) is expecting a visit from the English king,—"the one sovereign," exclaims the French press, "who by his study of French politics and French politicians at first hand, does more to secure cordiality between the two nations than any number of diplomatists." The King of England has acquired an extent, a thoroughness and accuracy of international knowledge comparable among the sovereigns of the earth only with that possessed by the Austrian Kaiser. "I have always," remarked the late Lord Houghton to the then Prince of Wales, "considered your Royal Highness and myself as the best after-dinner speakers of the day." The art is one in whose acquisition the Prince Consort derived not a little help from the teaching of Lord Brougham, who urged his pupil to begin by looking upon his audience as upon so many cabbage-heads raised before him. The Prince's eldest son in this line of oratory not only started with the benefit of the paternal experience, he brought to it an air at least of geniality, a tact, partly native partly acquired, and a faculty for taking pains in small things that, with his excellent brains and a superlative information on any subject always at his disposal, make him one of the very cleverest Englishmen of his time. With more of literary smattering, and with the knowledge of the craft that is easily

picked up in Fleet Street, King Edward VII. might have been not less great as a newspaper editor than John Thaddeus Delane or John Douglas Cook. The patient observation, resulting in the power of seizing the supreme topic of the moment, of discerning its proper treatment, and of selecting those who can give the best expression or execution to such views—these are the arts which secure success in journalistic administration, as for that matter in the business of a Prime Minister; they are the endowments of the king, as they were also of a Palmerston, a Gladstone, a Disraeli. Some of the Plantagenets, like Henry III., were wrong-headed; each member of the line was clever. The Tudors and the Stuarts were above the average of their subjects in mental power, if not, as happened with the Stuarts, in the tact to use that power well. In the Hanoverian line has been brain disease before now, but never real stupidity. All the Guelphs have enjoyed to the full the intellectual heritage of their predecessors. Queen Victoria's eldest son, in respect of mental dexterity and skill, is not below his august mother; Carlyle first reminded his age that the word "king" meant etymologically nothing more than "konig" ("the knowing man"). It is the sovereign's business to be the master workman of the realm; that function implies the selection of the best material for doing the work. Left to himself, to his own time, to his own way, with a hand entirely free, the genius of Edward VII. assures him of finding the right instruments for producing the desired result.

CHAPTER II

THE SOVEREIGN AT HOME

Royalty's personal friends—The Duke of Cambridge—The Duke of Connaught—The King in private life—The King as head of society—The Duke and Duchess of Argyll—The Countess of Cadogan—Enlarged ideas of English society—Royalty and learning—King Edward's attitude towards the Church.

PERSONAL friendships are, for the most part, denied to the monarch. In the case of Queen Victoria her relations even with the late Sir Henry Ponsonby, though not quite without personal cordiality, were still formal and official. The only acquaintances approaching intimacy with those of her own sex possessed by the Queen were those with Lady Churchill, Lady Ely, the Dowager Duchess of Roxburgh ; to each of these ladies she was attached less by any personal attractions of their own than from their habituation to the ways and devotion to the person of the sovereign. Queen Victoria liked to have young people about her. That is also the preference of Queen Alexandra. Generally, Court favourites past middle age are rare. One reason for that, of course, is the constant strain implied by the duties to be done. Rulers seldom read news-

papers themselves. Maids of honour must always be within call to recite the cream of the daily press to their royal mistress. The eyes of these ladies must never tire; their voices must never fail. The position of none is absolutely assured till after an often prolonged period of probation. Ladies, who on their first coming to Court had been received with open arms, are liable to the risk of summary dismissal, now because of weariness on the part of their mistress, now for the matter-of-fact reason of their being physically unequal to the toils of the position. The friendship begun between the King and Lord Knollys in boyhood gives the secretary an influence with his chief not necessarily involved in the office he holds. There is indeed to-day no member of the Court, outside the royal family, who is a private power with the sovereign. His cousin, the Duke of Cambridge, is the one kinsman whose counsel on an emergency might be taken or sought. A bluff, hale octogenarian, mingling the flavour of Prussian pipeclay with breeziness of the English squire or the skipper, such is His Royal Highness, the father of the FitzGeorges—George Duke of Cambridge. Methodical in all things, in the pursuit of business as well as pleasure, he still enjoys both with the same zest as he did a generation ago. For eleven years less than half a century head of the British army, he showed himself just, also wise, on principle; he often surprised his censors by refusing to yield in practice to the partialities that every one knew to be with him so powerful as sentiments. In the Crimea he did not show himself at his best; yet is he a fair judge of tactics and competent to

criticise the handling of troops in the Long Valley at Aldershot or on the field of battle. The great service in his own eyes that he has always striven to render to his royal cousin is a regard for public opinion, which, when expressed in print, the Duke is apt to fear as well as to respect; he possesses all his family's memory for faces and individuals, used to know more than the Army List could tell him about the services of every prominent officer who attended his levees. The cheery dignity and stately good-humour with which he has comported himself since being manœuvred out of the commandership-in-chief has confirmed for him the regretful affection of all grades or sections in the service; it has made him, for the first time during his long career, an idol of those who never set a squadron in the field nor "the divisions of a battle know more than a spinster." The Duke always bore the daily vexations of life with equanimity, tempered or relieved by pious ejaculations; scientific reforms, he may have felt in his heart, were likely to drive the British army to the dogs or to the devil; he never said so; he as smilingly accepted each fresh improving nostrum as if it had been a well-conceived dinner menu, presented for his approval by the chef.

The chances of his lot would have left many men at his age surly and toothless pessimists; his Royal Highness's genial self-control and perfect breeding find him at eighty-three convinced as ever that England is the best of all countries in the best of all possible worlds. In a word, nature intended him for a philosopher; fortune made him a royal duke that he might be an example to his order.

Favouritism formed the chief charge brought against his administration of the Horse Guards. Promotion went by birth and wealth, instead of, as should be the case in the army of a democratic monarchy, by merit. Well, the Duke of Cambridge was immediately followed by an officer supposed to have sacrificed some of his chances to his strong convictions against privilege of all sorts. Lord Wolseley's official term left every arm of the service in a state of audible disappointment. Then came the famous general, apostrophised by the laureate of Tommy Atkins as the champion of freedom between subaltern and commander, between officer and private, so devoted to the welfare of all non-commissioned warriors as to be greeted throughout the ranks with the affectionate monosyllable of "Bobs." Lord Roberts may not think an officer less likely to make a good soldier because he is well connected. The late Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, has hinted at the highest military authority being still amenable to drawing-room pressure. On the other hand, the Commander-in-Chief has shown himself dead against the society colonels who have dealt less drastically than they might with the elegant pastime in fashionable regiments known as "ragging."

Some six or seven and thirty years ago was witnessed a pleasant sight on the prize-giving day in the grounds of the Woolwich Academy. The distributor, Queen Victoria's eldest son, had at his side his youngest brother, Prince Arthur, then just completing his first or second term as a cadet. It

was pleasant to see the elder brother's evident interest in all that the young cadet told and showed him about his daily routine, his favourite haunts in the place, the chosen companions of his studies and his sports. One after another the spectators of the prize distribution saw Prince Arthur present these special friends to his guest. Since then the Duke of Connaught, with the thoroughness and courage of his race, has undergone all a soldier's training. In Egypt he counted peril with calmness; he learned in India what Asiatic warfare might be like. His face, with its bronzed complexion, well-shaved chin and heavy moustache, is that traditionally proper to the Teuton in arms, whether of the German or British variety. Like the King himself, the Duke of Connaught advocates and illustrates the duty of military smartness. Both brothers, indeed, have inherited from their father the quick eye for the minutiæ of uniform —the buttons, the epaulets, each separate article of equipment, as well as the instinct that judges of how a march past is done. The professional verdict on Prince Arthur's work during his term in Ireland justifies the anticipation that his eventual succession to Lord Roberts would be both popular and wise.

> "How many a father have I seen,
> A sober man, among his boys,
> Whose youth was filled with foolish noise,
> Who wears his manhood hale and green."

The mention of Edward VII. in his private life irresistibly brings to the mind Tennyson's familiar lines from "In Memoriam." The picture of George III.

walking with his good queen and his children on the Windsor slopes, back to the early Sunday dinner, was pleasant in its day to English eyes. Not less acceptable to the present generation is the home life in this, his middle age, of Queen Victoria's eldest son and successor. Far behind now is the *sturm* and *drang* period. The fierce light is lowered; only a mellow lustre illuminates the scene. Pleasure was formerly a passion; it has been transfigured into an art. King Edward has now reached the calm security of a table-land of existence whence he looks down upon past days and amusements or associates of his earlier days who have now vanished. Lord Aylesford, Walter Harbord, George Russell—all these and their set have gone. Albert Edward alone remains. When he is neither in London or Windsor, but living as a private gentleman at Sandringham, a sense of the patriarchal cannot but steal over the sovereign's mind. Here, almost within a stone's throw, are nearly all those in whose veins runs his blood. The Prince and Princess of Wales have their country home within their father's private grounds. Hard by, at Appleby House, are the Princess Maud and her husband, Prince Charles of Denmark. No sight formerly was prettier than the fondness shown by the then Prince of Wales for his two sons,—the elder then passing for a sedate lad, the younger seeming of livelier temper. To-day the survivor of the pair, in his turn Prince of Wales, like his sire, has the countenance, character, manner, and features of his race. At times, in some of his ways and the expression of his face, he recalls with startling vividness his uncle, formerly

Prince Alfred. Queen Victoria never ceased to make her authority, as head of her family, felt. Her successor is equally tenacious of his private prerogative, not only with his relatives, but in those social regions clustered round his court and so covered by the royal ægis. His *patria potestas* was exercised in polite life long before he came to the throne.

The death of Generals Charles and Keith Fraser created a peculiar vacancy throughout circles belonging, or ambitious of belonging, to the Court. Among subjects none had the consummate knowledge of the world or tact, as manipulators of human nature in its most fashionable and difficult varieties, that had been exercised throughout a generation by the departed brothers. Who shall say what horrible thing might have happened had not the Heir-Apparent proved equal to filling the empty *rôle* on the highest strata of the modish organisation. For himself, the Prince could now look back with philosophic satisfaction on foibles of his own long since overcome, on extravagances or eccentricities over which self-control had enthroned him, in calm superiority. Who, therefore, so fit to be a censor and inspector-general of the polite system already presided over by the King of to-day. There was something frankly paternal, or rather patriarchal, about the manner in which even then the Queen's eldest son addressed himself to these complex and delicate duties. His authority clothed itself in a garb of almost melodramatic mystery. The manner of the prince, like a magnet, attracted deep confidences. These were never abused by their

illustrious recipient. With him, as he truly told each communicative friend, every secret was safe. At the same time the unbosoming acquaintance was gently warned against trusting others too indiscriminately. "I think," the friendly caution always ran, "you will be well advised if, for the future, you keep the matter to yourself." In this way the Royal Highness, who is now His Gracious Majesty, without ever being betrayed into inquisitiveness, gradually became possessed of the unpublished history of every family, of each individual member of it, with which at any time he or those about him was at all likely to be brought into touch. The presidency over the aristocratic structure in all its aspects was the gift of inheritance. Personal experience and gifts qualified him from an early age to be its monitor and mentor also. As the Prince of Wales was so the King now is. If he be interested in those whom it concerns, no matter is too small or too great for the active display of his royal providence. Except, perhaps, of a Lord Chancellor or an Archbishop of Canterbury, there is no functionary, civil or military, whose official dress King Edward VII. is not entitled on ceremonial occasions to wear. The diversities of the royal uniform fitly symbolise the universality of its wearer's concern for his people's affairs. A christening, a marriage, or a funeral of the subject honoured by the King's notice is not, in any of its details, below the dignity of the royal counsel. Again, if there be any mystery to be cleared up, the royal intelligence and acumen at once discover the slightest vestige of a clue, to be followed up with an industry and perseverance that should be a

lesson to Scotland Yard. Yet, whether as prince or monarch, no man has ever been less of a mischief-maker, or more honestly anxious to be the benevolent genius, desirous of ordering all things for the good and happiness of those about and beneath him. The Moltke as well as Bismarck of his realm's society, he would make all within his ken happy and virtuous. Hence the need of unremitting superintendence and occasional investigation. For what is London society but the social area whereof its royal head is personally cognisant, within whose limits he visits? Were the law of gravitation to be suspended for a moment the universe would be reduced to chaos. The heterogeneous fabric of society in the twentieth century must cease to subsist were the central authority of the Crown withdrawn. It has been already seen that Edward VII. is the best man of business in the world if left to transact everything in his own way. In regulating the concerns and doings of the polite world, he rightly claims and ungrudgingly receives a free hand. Let the aristocracy and the plutocracy sing, dance, play, and generally enjoy themselves, but let all these things be done decently and in order, according to the apostolic precept, and let the King-Emperor be the final, the sole, judge of how in mundane matters may be best fulfilled the ideas of St. Paul. Thus it comes to pass that the functions at Court in the new reign may be compared to that portion of the Lancers known as the "Grand Chain." Before their throned patron commingle in harmonious array all the different "sets." As in the ball-room the various couples manœuvre themselves symmetrically into one line of

linked movement, so do every sort of achievement and interest in contemporary existence perform a march past before the throne—great generals and travellers, statesmen who have ruined a party or saved a nation, physicians who, after a long course of experiment, seem on the brink of finding an infallible remedy for an incurable disease. Any kind of achievement, illustrious or even useful, any mode of meritorious notoriety, conforming to the salutary laws of Court procedure and etiquette, has its chance of smiling recognition from the benevolent despot who finds opportunity for exercising talents, constitutionally withdrawn from politics, in the social and fashionable arrangements of his realm.

With the exception of his children and others already mentioned, King Edward VII. has lost most of his nearest relatives. His sister, the Princess Louise, now Duchess of Argyll, together with her husband, leads a calm life of refined and intellectual culture. After their Canadian experience, the Princess and her husband had both hoped for the succession to Lord Ripon in the Indian viceroyalty. That proved impracticable. The two have found a pleasanter and less perilous occupation in art and letters; the Princess is more than an amateur in sculpture. The Duke of Argyll might have earned his livelihood either by his pen or brush. Princess Louise may not pursue her plastic art with the same zeal as was done by the late Count Gleichen, Lord Hertford's brother-in-law, at his studio in St. James's Palace, but there are to-day few parts of the Empire where her skill has not visibly established new claims on popular admiration for the

picturesquely diverse endowments of an exceptionally gifted royal house. Not less numerous than the graceful works of the Duchess of Argyll's hands are the monuments of her philanthropic industry bequeathed to all classes by the late Duchess of Teck, formerly Princess Mary of Cambridge. The wife of a former Irish Viceroy, the present Countess of Cadogan, is only one of many highly placed ladies who honour the Princess Mary's memory by perpetuating her concern for the welfare of her humbler fellow-creatures, children and adults, by the encouragement of every institution which can comfort, brighten, or elevate their lot. That is a sort of beneficence that first became a royal tradition in the Victorian age. Never, in her most exacting moods, has it ceased to form the example set by Queen Alexandra, and scrupulously followed by Miss Knollys and all the ladies about her. The same obligation is practically admitted and fulfilled by the present Prince and Princess of Wales as well as by the last. Thus has sympathetic enterprise equally broadened and deepened in public affection the moral foundations of monarchy. The Crown's political prerogatives may have been surrendered to the demand of constitutional progress. The reigning house has more than compensated itself for the voluntary loss of these by the simultaneous extension of its authority, on the whole of its usefulness throughout every department of the social province. The fashionable world of England, heartless and cynical in some superficial aspects, shows, on the other hand, qualities of childish simplicity, and a really passive obedience to its crowned leaders. The constraining

force of family sentiment may be less active in England than France. The London lady of fashion is sometimes seen at dances, at dinners, at suppers, at the opera and the play, when one of her nearest relatives is known to be lying dangerously sick. Her Paris sister, under like circumstances, would refuse to place herself in such evidence. Yet in English drawing-rooms of the highest *ton*, passing for exclusive, one encounters from time to time clever and fascinating ladies with a history behind them not quite unknown, who, like, for instance, Madame Frangipanni and her improvised husband, have received hints from the polite rulers of Paris, Rome, or Vienna not to endanger their health by too prolonged devotion to the gaiety of those capitals. What is the explanation? Simply this. The charitable and tolerant administration of English fashion is willing to give these wanderers a fresh chance. Surely that is to act in the spirit of the charity which hopeth all things. Of the Court's pursuits and of the varieties of personal intercourse these occupations involve, something presently will be said. His Majesty's last predecessor of his own sex on the throne showed a modest reserve as to his special philanthropic or intellectual interests. George IV., who might easily have made himself as good a scholar, classical or modern, as his favourite Charles Fox, heard nothing and cared less of those applications of science to daily life which, at that time, were dreams rather than discoveries. His unofficial occupations, so far as they were intellectual in a pre-scientific age, naturally belonged to the literary rather than the scientific kind. The first sceptred patron of

physical inquiry was Charles II., who gave the Royal Society its charter. The pundits of that body were the wiseacres whose doctrine about the compressibility of water was, on a familiar occasion, disproved by the King's ocular demonstration of its falsehood. The fourth George was all for drilling boys of every degree thoroughly in Latin and Greek classics. The remark of another devoted classicist, John Hookham Frere, that, provided lads were trained well, the subject matter was of secondary moment, excited George's disgust as revolutionary. The men of the *Anti-Jacobin* were constantly denouncing zinc wire, liquid, manure (their synonyms for the new physical learning) as fatally threatening literary culture. George IV. realised the danger; in his last talk with Dr. Keate, of Eton, he conjured that headmaster for ever to exclude from his curriculum everything to do with "those d——d bones and stinks." The revolution in educational ideas accomplished since then was to some extent helped forward by the Prince Consort. As has been already hinted, it must commend itself to no one more than to the Prince's eldest son. To be abreast of the times in all their innovations is King Edward's ruling idea. The novelty may be of British or of foreign origin. No matter, it is something new. The motor car had no sooner made its first round of the Bois de Boulogne, than the whole tribe of these modern Juggernaut cars was acclimatised at Windsor, at St. James's, as well as at Sandringham and Marlborough House. The husband and the Court of Queen Victoria began by making English society respectable. Edward VII. went on to make it smart.

Now, as during his princely period, he insists on its being, in all things, decorous as well as entertaining. He has a quick eye for any *mise-en-scène*, secular or devotional. A regular church-goer, a patient listener and an intelligent critic of sermons, he holds strict ideas of rubrical observance, both ritual and doctrinal, on the part of the officiating clergy. In an ornamental and æsthetic age, the King recognises as inevitable a service more ornate than satisfied his ancestors. As regards doctrine, by impartial appreciation of good sermons by preachers of every school, the King and his household hold an equal balance between the sects. With respect to ceremonial, their Majesties would be out of sympathy with the classes whose centre is the Court if they favoured Puritan simplicity. Whatever the school to which may belong the sermonising or officiating divine, the Sovereign is too many-sided a critic, and too appreciative a listener, not to note merit or to be imposed upon by pretence. Such are only a few of the national subjects in which the sound, observant, detached, but responsible judgment of the accomplished man of the world who sits on the throne, and who exercises a wider and deeper influence than any other individual, is at once an advantage and security to thousands who know nothing more of their King than his name.

CHAPTER III

A REPRESENTATIVE COURT

The composition of the Court—The Mistress of the Robes—The Ladies and Women of the Bedchamber — The Maids of Honour—Sir Robert Nigel Kingscote—Sir Dighton Probyn—Sir H. P. Ewart—Other Court officials—Lord Farquhar—The late Sir Charles Hall—The Knollys family—The late General Sir William Knollys—His son's former intimacy with the Prince of Wales—Now, as Lord Knollys, the King's right-hand man—The King's medical attendants, Lord Lister, Sir Frederick Treves, Sir Francis Laking—Naval men at Court—Sir Harry Keppel—Admiral Sir John Fisher—Admiral Lord Charles Beresford—Lord Cadogan and Lord Dudley—Lord Mount-Edgcumbe—Monarchies and Republics, a contrast.

BEFORE enumerating the agencies referred to in the last chapter's end, what to-day is the constitution of the Court itself? The ladies, of course, come first. In the twentieth century the queen-consort, Alexandra, is surrounded by nearly the same suite as belonged to the regnant Victoria on the re-settlement of the Court after the "Bedchamber Plot" (1839). At the head of the Court ladies comes the Mistress of the Robes. She is a State official, changing with the Government of the day, never below ducal rank, and, in 1903, the Duchess of Buccleuch. The ideal, by birth, breeding, by manner,

of a *grande dame*, with the remains of the hereditary beauty of the Abercorn Hamiltons, something of a terror to novices and *débutantes*, yet not devoid of kindly instincts; known even in unguarded moments to comport herself towards peeresses of the lower sort as if she could quite realise that much really commendable in itself might be found outside the limits of the ducal caste. Then come the Ladies of the Bedchamber. These, all peeresses, were eight with Queen Victoria; they are six with Queen Alexandra; one of them is invariably on duty; all are necessarily the personal intimates of their royal mistress. They are, it may be said, the near relations of men of Cabinet rank. Hence Peel's demand that, when incoming minister (1839), he should have their nomination as an integral part of his Government. Of these ladies to-day, one only, the Countess of Lytton, has filled a public position and bears a name that is, in a sense, national property. Vice-queen of India, afterwards mistress of our embassy in Paris, Lady Lytton is one of the three daughters of George Villiers, Lord Clarendon's brother. Her two sisters are Lady Loch and Mrs. Charles Earle. She achieved social success in Asia, as in Europe, by the exercise of those family graces, endowments, as well as by the personal accomplishments and tastes which had caused her father-in-law, Bulwer Lytton, to take her as the original, in *The Parisians*, of his heroine Isaura, who becomes the wife of the Englishman, Graham Vane, himself known to be suggested by the novelist's son. Next in order come the ladies whose official style is Bedchamber Women. Of

these Queen Alexandra possesses four. Attendance is seldom expected from them when the Mistress of the Robes is not present. At least one of them, however, can always appear at a moment's call. Four Maids of Honour also wait upon Queen Alexandra; these are *ex-officio* "honourables." As a fact, however, they have a family title to that prefix, being, with seldom an exception, the daughters or granddaughters of peers; their family appellations are, for the most part, those belonging to hereditary servants of the Court or State, like Hardinge, Kingscote, Knollys, Suffield. The Court of the seventh Edward is, above all things, representative. The first principle expressed in its composition is, as befits a monarchical and aristocratic country, that of antiquity of family descent. Wessex, richly endowed as it is in that respect, possesses few stocks so ancient as the Kingscotes of Wotton-under-Edge. Sir Robert Nigel Kingscote, the palace paymaster, discharges one of his duties by reminding critics of the new *régime* that the most cosmopolitan sovereign and court ever known in this realm is also one of the most conservative. In truth, Sir Nigel Kingscote, like his colleague of the Privy Purse, Sir Dighton Probyn, —also a distinguished officer, grizzled by service under Eastern suns—plays to his master a part not the less useful or needed because it has no Court title; these two retired soldiers are signally endowed with all the virtues sometimes possessed by the class to which they belong. *Fou comme un vieux militaire* is a description that, in England at least, does not hold true so often as some people suppose; the retired

warrior, if he be also no carpet knight, may be occasionally the gull of commercial hawks; seen at his best the veteran is a hard-headed, clear-sighted man of the world, in whom use, if not nature, has largely developed the organ of cautious reserve. Both Sir Nigel Kingscote and Sir Dighton Probyn won their laurels while their future master was yet in his teens; each represents the best brains and muscle of that army whence the Prince Consort decided that some among the guides of his son's youth should be chosen. Neither can be denied a share in the credit for the success of the Prince of Wales's Indian tour (1875–6). Sir Nigel Kingscote, one among the most variously distinguished survivors of the Crimean campaign of nearly half a century ago, was aide-de-camp to Lord Raglan, as well as in her hospital work often indispensable to Florence Nightingale. To-day, however, Sir Nigel Kingscote publicly is best known as himself a scientific farmer on his own Gloucestershire acres, as an expert in all agricultural matters, and the best judge of stock in England. King Edward farms and breeds with more system and success than was ever done by his great-grandfather, "Farmer George." In all these undertakings his chief adviser and helper is Sir Nigel, whose Court position, therefore, differs a good deal from that of other equerries. Sir Dighton Probyn, as his surname shows, and as might be expected from a born leader of Indian Light Horse, can look back upon a career in arms that is no small part of our imperial history during the Victorian age. As courtiers, at least in their demeanour towards the casual stranger

who may obtain audience of their master, the two belong in equal degrees to the more rugged type, as perhaps is meet for a pair of shrewd, stout-hearted men of the world. Let us pass to another figure. When Henry Peter Ewart was at Eton, Dr. Balston, then headmaster, remarked to his private tutor, "Here is another of those parson's sons, formed by nature to do and succeed in anything that an Etonian is likely to be called upon to undertake;" the boy's father, a Yorkshire rector, had noted his adaptabilities and aptitudes before deciding on the effort to send him to the famous school; the Army List shows the fulfilment of the prediction uttered by the successor of Keate. The late Montagu Williams declared that H. P. Ewart, going to the Bar, would have become a chief leader; the present Frank Burnand thought he might have grown into an editor of *Punch*. Fate, however, had reserved this strenuous, *debonair* soldier to be a Wellington in the business of organising the pageants and ceremonials of the Court—with a quickness of eye to take in a situation and a cautious promptitude in execution really equal to these qualities as displayed by the Waterloo conqueror in his campaigns. In the royal circle to-day these two knights filled something like the place held at Marlborough House during the last century by the brothers Charles and Keith Fraser. Those two *beaux sabreurs*, in knowledge of the world and of character, had few superiors among the experts of their day, nor in social diplomacy of the higher sort had they been outdone even by Charles Greville, the diarist; by George Payne, Greville's brother turfite and connoisseur of men and women

as well as of horses; all these belonged to a social variety that mediæval chivalry no doubt favoured, but that scarcely began to be well known in England before the sixteenth century men, like Lord Herbert of Cherbury, James Crichton, best known as "the Admirable," and Sir Kenelm Digby. Such were the men who, with the same effective elegance, could pen a stanza to a mistress, according to the correctest rules of fence, could run a rapier through a rival's body; to whom it was a matter of indifference whether they were called upon to solve a problem in the highest mathematics, to lead a forlorn hope to relieve a hotly-besieged city, or to unearth a political plot. Such Cynosures have been affected by the enlightened princes of Christendom; from Tudor to Hanoverian or Guelph days they have seldom been wanting to the English Court. It is an ideal not indeed always to be realised in the flesh; its mental presence at the Court is to be welcomed. Among the young soldiers of quality who acted as "gold-sticks" and in other capacities on Coronation day were men who, like a Dudley Ryder, a Ward Cook, a Cavendish Bentinck, a Talbot, a Stonor, and a Graves Sawle, have shown aptitudes that, properly developed, may entitle them to a place in the historic list.

The twentieth century courtier is shown in his most alert and assiduous aspect by the first Baron Farquhar. This nobleman, in whom the ingenious have seen an affinity to an ingredient in the standard dainty eaten at Guildhall on Lord Mayor's-day, early in life took for example the late Sir Charles Hall, the Prince of

Wales's attorney, who afterwards became Recorder of the City. Some men are formed by nature to explore oceans or continents; they discover new worlds like Columbus, or after the fashion of Sir H. M. Stanley. They have a knack of encountering during their walks through darkest Africa long-lost travellers—now a Dr. Livingstone, now an Emin Pasha. Adventures are to the adventurous; and every moment in life is travel if properly understood; there is a kind of investigation calling for no departure to Arctic and Antarctic circles, or to equatorial regions, which can be carried on without leaving England, or even the Court precinct, and which yet gives scope for the exercise of qualities not less admirable in their way than those demanded from our trans-Oceanic pioneers. Courtiers are sometimes stupidly confounded with parasites, todies, hangers-on, and such venal fry. It is an entire mistake; no man, without the inborn abilities and the acquired arts that might conduct their possessors to the highest pinnacle of professional success, really makes his mark in a palace environment, or can stand high for long together in the favour of princes. The former Sir Charles Hall had won fame and practice as a barrister before duty or ambition placed him on the establishment at Marlborough House; without the insight into character, to which he owed much of his forensic success, Sir Charles Hall would not have risen above scores of other princely satellites. As it was, he made himself a power with his royal patron; his bright example soon had many followers. Chief among these were the then Earl of Fife and the future Lord Farquhar. The

former has been rewarded by becoming the King's son-in-law; the latter by being installed master of his household, as well as on short journeys the sovereign's confidential attendant. In addition to those already named personalities, each one with a distinct character, there are for ever strutting along the stage, or buzzing in and out of the corners of the Court, a host of more or less official butterflies, with names well known to every newspaper reader, but afflicting with a sense of dazzling perplexity the untrained eye which tries to follow their movements, or assign to each of the gilded supernumeraries a distinct place and function in the palace system. It could not be otherwise. Since they live under one roof, the King's and the Queen's households socially merge into each other; nonetheless, each forms a separate establishment, with its work as mutually distinct as was the case under Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort. One change has introduced itself during the new reign; the Maids of Honour are still nominally on duty for a month at a time; their actual attendance during that period is much less constant under Queen Alexandra than it was with her predecessor.

"Whether the business be to promote or to check, no councillor can greatly help the sovereign unless he brings hereditary experience to the work." Such was the opinion of an expert in all Court matters under the second George, that Lord Carteret whose death made Chesterfield exclaim, "There go, taking them all round, the best brains in England." Carteret's condition is strikingly fulfilled in the case of the man who regulates the entire Court machinery, who may be

described to-day as the permanent secretary of the palace, with the same truth that one might speak of the sovereign himself as discharging for all departments of the realm and empire the duties performed by the permanent officials in the different departments of State. Lord Knollys, the right-hand man of Edward VII., as during more than a generation he had been indispensable to the Heir-Apparent, is directly descended from that Sir Francis Knollys who in 1572 became, and until her death continued, the household treasurer of Queen Elizabeth. Lord Knollys and Lord Salisbury, therefore, have the same length of political pedigree. The actual secretary of the King, in person as well as character, possesses more of the qualities transmitted by a sixteenth-century ancestor than have been inherited by the ex-premier; the latter shows no more of the ancient Cecilian traits in his physiognomy than in his politics; the entire bearing of the former is that of a modernised Elizabethan. The gravity may have in it more of the polished and of the urbane than would have been thought to consist with his progenitor's duty to a Tudor queen; but no courtier under that dispensation as regards chastened shrewdness and self-contained sagacity could have taught anything to the Francis Knollys of to-day. Nor have hereditary advantages less remote been wanting to him. In April, 1853, the discreet but steady pressure of Prince Albert secured a War Office grant of £100,000 for the Aldershot encampment of twenty thousand men; the first commander appointed was General Knollys, one of Wellington's officers, known for his enlightened

views concerning military instruction and tactics. On the expiry of his Aldershot term that veteran remained educational adviser to the Horse Guards till his appointment as Gold Stick in Waiting. Originally governor to the Prince of Wales, he became afterwards his private secretary, to be succeeded in that office by his son, whose recently conferred peerage was rather the revival of a dormant barony than a fresh creation.

About a generation ago three young men of good position and of great prospects, all much of an age, were enjoying, after the favourite manner of privileged youth, the pleasures of the town. One of the trio was the Heir-Apparent, to-day Edward VII., his two comrades were Mr. Francis Knollys and Lord Blandford, afterwards the eighth Duke of Marlborough. Than the latter of these not even the Elizabethan Francis was endowed with greater possibilities. Being then on exceptionally intimate terms with the Prince of Wales, he imparted to his royal friend some of his own intellectual interests. Generally passing for a selfish epicurean, that nobleman was capable of an honest concern for the temporal welfare of his inferiors. Court patronage had not made "slumming" a fashionable amusement, the modish Socialism of Mr. and Mrs. Webb was unknown. Except an enthusiastic cleric or two down Whitechapel way, or the workers of the London Mission, nobody thought of taking or simulating a regard for the street arabs of unfashionable London. It was, therefore, at least original in this peer about whom many hard things have been said, when he told the rectors of the most populous, most poor and squalid parishes to the east of Temple Bar that, at his own charge, he would

convey in a specially hired railway train, between London and Woodstock, two or three thousand children of both sexes for a day's outing, eating and drinking in Blenheim Park. It was a pretty and a pathetic sight to see these small creatures, two abreast, troop into the great pleasure-ground of the Churchills to the stirring music of the family battle-tune, "*Marlbrook sen va-t-en-guerre.*" More impressionable than many of his caste, Edward VII. admitted something of the influence of the wayward, but often wholesomely stimulating example of quite the most intellectually gifted among his earliest friends. Personal differences afterwards estranged the peer and the prince; they were unintentionally prolonged by the Duke's second brother, Lord Randolph Churchill, who, however, in 1885 more than atoned for any alienating indiscretion by effecting a reconciliation between the two at his dinner-table in Connaught Place, Hyde Park, where he then lived. The third member of the group, Francis Lord Knollys, is known to have rendered services to his royal master, not less than to the monarchy, unsurpassed by any other public man. His ancestry, which is indeed an essential portion of the man, has been glanced at. The widely tolerant sympathies, the far-seeing shrewdness, the practical sagacity, the superb common sense of his Elizabethan progenitors have descended to others of the family in Victorian times, as well as to Lord Knollys himself. In 1870 he became private secretary to the Prince whose associate and friend, like Lord Blandford, he had long been. He was no more a student of books than had been his progenitor at Elizabeth's Court, but he had, as a

lad, in the vale of Aylesbury hunting-field, received a significant tribute of praise from the most accomplished man of the world and the shrewdest judge of the points constituting both human and equine excellence. "That young man," said Whyte-Melville, after riding side by side with him during an especially trying burst of forty minutes, "will do well, for he goes straight as a die, and never opens his mouth." Francis Knollys, even in his freshest youth, was never merely a sportsman. Guardsman, scholar, and novelist, the man who wrote *Digby Grand* saw in the chase a great school of character, he was seldom wrong in his estimates; the prediction just mentioned was to be fulfilled to the letter. A French critic once remarked that in every statue erected of the Prince Consort he saw a monument to the British goddess of respectability. Loyalty to the paternal memory would not of itself have sufficed to make King Edward the dutiful subject of Prince Public Opinion which he is to-day. Queen Elizabeth's fondness for her Plantagenet ancestors is as well known as a like preference of Queen Victoria and her son for the Stuarts. On that point some notable words were addressed to the Tudor queen by Francis Knollys the first. They are to be read in a letter, at least long preserved, it may be still extant, among the family archives:—

"Your Highness's father was every whit as mighty and as absolute an emperour as Richard II. essayed to be; what was the reason that Henry of holy memory died peacefully in his bed, and that the king who sat on the same throne two hundred years earlier perished violently and miserably? Surely the answer

is that Richard, defying all warning of events, all obstacles of popular feeling that opposed his mad ride to ruin, from the first headed to the precipice. That puissant servant of God and ruler of men, whence is sprung your Majesty, while, of his own dread will, choosing his path and unfalteringly pursuing it, humoured the whole nation by applying himself to learn the spirit of the age, and by reading, at each turn of his course, the signs of the times."

To crowned heads of whatever dynasty the congenital temper is that against which the Tudors were on their guard and flourished; to which the Stuarts yielded themselves and fell. His Elizabethan fathers handed down to Lord Knollys the great principle of conduct that nothing is easier than for a prince to retain absolutism, provided he not only disclaims it, but preserves a behaviour consistent with that repudiation. The duties of the King's private secretary and of his whole department may be compared to those of the Meteorological Bureau which prepares the weather forecasts; morning, noon, and night the entire visible length of the social and political horizon in quest of any sign of atmospheric trouble must be swept by the expert eye. As for that portion of the heavens which cannot thus be studied, reports from trustworthy compilers are sent up to the Royal Observatory; now it may be something in the public press, to which the context or some accident gives significance. More often the warning is contained in a private letter from a well-placed correspondent; most frequently of all the hint is contained in a budget of miscellaneous details, picked up by obscure agents of the sovereign's

servants. Each one of these singly may be of little account. Their aggregate collectively, weighed correctly and seen in its true light, affords a real indication of what is at any rate to be avoided, if not what actually is to be done. No conscientious physician keeps his finger more carefully on the pulse of a patient, who is being operated upon under chloroform, than these watchmen of the palace fix their attention upon those evidences of the hour that contain the most trifling instruction for princes. Such are the labours in the midst of whose performances by himself or by his deputies lives the guide, philosopher and friend of King Edward VII., Baron Knollys the First. The gods and goddesses, as described by Homer, often deliver their favourite warriors from imminent danger in battle by surrounding them with a divine mist or darkness which their enemies cannot penetrate. The function of courtiers like the King's private secretary is to environ His Majesty with an atmosphere of common sense and worldly prudence. Fortunate in such an environment, living amidst such influences, a prince naturally so quick to learn as Edward VII. finds qualities which are applauded by the world as a gracious and unerring tact, a politic and right royal condescension, to become a second nature. Their display upon each fit occasion involves no more trouble to the King than a man need take in walking across a room. Of course the official who stands so high in his royal master's confidence, and who might be described as the efficient incarnation of the sovereign's sagacity in the smaller affairs of everyday life, in an age of universal publicity and of indis-

criminate courtiership, is seldom free from invasions on his knowledge and his time by those who seek to win the ear or chronicle the movements of the head of the State. His Majesty has half or wholly promised that, at some date yet to be fixed, he will cut the first sod of some new docks, demanded by the growing commerce of his kingdom, or lay the foundation-stone of an asylum for the children who have been left orphans by the wars incidental to our imperial grandeur. As the time draws near, interest is attempted to be made with the King's advisers by local candidates for the honour of entertaining as their guest during his visit the earthly image of omnipotence. A provincial representative of a new line of mercantile potentates; the head of an ancient territorial, perhaps rather decayed, house, are both desirous to receive the monarch beneath their roof; neither is without some claims for dispensing the hospitality; on whichever of the two the choice falls, murmurings and bitterness are sure to be excited with the other. It is a choice of evils; the palace counsellors rise to the responsibility of the situation: commercial plutocrat with recently acquired acres or plain country squire? a fair case might be made out for their patron's favouring either; it is a specimen problem of Court casuistry. The solution generally avoids in its consequences most of the offence that might have been thought inevitable. Neither George IV. nor William IV. was ever the head of English society so comprehensively and so really as, for at least half a dozen years, had been Edward VII. before he came to the throne. His Court at Marlborough House and Sandringham drew to it

whatever for the moment might be most notorious in the polite circles of England. To fish for an invitation to the Heir-Apparent's was ambition; to obtain it was success ; travellers, carrying their lives in their hands, on foot or on horseback, penetrated to the remotest corners of Asia, initiated themselves into the most occult mysteries of Buddhism, talked familiarly with the Grand Llama of Thibet. It was much to return with their heads on their shoulders. To the more aspiring of the number, their reward would have been incomplete had they not placed themselves on a visiting footing at the home of their future King. The private secretaries of his present Majesty's two male predecessors thought themselves hard worked. They knew nothing of the delicate, complex, and invidious duties devolved on the race of officials who have succeeded them by the immense increase of points of contact between the sovereign and the foremost representatives of national life and achievement on every level. King Edward VII.'s social advisers, with Lord Knollys at their head, require not only an encyclopædic knowledge of every personage of the hour, of all the interest or associations centred round each personage ; they must be able to calculate the effect likely to be produced upon thousands, necessarily strangers to them, by the royal demeanour towards the most casual aspirant to Court notice. The influence with which the social conditions of the day, even more than its actual duties, invest Lord Knollys is exercised with an intelligence and a tact not the less effective because these qualities are all touched by a certain impartial kindliness.

The illness that postponed the Coronation in the summer of 1902 brought into prominence the distinguished men whose function is to promote his Majesty's physical well-being. A mere glance shows these to be a remarkable group. Most noticeable among them is the broad, high white head, with a reminiscence in it of John Bright, of Lord Lister of Quaker birth, once the class-mate of W. E. Forster in the Friends' School at Tottenham, the son-in-law of Syme, whose surgical researches, as well as anæsthetic discoveries, he carried on to perfection. Contrast Lord Lister with his two colleagues, each different from the other: Sir Frederick Treves, whose services to humanity need not be recapitulated here, possesses the presence of an ideal gentleman of Wessex, whose manner and speech are just flavoured by a suspicion of his native Dorsetshire. Sir Francis Laking, on the other hand, cosmopolitan in ideas, in acquaintanceship, among the doctors of a thousand capitals could be taken for no other than a West End London physician of the first eminence, the highest connection. A master equally of human nature and of the pharmacopœia, he redeems his appearance from professional conventionality by something of picturesque breeziness, lightly rippling, as it were, the expanse of snowy shirt-front, and recalling in the contour of the fine face what once might have been the subdued rakishness of a medical studentship that could never have been anything but diligent and distinguished.

The personal links connecting the Court with the army have been already described. The naval

associations of King Edward are even more illustrious and variously representative. The nonagenarian, Sir Harry Keppel, and the personal preferences of Queen Victoria inspired the future King in his boyhood with a desire for the acquaintance with the best seamen of the age. When, in the royal presence, some one spoke disparagingly of the scientific sailor likely to be produced now that armour-plated and engine-equipped men-of-war are floating factories rather than iron walls, his Royal Highness Albert Edward checked the scoff with the perfectly true rejoinder that Nelson himself was criticised by the superannuated salts of his own day as too scientific for his work. William IV. was not more fond of the society of old quarter-deck comrades than is Edward VII. of navy men who are thorough masters of their craft in the new conditions under which it is carried on. Such are Admiral Sir John Fisher of the square, impassive countenance, and of a nickname which, being reserved for the colloquial use of his intimates, is not to be given here. "Can't come to dinner; lie by post." Such a reply could have proceeded from no other than Admiral Lord Charles Beresford, whose fresh, popular figure completes for the present purpose the maritime circle that surrounds the throne; he, like his comrades now glanced at, however conservative the tendencies of his profession, will always be found at the head of whatever is enlightened and progressive. The qualities thus indicated are never absent from the air breathed by the sovereign in the most representative Court ever known to

Christendom. Of one or two peers very near the King, in whom those qualities are incarnated, something may be said. With a manner which, whether on Newmarket Heath, at meetings of the Jockey Club, at the Irish viceregal court, in the Gilded Chamber, or in general society, is noticeable for its urbane gravity, Lord Cadogan, an elderly young man of a bluish complexioned face, together with his stately wife, remains, as for the best part of a generation he has been, at the very centre of the innermost and most exclusive patrician circle of the polite world; as little as his Conservative predecessor, the late Lord Carnarvon, or his Liberal forerunner in the Irish viceroyalty, Lord Aberdeen, have the Cadogans been touched by that smartness which certainly has not lacked Court patronage. A Conservative by politics and temper of the Tory variety, Lord Cadogan has learned many most useful lessons from the social friction of the turf; his quiet and singularly unaggressive hauteur has been mellowed by varied experience and a thoughtful frame of mind into a temper tolerant of ideas and persons traditionally repugnant to his order; he has, in a word, delivered himself from "the idols of the tribe and of the forum"; he sees facts as they are instead of through the medium of caste prejudice. Hence, some years ago, he scandalised some by recognising certain elements of wisdom as possibly inherent in the proposals of Gladstone. Lord Cadogan has found a congenial recruit to some of his notions, as well as, one may almost say, an apt disciple, in the nobleman who from September 25, 1902, has represented the

Crown on the other side of St. George's Channel. Still under forty, Lord Dudley has broken with the hampering traditions of the permanent officials and the organised prejudices of the "Castle." Personally, as by his parentage, acceptable to the sovereign, he has already imparted to his royal master the same wish to signalise the present reign by the adoption of new methods in Ireland that in Colonial and Imperial matters the King has received from Mr. Joseph Chamberlain. After all, Edward VII. has been trained from his earliest years to political criticism; his mind is stored with lessons learned from the greatest princess and stateswoman of modern times, his mother. Though the King reigns on the condition that he does not govern, suggestion to those who rule for him is still a constitutional prerogative. The proceedings, so far as they have transpired, of the recent conference of Colonial premiers have already familiarised the people with a possible project for drawing closer the ties between the Mother Country and its dependencies beyond seas, possibly for federating the whole Empire by no fresh machinery of statute, but by an enlargement or reconstitution of the Privy Council which will secure to all his subjects in the remotest parts of the world their own representative at King Edward's Court. A like body might be created for Ireland. Some at least of the objects aimed at by Home Rule would thus be secured. A royal residence in Cork, Galway, or Wicklow might easily be contrived afterwards. The country would become as fashionable, therefore gradually as prosperous, as the most highly esteemed neighbourhoods

of the Scotch Highlands. In this way the intervention of the Crown would have solved, amid the applause of continents, two difficulties—one Irish, the other Imperial—which have thus far baffled statesmen and parliaments. At the time these lines are written the policy of Irish Coercion seems relaxed. The Irish gaols may soon have as few members of Parliament inside them as the English. Much that seems prophetic of the new era, desired by the sovereign, has happened while these lines have been passing through the press. Mr. Wyndham's Land Bill, a significant commentary on the conciliatory ideas of his royal master, has not been rejected by the Nationalists. The measure may yet prove an application of Crown cement that will consolidate a contented Ireland into an United Kingdom.

In addition to King Edward's noble advisers in these matters already named there is another peer whose counsel will be of the same moderating kind, and who from the day the then Prince of Wales reached maturity has served as a good genius of the palace. This is Lord Mount-Edgcumbe. When Lord Valletort he was specially selected by the Prince Consort for the intimate companion of his eldest son. Lord Valletort succeeded to the earldom about the same time that the Prince of Wales reached his majority. The friendship and companionship of the two have not been blazoned abroad like other of the royal acquaintanceships. It has been, however, an intimacy of nearly half a century's standing. It has exercised a constantly deepening influence on that one of the two friends who is to-day King of

England. Illustrious lineage—an unbroken succession of ancestors renowned in war, from Agincourt to Inkerman, or powerful in statesmanship from the days of Norman absolutism to those of Household Suffrage. These attributes have been set off in the present head of the race by the accomplishments and gifts that sovereigns have always most prized in courtiers. The future King by both his parents was taught in some of those about him to look for what are regarded by subjects as the ornaments of character and life. Lord Mount Edgcumbe is one among the best read and thoughtful men of his rank; he is as keen and appreciative a literary critic as was his present Majesty's uncle, George IV.—as a classical scholar scarcely inferior to his friend, Charles James Fox; no Conservative peer, indeed, has done more to prove the falseness of the Whig tradition of regard for intellectual culture being a Whig monopoly. With few superiors among amateurs as water-colour artist, Lord Mount-Edgcumbe is certainly the most agreeably instructive of all titled conversationalists now living; his remarks, at their best, have the peculiar flavour which in olives brings out the taste of wine. He has replaced the enthusiasms of youth by a level-headedness and clearness of judgment characteristic, as is sometimes supposed, of the northern rather than of the southern Englishman. Such are a few specimens of the personal forces at Court, or, to use the obsolete and not entirely appropriate phrase of two centuries ago, the influences behind the throne. On the whole, the omens of the hour favour a revival less of the Crown's active

prerogative than of a more alert display of the royal initiative in regulating the administrative details of Imperial business. The sovereign, therefore, may succeed in making himself felt not as the overruling dictator of his ministers and of his Parliament, but as a most highly placed colleague, who, by enlarging on ancient lines the functions of his Privy Council, can sensibly relieve an overburdened legislature. That is the newest idea. Fulfilled in discreet sympathy with a national sentiment, it can offend no class of subjects because it will interfere with no material interest. Under Queen Victoria a motion concerning the Civil List, involving, as it was thought, an attack on the monarchy, was brought forward in the House of Commons by Mr. Auberon Herbert and Sir Charles Dilke.

In his reply the Prime Minister of the day, Disraeli, quoted facts and figures to show that monarchy is of all polities not only best suited to this country, but, as compared with republics, is the most economical. The arithmetical part of his argument was not quite conclusive. He arrived at the cost of republics by adding up the salaries of all the members in the United States legislatures, together with the official pension funds. These last are indeed peculiar to America. As regards legislature salaries those are paid not only in the United States, but throughout the European continent, in every assembly except the monarchical Prussian Reichsrath. They are also given in every country of the British Empire outside the United Kingdom. Nearly all these nations are monarchic. The sums are, therefore, received by

members of Parliament, belonging equally to the expenditure of communities, whose first magistrate is a president or a king. Thus it is evident that in computing the cost of a polity, salaries to parliamentary representatives cannot come under the head of exclusively republican expenditure.

None of those purely temporary circumstances, that some quarter of a century since under Queen Victoria bred a vague and nameless discontent with the monarchy, now exist or are likely to recur. The Crown is the historic and essential as well as ornamental figure-head of a greater empire than that of Persia, Rome, or Charlemagne. It is also a real and inspiring symbol of British unity throughout three-parts of the habitable globe. Other disadvantages would attend not merely its abolition but its eclipse. Since the fall of the Second Empire there has been no Paris season worth speaking of. Half the fashionable shopkeepers along the boulevards or in the Palais Royal complain they can scarcely live under a republic. But for the disorder and ruin that a forced and sudden change might involve, they would take up arms to-morrow for the restoration of some form of monarchy. London has risen to its present cosmopolitan prosperity on the social ruin of a kingless Paris. Nor is that all. It is not only the modish plutocracy of St. James's, Belgravia, and Mayfair that is kept going by the Court. The palace, its inhabitants, its satellites and their doings are the favourite themes of small-talk and speculation in the very humblest circles in the remotest parts of the provinces or the Empire. What, at each successive meal, forms

the daily courses of the royal table. How much is paid for the tea, coffee, tobacco and snuff at Buckingham Palace. The exact work respectively allotted to each of his Majesty's dressers. How often the Queen changes her gown. Such are the problems that exercise the speculation of innumerable well-paid writers, or that are discussed with a detail that delightfully stimulate the inventive faculty by thousands of firesides, at as many dinner and tea-tables, in as many housekeepers' rooms, servants' halls and parlours. Were the King and his Court no longer central objects, what intellectual motive would there be for the exercise to the extent now described of those faculties which the palace doings bring into play. The mere fact that gossip about the great gratifies a world-wide instinct is itself an argument in favour of monarchy. From a representative Court the transition is natural to a cosmopolitan society.

CHAPTER IV

THE DIPLOMATIC CIRCLE

The Diplomatic Circle, past and present—The new Russian Ambassador, Count Benckendorff—His predecessors, Brunnow, Woronzow, and Prince Lieven—Count Munster—Visits of Russian monarchs to England—The Austrian, Italian and French representatives—Mr. Choate, the American ambassador—The Marquis de Soveral—The Metternichs—Some ambassadors abroad, past and present—Lord Stratford de Redcliffe—Lord Lyons—Lord Dufferin—Sir Edward Monson—Sir Edward Malet, Sir Horace Rumbold, Sir R. Morier—Sir Henry Drummond Wolff—Mr. H. Labouchere, ex-diplomatist, present journalist—Semi-diplomatic journalism—Lord Hammond's pupils—Sir William White—Lord Currie—His career at the Foreign Office—Present Anglo-Italian relations—Mr. Leveson Bertie—Sir Michael Herbert—Sir Nicholas O'Conor—Sir Thomas Sanderson—Sir H. Austin-Lee.

BETWEEN the Court of the sovereign and the society of his capital the diplomatic circle supplies a convenient link. From that international body has just been removed one whose official work during his stay in London and personal qualities, the tall, aristocratic figure surmounted by the well-shaped, silvery head, have made him both an important and picturesque member. Since Crimean days no Russian ambassador has played so important a *rôle* as Baron

Staal in the maintenance of friendly relations between London and St. Petersburg. His successor comes of a stock that gives him a special interest in English eyes. Between 1812 and 1834 the queenship of society in London was divided between Lady Jersey, celebrated by Benjamin Disraeli as Zenobia, and the wife of the Russian ambassador, the Princess Lieven, Of that lady the new Russian representative, Count Benckendorff, is the grandnephew. Before taking up his appointment, during the short English visit (November, 1902), he received many friends and strangers at Claridge's Hotel. The general impression he left upon these was that of a man qualified by his tastes and temper to commend himself as widely to this country as was done by Baron Brunnow, who represented the Czar in the once famous Portland Place House. Under that diplomatist the Russian Embassy had become one of the most favourite resorts for fashionable London. Some readers of these lines can recall the farewell banquet given to Brunnow at the Clarendon Hotel, and the profound devotion with which the departing ambassador bade farewell to his hosts then and to the capital in whose streets his figure was only less well-known then that of Lord Palmerston himself. Before Brunnow, only one Russian envoy had approached him as a personage in England. This was Count Woronzow; he had first come to England on a temporary mission during the triangular negotiations between England, France and Russia, arising out of the demand for the neutralisation of Malta as the abode of the knights of Jerusalem. He then for a short time acted as regular ambassador.

He soon retired, but, liking the country, settled permanently in England, went everywhere, married his daughter to Lord Pembroke, and died at the age of eighty-eight in 1832. Between 1774 and 1839, the years his life embraced, Prince Lieven, foremost among all European diplomatists England ever knew, divided his time between questions of *la haute politique*, arising out of the relations between Russia with France on the one hand and England on the other. His wife, the famous princess, when not administering her salon, was occupied in disabusing Lord Grey and his colleagues of the idea of her caballing to promote an *entente cordiale* between France and Russia separately. Hence the famous scene in which, on the foreign letters being brought in, the princess implored Lady Granville to open all hers that her freedom from political intrigue might be evident. The only representative of a foreign Court who, during the second half of the Victorian era, at all reproduced the personal acceptability of Woronzow or Brunnow was Count Munster, the German ambassador. He, as a splendidly equipped member of the Four-in-hand-Club, and in his general tastes and bearing, concealed the foreign diplomatist in the English sportsman of a strikingly aristocratic caste. In the summer of 1844 the Czar of all the Russias visited the English Court, and profoundly impressed all its members at once by the kingliness of his bearing, the beauty of his person, especially the grace and dignity of his profile, his inexhaustible store of attention and politeness, the magnificence of his presents to all to whom he could find an excuse for

generosity, the ease of his manner, as well as by a deep and rather wild air of melancholy which never seemed to be absent from him, as of a man on whom weighed with painful heaviness the burden of his immense power. That physiognomical trait was explained by a keen observer, one of her Majesty's ladies, in these words: "The only fault of his face is his pale eyelashes, giving no shade to enormous and very brilliant eyes, that have the awful look caused by glimpses of white above the eyeball, imparting frequently a savage wildness of expression." Incidentally, it may be observed, that the cordiality of the Czar's reception on that occasion beguiled him into those mistakes, as to the temper of the Western Powers, which a decade later brought him into disastrous collision with them. The next Muscovite monarch who visited our shores was the father of the Duke of Edinburgh's bride (1874). The impression he created was so little favourable that but for the social tact of the Russian ambassador of the day and his much-liked second in command, M. Bartlemy, the entire incident might have been a miscarriage. After the Russian ambassador comes the Austrian, Count Deym; he, like most of the foreign servants of a monarch who is his own external minister, is not an active diplomatist. Chevalier Pansa, from the Quirinal, is an able man and an honest, who speaks English as well as he and his wife like the country. M. Cambon possesses a subtlety not yet quite understood by our own Foreign Office. His chief claim to distinction is that he belongs to the little group of Gambetta's disciples who have done so remarkably

well for themselves since their master's death. Mr. Choate has successfully aimed at making the United States Embassy a social resort that may be a pride and a meeting-place for his compatriots, to which still cling the cultivated associations of Washington Irving and of Mr. Hay. The ambassador himself is quite as versatile a man as was the elegant universalist, Mr. Russell Lowell, or his earlier predecessor, Mr. Moran, who, from private papers and long personal knowledge of the man, showed the poet, E. A. Poe, in his true light, and cleared his character of the calumnies which had represented him as compact of the inspired idiot, the criminal lunatic, and the irresponsible inebriate. Diplomatically, however, Mr. Choate's embassy cannot be so important a centre of political gravity as might be expected. All the real business between the two countries is done at Washington. Anglo-Portuguese relations still seem to carry with them a flavour of the special interest taken by fashionable and unfashionable London in all that concerned the Lisbon kingdom a century ago. That sentiment has been adroitly manipulated by the present envoy to the English Court. Hereditary, as well as personal, recommendations have secured for Marquis de Soveral the marked friendship of the King. That ambassador still retains much of the good looks which formerly won him fame as the Adonis of diplomacy, as well as of the graceful movement that caused him to be reckoned the best waltzer in the world. In English society he has not been always taken quite as seriously as his remarkable abilities deserved. His exceedingly pleasant manners and

his universal utility at the palace have so firmly established him in the place once occupied by Mr. Christopher Sykes as to obscure from the popular eye his professional strength and skill. When, during the latter part of 1902, there was talk of England buying the town of Lorenzo Marques in Portuguese Africa, the marquis put his foot down and protested the foreigner might as well propose to buy Lisbon itself. The effect produced on the vulgar mind was as if a drawing-room lapdog should show a sudden wish to be employed in baiting a bear. "Blue Monkey's" ultimatum became of course the wonder of as many days as it proverbially takes tailors to make a man. Of the astute Metternich, the Austrian diplomatist, such a *persona grata* to the polite world of England early in the nineteenth century, it was said by one of his English intimates, Lord Rokeby, "He is the most amiable man I ever met with; I don't suppose he was ever out of temper in his life, or had an envious, dirty, harsh feeling." On the other hand, Metternich in society tried the patience and the temper of his staunchest partisans. Those who admitted him to be the wisest as well as one of the best of men, involuntarily resented his conversational tediousness; he talked in prolonged monologue upon any subject outside politics that for the moment interested him, especially on popular science, of which he knew little, while his listeners may sometimes have known more but cared absolutely nothing; his memory was equal to Macaulay's; his one defect was want of pace. Some of these qualities have come down

) his indirect descendant who, in 1902, represents he German Empire at the English Court. The istoric Metternich was believed in and admired y the great Sir Robert Peel. The twentieth-entury Metternich, personally remarkable for his esemblance to the Vandyke portrait of Strafford t Wentworth-Woodhouse, knows England well. .ess long-winded as a talker, he is quite as dry; ut in general society is a man of remarkably ew words, and those always to the point and .ever touching upon himself. That, perhaps, quite s much as his capital riding to hounds, explains is popularity in the hunting field, where the secret f success, as once defined by Whyte-Melville, is to 'take your own line across country, and never open our mouth." Thus that flavour of sportsmanship vhich the crowd discerned and liked in the Count Munster of Victorian days enlivens the credentials brought by his present successor at St. James's.

Sir Henry Wotton's familiar description of an ambassador is some one sent abroad to lie for the good of his country. According to a more modern definition, he is a person in gold lace at the end of a telegraph wire. Whichever of the two accounts be accepted, our representatives abroad to-day will be searched in vain for any one of the same calibre as once symbolised the British Crown at foreign courts. The Great Eltchi of the Crimean War's historian, Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, was less a political envoy than an embodiment of typically English qualities; George Canning, his kinsman, represented the same forces, and, supported by the nation, carried

them to triumph in the struggle with Napoleon. The nephew might have crowned them with the same victory in 1858 but for the weakness of the Aberdeen administration, which precipitated war. Since then the English ambassador most closely approaching de Redcliffe has been the son of the fighting admiral of 1810, who, made a peer in 1856, bequeathed much of his own virtue to his son. At our Paris embassy Lord Lyons, while adapting himself to the social habits of the country, refused to flatter its vanity by veneering his manner with French polish. He managed, indeed, to thrive in his health with scarcely more of physical exercise than the average Parisian employs. In his dealings with the French Government, now a Napoleon, now a Thiers, now a Gambetta, he discarded with a thoroughness none of his contemporaries approached, all affectations of diplomatic finesse. Throughout his whole career he remained a plain English gentleman of the sort rendered classical by Addison's Sir Roger de Coverley. The French of all degrees, with whom he had to do, admired and liked him exactly because he made no effort to accommodate himself to any of their conventional ideals. *Esprit* of the best Gallic sort he had, and literary culture too; he could talk *belles lettres* with Madame Adam; in a different age he might have shone as the star in a *précieuse* salon. Lord Lyons was followed by one of the most cosmopolitan and accomplished of Englishmen. The delightful Lyttons are still agreeable memories with many in the French capital. Lord Lytton himself, though a veritably Parisian Englishman, did not

remove regret for the robuster qualities of his predecessor. The sentiment excited by Lord Dufferin was one of admiring respect for a great career as well as the bearer of a name whose associations formed a chapter in the social annals of nineteenth-century Europe. To-day the Englishman who rules in the Faubourg St. Honoré, Sir Edmund Monson, impressively illustrates the resourcefulness of our Foreign Office. A master of all routine work, a stickler for the traditions of his craft, that ambassador, whatever emergency has confronted him, has never been found wanting. A church crowded by a congregation impatient for the appearance of the long-overdue officiating cleric might have disconcerted the most composed of churchwardens. When he was ambassador at Vienna that experience did not for a moment embarrass our present representative at Paris. Evidently something had happened to the absentee chaplain. His chief, therefore, at once donned the surplice and hood, mounted the reading-desk, performed the service, had thoughts of mounting the pulpit for an extempore address, when the impunctual ecclesiastic appeared in a vapour of perspiring apologies. As a school for diplomats, Paris has long occupied much the same place as during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries belonged to the Hague, then the chief centre of the international politics of Europe. Paris and Lord Lyons trained both our present and our late representatives at Berlin, at St. Petersburg, and at Constantinople. Of recently retired diplomats, also Paris-schooled, who still move agreeably in the outer-Court

orbit, Sir Edward Malet—a Duke of Bedford's son-in-law—Sir Horace Rumbold, who, resembling, in fervour of temper as well as in ability, Sir R. Morier, like him made a cool and sagacious envoy; into one epigram he distilled some of his vast experience; the skill of Swiss statesmen in regulating their complicated relations abroad and at home filled him with wonder. "One can only call them," he said—"a government of watchmakers." This diplomatist has already turned his retirement to good account by a volume of personal recollections which not only takes the reader behind the scenes of European Court and Chancery during the best part of a century, tells the world more about Lord Palmerston than it has yet been in the way of knowing, but which has secured for its idiomatic and instructive pages the best of all advertisements—a reprimand from the Foreign Minister in the House of Lords. Sir Henry Drummond Wolff, though, like Sir Horace Rumbold, on the retired list, cannot quite withdraw himself from the international company which forms a fitting environment for a cosmopolitan King. From his father he inherited an insight into Oriental character; his sunny sagacity that once counselled and brightened the House of Commons, the airy cynicism and philosophic nonchalance that have made him a social personage, are material gifts for which his kinsman, the late Lord Orford, was famous, and which have been the patrimony of the Walpoles since the days of Sir Robert. Those are qualities that in George II.'s minister went together with the stiff upper-lip of

statesmanship. His diplomatic descendant, in dealing with Sultan and Khedive as well as at the Madrid Embassy during the Hispano-American War about Cuba, has shown the same combination. Sir Henry Wolff was one of a little band whose members, all starting life about the same time, generally made their mark. Mr. Henry Labouchere, that he might not fritter away in European chanceries faculties meant for the enlivenment of the senate and the instruction of mankind, desisted from training for an ambassador while still on the threshold of middle age. Like his legal adviser and personal friend, Sir George Lewis, Mr. Labouchere, without soliciting or perhaps consciously deserving it, found himself basking in Court sunshine directly, some quarter of a century since, his abilities and enterprise had made him a social and political force. As a *raconteur* he is among conversationalists precisely what his former brother in diplomacy and colleague in journalism, Grenville Murray, was with his pen.

The anecdote in conversation and a short story in literature are suicidal instruments unless handled by a master. For their success both depend on a rare felicity of suggestion traversing the whole effort and on an element of the unexpected at the end. Thus will be left on hearer or reader the impression of surprise without which failure is assured. Mr. Labouchere, of course, has attracted in his peculiar *rôle* as many imitators as Sir George Lewis. In every case the mimics of the two originals have failed because their study of both the exemplars has been superficial. The tricks of manner may have

been produced; the sterling capacity has not been there. The sort of journalism with which are connected the names both of Labouchere and Murray has often been called American in its origin. The *World*, indeed, was started by Mr. Edmund Yates on his return from an United States lecturing tour, and may have had a flavour of transatlantic outspokenness; its founder's first colleague and adviser was Murray; his first writer, who made a palpable hit with the articles on West End Usurers, was Mr. Labouchere. Having felt his ground, he lost no time in presenting the public with his own *Truth*. But the germ of these enterprises should be looked for on the other side of the Dover Straits rather than across the Western Ocean. Villemessant had given a dazzling vogue to the *Figaro*. Nothing of the sort then existed in England. Some London Civil Servants, in the more fashionable departments, like the Foreign Office or the Treasury, conceived the idea of the *Owl*. In size and in the uncertain periodicity of its appearance, this little sheet resembled the *Anti-Jacobin* of George Canning and Hookham Frere. Its inspiring genius was Laurence Oliphant, who (1870) in *Piccadilly* produced the book that has influenced all subsequent periodical writing almost as deeply as Kinglake's *Eothen*. The editor was Algernon Borthwick, to-day Lord Glenesk. The earliest imitations of the *Owl* were Mr. Arthur à Beckett's *Tomahawk* (1866) and Mr. T. Gibson-Bowles's *Vanity Fair* (1868). Six years later came the *World*, whose assured success gave the signal for *Truth*. In none of these is there any American parentage. Their origin is purely Parisian.

The last member of the group of Foreign Office contemporaries, all of them official pupils, sometimes perhaps troublesome ones, of Lord Hammond, till lately represented England at the Court of the Quirinal.

While permanent Under-Secretary at the Foreign Office the then Mr. Hammond, during the first fortnight of July, 1870, assured Mr. Gladstone he had never known Europe to be in so profound a condition of assured peace. On the 17th of that month was signed the French declaration which began the Franco-Prussian war. Some three years earlier a French minister had committed himself to a statement equally positive, also to be falsified by the event. On December 5, 1867, Rouher, referring to a possible nationalisation of Rome, uttered his famous *jamais*, "We declare that Italy shall never seize upon Rome." Within three years—September 20, 1870—General Cadorna's troops made the breach at the Porta Pia that gave his troops possession of the Eternal City. Under several Secretaries of State Philip Currie showed himself a master of Foreign Office routine, and was far too cautious to commit himself to any assertion like that of his predecessor. "We shall do nothing so long as that bear remains at the English Embassy." Thus, in 1885, said one of the European envoys at Constantinople in allusion to Sir William White's representation of England; White was the earliest Ambassador who had worked his way up through every grade of the Foreign Office and its employments at home and abroad.

Our late Roman Ambassador's antecedents have

been of the same kind. As nearly as possible a half a century ago two little boys were fighting it out at fisticuffs in a rather too exposed part of the grounds attached to Eton College. While they were thus engaged a sixth-form monitor, disgusted at the partial publicity of the fray, lounged up, banged together the heads of the two small pugilists, and kicked them off on their business. The only enduring result which followed was that one of the combatants, having distinguished himself *en route* on the river and in the Oxford Schools, is to-day headmaster of Eton; while the other in due time reached the bench of bishops. The Upper School preserver of decorum became, at the beginning of the twentieth century, the representative of King Edward VII. at the palace of Victor Emmanuel II. Before that, Lord Currie, in the dearth of fit men for first-class embassies, had been talked of as Lord Lytton's successor in Paris, had been actually sent to Constantinople. Thence, journeying westward, he took up his position at Rome. As Chief Clerk and as permanent Under-Secretary successively under Lord Granville, Lord Rosebery, Lord Salisbury, Sir Philip Currie's orthodox maintenance of Foreign Office proprieties and forms won him with the juniors of the department a nickname from one of Thackeray's novels, "Mr. Newcome." Both at Whitehall and at his different foreign residences, he has proved his capable fidelity to the best traditions of the public service. In a manner not unpicturesque and singularly effective, he illustrates the happiness of the union between the sound business aptitude of the old

Whig aristocracy and the political enlightenment of the monied classes which began to rule the country under the second Pitt. Both in domestic and foreign affairs he is not without really original ideas; he has recognised more quickly than the class to which he belongs is apt to do the new forces and ideas of the age as they spring up; his presence and his manner are almost as much in his favour as his wife. Scarcely any praise can be too high for the social tact and temper exhibited by him in his dealings with the curiously mixed elements of all classes and of all tastes that constitute the sum of the English-speaking people. There came a protracted crisis in the relations between Italy with England on the one hand and with France on the other. Throughout that trying time Lord Currie showed a decision and tact which have written themselves in that chapter of international history. The suspended animation, to say the least, of the Triple Alliance had made France and England rival suitors for the practical good-will of Italy. Anglo-Italian friendship is a kind of diplomatic heritage from Gladstonian days. In the December of 1901, deviating from recent precedent, the Italian Foreign Minister concluded an agreement with France for the maintenance of Italian interests in the Mediterranean. On the same plea and for the same end already had been established an understanding between Italy and England. French designs on Tripoli had furnished the sole motive of the Anglo-Italian arrangement.

The French Republic's negotiations with the Italian monarchy eventuated in nothing so definite

as this. At several points in Africa the interests of all these nations converged. France and England had, therefore, an equally cogent reason for desiring an *entente cordiale* with the Government of the Peninsula. England, as Italy's well-wisher, had not the slightest objection to her establishment at Tripoli when she might be pecuniarily equal to the adventure. On the other hand, Victor Emmanuel II. and his statesmen lacked the lively recollection of Palmerston's Italian services in the nineteenth century. Material considerations inclined the Quirinal to France rather than England; thus it might seem would worldwide markets best be secured for Italian traders, and the national weight in the Triple Alliance be increased. Finally, from England Italy had nothing to fear; France, on the other hand, perpetually threatened her; in connection with Russia that Power might, however, render her substantial service. Most of Gambetta's young men have done remarkably well: M. Pallaki is director of the Bank of France; M. Delcassé is Foreign Minister; M. Constans, as Ambassador at Constantinople, showed rare intellectual strength as well as political skill. Inferior to none of these is M. Camille Barrère, the French representative at Rome, a master of the whole art of political finesse and subtle tenacity of purpose. Against him Lord Currie was then pitted; throughout he showed remarkable adroitness in overcoming much of that sentiment unfavourable to his country arising out of England's attitude during Italy's Abyssinian expedition. The one vital point for England in this part of the world is the command

of the Persian Gulf, running, as that does, a thousand miles further eastward, parallel to the Red Sea; here Italy owns nothing except her dependencies of the Somali coast; she could not, therefore, seriously help or hinder England here. These were the questions which his cool common sense, his ready shrewdness, quickened and enlightened by a broad sympathy, French rather than English, with ideas, enabled Lord Currie to see in their true perspective. Just as the brilliant qualities, social not less than literary, of Lady Currie, the most apt and graceful disciple with her pen of *Eothen* Kinglake and of Laurence Oliphant, gave an intellectual distinction all their own to the hospitalities at the English Embassy, so a certain viewiness upon all subjects of the day redeemed the ambassador's calm sagacity from commonplace, made him something of an artist in international affairs. The public service of the English Crown in these early years of the twentieth century supplied no better instance than Lord Currie of the national and diplomatic utility of natural gifts, not quite attaining to genius, matured by the best training, literary as well as professional, brightened by the polish received from the highest social consideration.

It was not till late in 1902 that Lord Currie resigned the Roman Embassy. Still equal to the ordinary duties and enjoyment of existence, he now enjoys a retirement that is sweetened by the retrospect of work done by him through a score of years, and still surviving him at the Foreign Office. He carries into his English home the literary and artistic interests that, shared by him with his gifted wife—the

"Violet Fane" of other days—so peculiarly qualified him for his place on the Tiber, and gave distinction to his house as one of the seven-hilled city's intellectual centres. These tastes were happily appropriate to Sir John Saville Lumley's successor. Lord Saville, as in 1896 he died, represented England at the Quirinal from 1883 to 1888; he combined more hospitality to all Anglo-Saxon visitors, British born, Colonial or American, to Rome with a more active patronage to art or archæology than had been done by any of his recent predecessors. The Civita Latima excavations were largely begun on the ambassador's initiative. One of the glories of the Embassy garden is a magnificent ilex hedge, long sadly neglected. Lord Currie's predecessor restored it to its historic beauty. The spot is not far from the gate now called Porta Pia, over which Hannibal, finding further progress checked, is said to have thrown his javelin. Sir John Lumley's quick eye and archæological instinct detected in the thick foliage of his restored hedge a spearhead that he at once scientifically identified with the missile of the Punic general.

The present ambassador belongs to perhaps our oldest diplomatic family; his ancestor, the first Lord Abingdon, represented Queen Elizabeth at the French Court, was ennobled for his skill in doing so. A favourite of that queen, he had at the same time as the Spanish ambassador in England heard his royal mistress sigh, at least in foreign affairs, for deliverance from "the six hundred devils of the House of Commons." His descendant, M. Leveson Bertie,

completed his Eton course by free intercourse with all sorts and conditions of men under the roof of his father, Lord Abingdon, a great country and sporting magnate of the old school in Oxfordshire. He resembles his predecessor in having been thoroughly trained at the London Foreign Office. This exchange of men between the two departments was not, as some have said, originated by Hammond, who rather considered the external branch not fully up to the home work. It was recommended by the parliamentary inquiry secured by Mr. Grant Duff and Lord Houghton in 1881. It was also urged by other parliamentary Commissions. Abroad, it has long been adopted with the best results in Germany and France. Of these, in the last country, Jusserand was a typical case. If at first too sweepingly or hastily carried out, the system might embarrass the permanent chiefs of the Foreign Office. By degrees the levelling of the whole service would prevent inconvenience. Foreign employment should be optional, at least during the first half-dozen years, until the Whitehall men should have received the increase of salary necessary for the cost of a transfer, beneficial to all concerned. The direct and unfailing tendency of the amalgamation is to prevent the officials abroad losing touch with home feeling, or from drifting into ornamental idleness. It keeps the members of the home branch from crystallising into mere bureaucrats whose horizon is limited by the desk at which they write. As instances of the permanent exchanges between the two departments thus effected, some of the most notable and recent are Lord Terence Black-

wood, now Lord Dufferin, and Lord Hugh Grosvenor. Sir A. Hardinge, one of the State's ablest servants, was successfully transferred from Whitehall to Zanzibar. Others of his standing who had a like experience were Cecil Spring Rice and Conway Thornton. In a higher grade several names have been mentioned already. To these must be added the son of Sidney Herbert, the most universally accomplished and beloved of all Peelites, who died Lord Herbert of Lea. Sir Michael Henry Herbert inherits statesmanship from his father; he divided with his late brother, the thirteenth Earl of Pembroke, the literary gifts of his mother. A slight stoop is the personal and outward sign of the studious mind and the thoughtful habit which earlier in the present century from his European promotions at various chanceries throughout a succession of attachéships and secretaryships he took to the Washington Embassy. Here he bids fair capably to fill the difficult place left vacant by Lord Pauncefote's death. To our American cousins in the cosmopolitan circles, annexed by them in the old world, he has always been *persona gratissima.* He has already got on so well with President Roosevelt that the first magistrate of the United States is popularly reported to address King Edward's representative by his pet name of "Mungo." He comes at least, like Mr. Bertie, of a stock likely to yield public servants, who, in an age when the sovereign's representative is charged with an increasing tendency to become a mere agent of the Foreign Secretary, may be

trusted to do all that is wanted of him as effectively for the present time as was done under a more exacting dispensation by the diplomatic giants of the past—Lord Dufferin, Lord Lyons, and even the great Eltchi, Lord Stratford de Redcliffe himself. Men of that calibre may not at this moment be found in the international machinery that the King shows a disposition to exercise his constitutional right of controlling. The commercial issues with which our foreign relations are increasingly charged make it of growing importance for our consuls to possess the knowledge of trade experts, and for our ambassadors to possess the sympathies and the habits of first-rate business men, to represent the commercial firms of Great Britain, as well as the Court and the ministers of their sovereign. Such a capacity formed one of Sir Edward Malet's chief merits at Berlin. It belongs in the same degree to the accomplished, courtly and level-headed Celt, called by his intimate comrades in the service "Feargus," who, as Sir Nicholas O'Conor, presides over His Majesty's embassy to the Porte.

At the London Foreign Office Lord Currie has been succeeded by Sir Thomas Sanderson; to him, with certain limitations, might be applied much of what has been said in the description of Lord Currie. The loyalty to routine was there when the Under-Secretary first won his clerkship by competition in 1859. The elasticity and receptiveness, also useful endowments for such a post, may come with the ripeness of middle age. Of his younger staff the ablest member has been drafted into diplomacy; Sir

Austin Lee, now at Paris, has done first-rate work upon nearly all the special missions of his time. So great have been his services upon a score of occasions, as well as to his sovereign personally, in connection with the Paris Exhibition, that a man, less *rusé* than himself, who had been passed over for legations and ministries so often, would scarcely have been saved by his own worldly philosophy from a place in the fatal category of public servants with a grievance. His great diplomatic quality is a knack of getting things done without falling foul of the reluctant doer. Backed by powerful connections, he would long since have arrived at the first position among his contemporaries ; in so many ways, as far as is given to mortals to do that, has he made himself indispensable, that his future need occasion no anxiety to well-wishers of minds less well balanced than his own.

CHAPTER V

THOSE ABOUT THE KING

Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace—Sir Theodore Martin—Mr. Alfred Austin—Rudyard Kipling—the Brothers R. E. and G. W. Prothero—Royal patronage of actors and singers, Sir Henry Irving and others—Sir Thomas Lipton—Well-known sportsmen, Sir John Blundell-Maple, Mr. W. D. James—Lord Carrington—The Duke of Portland—Lord Alington—Mr. Henry Chaplin—Lord Rowton—Lord James of Hereford—Sir George Lewis.

BETWEEN diplomacy and letters, in their present relations to the Crown and Court, a link is supplied by one among the least generally known, but the most potent forces of his time. Nature might seem to have intended Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace for a philosopher and professor. Opportunity had made him a great international authority; it long gave him the control of the most powerful leverage of public opinion in the European Press; it makes him to-day the oracle and instructor of sovereigns and statesmen. A Dumbartonshire boy, studying Greek at Edinburgh in the days after John Stuart Blackie, he gained some knowledge of that tongue and of others. For a British subject he is, indeed, an exceptionally good linguist; that fact first commended him to his

sovereign, who has something of the same endowments, and who is an excellent judge of their degree of perfection in others. In Sir Mackenzie Wallace the gift of tongues goes with more solid qualities of mind than sometimes accompany it. At Heidelberg he might, had he wished it, have risen from the student's bench to the professor's chair. But with the long-headedness of the Scot were united the roving tastes of the citizen of the world. His travels involved none of that dissipation of intellectual force which is the great danger of the professional globe-trotter. Wherever he roamed, through Europe or Asia, he carried, so to speak, his library and his study with him. None of his contemporaries played the part of Ulysses to such good purpose. Eschewing the chance acquaintanceships that are the snares of the habitual wanderer, wherever he went he made powerful friends, none of whom, save by death, he has lost. Great proconsuls no sooner conversed with, and came to know this remarkable man, than they found in him just the corrective or supplement they required to the qualities of their regular staff; he had impressed the Russian Court much as might have been done by a sober and serious Charles Fox in the days of Catherine II. Whether it were Lord Dufferin or Lord Lansdowne in India, Lord Dufferin at Constantinople, or Lord Cromer at Cairo, Donald Mackenzie Wallace, without any special effort of his own, proved to be indispensable. When, during the early eighties of the last century, on his return from his travels, he descended at Fenton's Hotel, St. James's Street, it was with a confirmed reputation

altogether unique among the Britons of his day. His book on Russia was no sooner out than it had been adopted as a universal manual; it proved its author's effective introduction to Printing House Square. Mr. Henry Reeve, during nearly half a century, had been on foreign, especially on French, affairs the oracle as well as in his Tuesday articles the regular writer for the great newspaper. His friend and disciple, the great editor, Delane, had now gone. Sir Henry Calcraft, now dead, enjoyed the credit of being consulted by the conductors of the newspaper; that seasoned civil servant and diner-out never spoke with any special authority to Thomas Chenery or his staff, nor had any qualifications to succeed Henry Reeve. Sir Mackenzie Wallace's social success was not more widely felt than his intellectual ascendancy. On his establishment in London after his travels he began in some degree to fill the place in country houses and at London dinner-tables which had been vacant since Macaulay's death. Urbane gravity of manner, combined with information really encyclopædic, fitted the newcomer for the empty seat.

The one other renowned authority on intellectual matters at Court is not, like Sir Michael Mackenzie, a man of affairs as well as of books. By his *Life of the Prince Consort*, by those autobiographical volumes of Queen Victoria that, but for his encouragement, might not so soon have seen the light, Sir Theodore Martin has laid the English monarchy and its popular friends under undying obligations to himself. Those are the works that, quite as much as her

personal interest in the daily welfare of all classes, helped to make the late Queen, in a sense never known before, the mother of her people. Notwithstanding a certain magnificent self-consciousness and an air of omniscience, contracted from the private homage to which he has been exposed, as regards literary accomplishment and scholarship, Sir Theodore Martin remains a representative man of letters such as Bulwer Lytton and Matthew Arnold were. Horace, as Englished by John Conington, Goethe and Schiller, in the translations of Hayward and others, resemble dances, graceful indeed, but yet in shackles. Martin's renderings of the bards of Venusia and Verona reproduce exactly the poets of wit and beauty whose charm has made them during two thousand years the favourites of educated mankind. Tennyson's successor in the laureateship, by his newspaper attacks on Gladstonian Liberalism, won from Disraeli the just compliment of supplying an addition to the list of writers who had shown poetry to be the best education for the prose controversialist. The services on platform or in press rendered to his party by Mr. Alfred Austin, to say nothing of his universal proficiency in all departments of verse, would have fastened on the Tory minister of the day a charge of the blackest ingratitude had so well-qualified a candidate been ignored at the departure of the genius which enriched English letters with the *Idylls of the King*. It was a literary maxim with Lord Palmerston that no fixed canons of poetic criticism could exist, and that poetic merit was merely a question of personal taste. Hence his appreciation of the Windermere bard, Close,

shown by a pension, and his immense delight over the burlesque of an Oxford prize poem on Nebuchadnezzar's feast. That contained the lines—

> "When Daniel saw the writing on the wall,
> At first he could not make it out at all,"

and others to the same effect. Palmerston chanced to see it on a Harrow speech-day. Rubbing his hands he chuckingly said, "Quite as good verse, I think, as any one need wish to read." The English and German Courts' inquiries after Mr. Rudyard Kipling during an illness in America some time since entitle that poet to a place among the singers of royalty. Palmerston assuredly, and as thousands of more competent judges hold correctly, would have placed the bard of Empire and War next to Tyrtæus as a metrical expounder and stimulator of militant patriotism. *Securus judicat orbis terrarum.* The most universally read of the twentieth century's poetic forces may have less of classical touch than Mr. Newbolt. To be bought at every point of an empire on which the sun never sets is pretty substantial compensation for being occasionally decried as one who sings Tommy Atkins and his generals in strains worthy of the Catnach ballad-monger. Queen Victoria's departure was celebrated from different points of view in various pieces, attributed to several courtly authors. The best of these compositions came from the pens of two accomplished brothers who, from their earliest years, had breathed the atmosphere of the palace. Both became in due course editors of the *Quarterly Review*—one from having been an Edinburgh

professor ; the other to exchange periodical literature for the management of a ducal estate. Mr. R. E. and Mr. G. W. Prothero may, therefore, both be regarded as royal historiographers.

The unfailing feature of Court patronage is its universality. Upon all forms of human effort, art, and achievement, whether the level be high or lowly, royalty's smiles are impartially bestowed. Theatres and music-halls, in a not particularly domesticated age, have become as much a popular necessity as hospitals. It is, therefore, of importance that all honest entertainers of the people should be encouraged never to be remiss in trying to please their humblest patrons. What incentive thereto is like the Court recognition, to-day systematically extended to the least pretentious professors of stage mummery, as well as to the haughtiest of music-hall lions, whose genius appeals with the same force to the gutter and the palace. The theatrical taste of King Edward VII. was at first and during many years specially in the direction of melodrama. Perhaps to that preference of the then Prince of Wales and its influence upon his environment the town was indebted for the care it spent upon productions of that sort. First by Charles Kean at the Princess's towards the middle of the nineteenth century, afterwards by Fechter at the Lyceum, as well as throughout the whole of this period at the Adelphi in the Boucicault dramas and others produced under Webster, when Toole and Bedford were in their prime. At a much later date the Lyceum management might have expended less pains on their presentation of the "Corsican Brothers" but for the known

acceptableness to the Heir-Apparent of that greatest of melodramas. These were the pieces in which the most accomplished player of his period first commended himself to the Court.

Some half a generation ago a profound, a rather gruesome sensation went round the Duke of Wellington's drawing-room at Strathfieldsaye on the appearance, one might almost say the apparition, of a distinguished and expected guest. As the tall, thin, impressive figure with the cadaverous countenance seemed to totter rather than to walk across the floor to his host and hostess, throughout the electrified company went the murmur, "It is Dizzy risen from the dead!" Nor by any one who had the knowledge to compare the stranger just arrived with the statesman sleeping in Hughenden churchyard could the resemblance have been missed. The likeness had, in fact, long ago first been noticed by Lord Beaconsfield himself. Watching from Mr. Alfred de Rothschild's box the play on the Lyceum stage, the statesman, to the question what he thought of it replied, "It reminds me of my own career, and in person I should think Mr. Irving might be taken for myself." Sir Henry Irving may, in fact, claim a place in the small number of men one has known whose talents would have secured their success in any career they might have adopted. In such instances what impresses one in the individual is a sense of intellectual superiority rather than any purely personal characteristic. That was the attribute of Disraeli among politicians, of Morell Mackenzie among doctors, and, in those who wield the sword, of the French

beau sabreur, General Gallifet. Few were ever for any time in the society of these without acknowledging to themselves powers greater than their own. The highly placed patron's first duty is, however, not merely to acclaim the loftiest contemporary genius, but to encourage the well-meant industry of humbler workers. A Bancroft, an Irving, a Wyndham are knighted. To encourage the others and maintain the standard of proficiency in the profession the King's intellectual counsellors, while advising a charter for a British Academy and the institution of an Order of Merit, would not withhold the meed of praise implied in a medal, a snuff-box or a pearl scarf-pin from Mr. Albert Chevalier and Mr. Dan Leno; even without that mark of excellence it would be sufficient distinction for the former of these artists to have inflamed the head of the Hohenzollerns with a passion to reproduce for the edification of his Imperial Court, "Why for does 'e luv oi?" or "Knock 'em in the Old Kent Road." In the day of democracy it is a wise instinct which attunes the ear of the monarch, of his Court, and his visitors to these melodious gems of the London vernacular. The theatrical and music-hall interest having thus been identified with the monarchy, a wrong would have been inflicted upon concerns and occupations, as serious as these and as necessary to the realm's prosperity, if the King, as the head of society, had not properly acknowledged the claims of commerce. That it has been the easier for him to do since the more enterprising and prosperous the trader of the period, the keener he is in the matter of his amusements to attest his loyalty to

patriotic traditions. Ireland and America may claim a share in the production of Sir Thomas Lipton. His tea may come from Ceylon. The bull-dog tenacity of courageous purpose symbolises the best qualities of the Anglo-Saxon stock. Rightly, therefore, does he stand high in the favour of the ruler of the world's greatest maritime power. Sir Thomas Lipton's well-knit, slight, supple, quickly-moving figure exactly becomes and expresses the character of the man. Active himself and prompt, he is the cause of these qualities in others. His staff all know that to stand well with Sir Thomas the grass must never grow beneath their feet. Of a ready and pleasant wit, he flavours his casual talk with the sagacious frankness and humorously observant wisdom which has always been appreciated by the royal line of these kingdoms. With sportsmanship on land, the social experience is much the same as on the water. A Lord Marcus Beresford may manage the sovereign's stables. The commercial community supplies the leading power on the turf. The Duke of Devonshire, Lord Derby, Lord Cadogan, and now Lord Rosebery do little more than keep alive the racing traditions handed down from their forerunners in lineage or party, and, in other days, together with politics, constituting the first business of lords. In 1902 the greatest number of races (67) was won by the trader who has done for furnishing throughout the world what the King's chief yachting friend has done for tea. Sir John Blundell Maple, as a destined supporter of Church and State, especially in teaching matters of Church, was appropriately educated at

King's College, London, the nursing school of the altar's defenders. His first practical knowledge of horsemanship and insight into breeding, as suited a youthful Tory of feudal tastes, was gained as nearly as possible on the Hertfordshire spot that witnessed the earliest battle in the Wars of the Roses. Much conversance with equine companions and interests has been found to develop a faculty of oracular utterance on the small or great affairs of life, a tactful taciturnity, now and then broken by apt and illuminating speech, sententious and short. The shoulders, broad as the features, of Sir Blundell Maple make him a typical supporter of the pastime of kings. Settled in the same county as Bulwer Lytton's favourite country gentleman, the House of Commons, as well as Newmarket, has seen in him the antitype of Squire Hazeldean in *My Novel.* Goodwood and its associations afford another instance of the democratic influence that has touched the most aristocratic and exclusive phases of racing in the new reign. To do the "Sussex Fortnight" *comme il faut* one formerly had to begin with being one of the Duke of Richmond's house party. That peer may still entertain a royalty or two and other friends to see the racing in his park. The smart hosts of the Goodwood week are, however, the master and mistress of West Dean Park. In a quiet, knowledgable way Mr. W. D. James is an authority, surpassed by few professional experts, on all those matters that form the chief life interest of his guests. As a sixth-form boy at Harrow, in the course of school essay, commended by Dr. Vaughan, he once compared the social state of

Europe in the nineteenth century and in the middle ages; a pretty and precocious understanding of the subject was shown by the writer when anticipating a remark afterwards made by Bishop Creighton. He said that, under the Plantagenets as under the Hanoverians, the occupation dominating the lives of the upper classes in all countries was sport. That seemed to the essayist to override geographical distinctions; independently of the countries they inhabited, it made of the upper classes from the English Channel to the Danube one aristocratic community, in all its parts closely compacted by similarity of pursuits, and separated by an impassable barrier from their humbler fellow-creatures. A lad of eighteen who could form views so fresh and sound as these was sure to profit by the Grand Tour. That journey he extended much beyond the conventional limits, making a bold dash for the Pole in the Arctic Regions; in the Dark Continent, as Africa in truth then was, he shot big game, paddled his own canoe on the waters of the Blue Nile; wandered through Arabia. Had these travels been performed a decade earlier Mr. James might have witnessed a memorable meeting between a Dean of Westminster and his old Oxford friend, William Gifford Palgrave. That happened in this wise. The Dean, being then in charge of the Prince of Wales, had gone on a little before or lingered a little behind the rest of the caravan; a turbaned Sheikh, in flowing robe, armed to the teeth, rode up to the ecclesiastic, stooping from his horse with frowning face, whispered in his ear, "Arthur Penrhyn Stanley." It was Palgrave, then domiciled

in the Arabian desert, surprising with this salute the friend whom he had not seen since the two were undergraduates together at Oxford. His wanderings now done, Mr. James took a Scotch wife, possessing many of those qualities of hostess described by Scott once for all in the Flora M'Ivor of *Waverley*.

The earnestness of the English character, itself a Puritan heritage, is reflected in the strenuous life of the sovereign ; it is shown in most of those who have been his personal friends since youth. The existing administration enjoys not only the confidence but the favour of the Crown. That regard is not, however, denied to the opponents of ministers. The "King's friends" has become an expression quite devoid of political significance. The house parties asked to meet the sovereign on his visits always contain several among the most prominent of his ministers' adversaries. If when he stays, for instance, at Chatsworth there are Stanleys and Howards asked to meet him, a Lord Carrington is quite as likely to be included in the company. That nobleman, a royal associate from early youth, is a typical Englishman as well as a courtier. Very early in his career, on the day that the then Prince of Wales was expected as his guest at Wycombe Abbey, he illustrated that quality in a way worth mentioning, Upon his property in the Vale of Aylesbury some Oxford and Cambridge steeplechases had been held. Lord Carrington was driving through the main thoroughfare of the little town when he saw from his carriage a wretched man running for his life with a pursuing crowd at his heels, rending the air with shrieks of "Welsher!" He at

once alighted and just rescued the victim of the mob's fury as his pursuers were closing round their quarry; the supposed swindler was given a seat in the mail phaeton; he told his story to its owner. As the latter had suspected, the case had been one of mistaken identity. The unhappy creature, pelted and harried through a full mile of Aylesbury Vale, had never booked a bet in his life, nor, save for evangelical purposes, visited a racecourse. He was, in fact, a revivalist preacher who had improvised his pulpit by the side of some brazen-lunged, brazen-faced layers of odds who, perhaps, did not promptly meet all their liabilities. Already known as an associate of the future King, Lord Carrington, by the little experience just related, seemed to prove his possession of stronger qualities than those necessarily belonging to a courtier. Since then the best expectations formed of him have been fulfilled. As an Australian Governor he was rendered a success by his display of courtesy, tact, and firmness. Since then, as a Buckinghamshire landowner, he has discriminatingly promoted the cause of co-operative farming. As a peer of modish environment he has surprised partisans and critics alike by his fidelity to political opinions out of favour with the set in which he lives, and, to some extent, out of date as well.

"Write at once, Monty, to the young Duke of Portland and tell him my visit must be postponed." So, in the early cold and raw spring of 1881, said Lord Beaconsfield to his secretary and friend, the Lord Rowton, still more familiar to many by his unennobled name of Montagu Corry. Such was the

first intimation given that the Conservative leader's indisposition might be more serious than any one yet believed. The life-story of the nobleman whose guest Fate did not intend the statesman to be, by the suddenness of its vicissitudes and contrasts, might have given the author of the *Young Duke* ideas for a novel not less dramatic than he had written with this title just half a century earlier. Before his contemporaries had taken their degrees, the young man inherited the title that had been in the eighteenth century the most famous and puissant, that had become in the nineteenth century the most mythical of the English nobility. In the Georgian era it seemed as natural for a successor of the Bentinck loved and decorated by William III. to be Prime Minister, and for rising statesmen on either side to compete for service under him, as it was proper in the nineteenth century for the premiership to pass to and fro between Gladstone and Disraeli, and for the budding political genius of the day to look for service under one of those chiefs. All that most of Queen Victoria's subjects knew concerning the Duke of Portland in the flesh associated itself with a mysteriously enclosed glass-covered yard in the Cavendish Square district, where their Bentinck graces lived, and throughout which their name had the same kind of sound as was suggested by the Marquis of Carabas in the nursery tale. The owner of the vast London property in the golden West End, as well as of acres innumerable in the Nottinghamshire dukeries, now at last seen by the public eye, presented the pleasant appearance of a well-set-up, rather heavily moustached young Englishman, of

charming voice, and of that agreeable ease of manner generally coming from military training grafted on a patrician stock. Great as might be his actual wealth, popular rumour crowned it with possibilities of opulence rivalling those of Potosi or Peru ; gold had come to light embedded in the minerals unearthed on the Berriedale property in Caithness. For a time it looked as if the Duke's corner of Caithness might witness the same influx of fortune-seekers subsequently attracted to Klondyke. The head of the great Bentinck clan has resisted, if they were forthcoming, any overtures for exploiting the potentialities of his estate. To a greater degree than those of his order whose names have been mentioned above, the sixth Duke of Portland identifies himself with the turf. Distinguished to-day as breeder and owner, he has won most of the great prizes except that which his ancestor, Lord George Bentinck, with a "superb groan" over his great renunciation, called to the faithful Disraeli the blue riband of the turf.

"I went up to look at them, and believe me, Mr. Speaker, the mares were no more in the family way than I am myself." So, in a debate on the deterioration of horses, rather more than a quarter of a century ago, said one who was the delight of the House of Commons, Mr. Henry Sturt, then a Dorsetshire member. The Lord Alington of to-day may have loosened and lessened his connection with the turf, the humour with which he enlivens conversation for his private friends has not lost its early flavour, homely or pungent as the occasion justifies. He retains his place among the King's sporting friends, side by side

with another parliamentarian erewhile equally noticeable and sought after. Mr. Henry Chaplin might have exchanged his nomenclature for almost any title in the peerage under nearly every Conservative premier of his time. His record, social or political, is not in its way below that of any surviving representative of the Victorian epoch. It was the county members who were the backbone of the Commons long before the town burgesses began to be a power; they bore the heat and burden of debate against opponents who were now the agents of the Court, now the champions of other interests and privileges, jealously watching the transfer of political power to St. Stephen's. To those men, by birth, by taste, as well as by inborn aptitude, the Squire of Blankney still in a manner belongs. Sitting for the Sleaford Division of his native county, he has seemed to sum up in his own person many of those characteristic qualities associated with the Lincolnshire which Queen Elizabeth called the most beastly country she had ever seen, but which all its sons, from Alfred Tennyson to the Parisian costumier, Worth, never ceased at heart to love. Henry Chaplin in his active days illustrated to the last the grand manner of the House. The reporters called it pompous; they would have said the same of Canning, or of any one who had not discarded the old-world traditions of the place. In 1876 Mr. Chaplin, as a typical and independent member, proposed the re-election of Mr. Brand as Speaker. The grace and dignity of the performance drew from Gladstone the remark that the task could not have been better performed by Palmerston or Peel. Mr. Chaplin, rather

happily for himself, possessed two foils at St. Stephen's in the persons of the late Mr. Biggar and the late Patrick Boyle Smollett. The grotesquely elfish appearance of the Cavan Home-ruler on his *début* elicited from Disraeli the question to the present Lord Rathmore, then sitting by his side, "Pray, Mr. Plunket, what is that?" The reply was met with the comment, "I thought it must be a leprochaun." The Dumbartonshire member, a lineal descendant of the novelist, in his deportment and in his full-flavoured drollery of phrase, betrayed his ancestry in a manner that oddly contrasted the Lincolnshire squire's courtliness of language and majesty of bearing. In the Conservative prostration following Disraeli's transformation into Lord Beaconsfield, Mr. Henry Chaplin was one of those who rivalled the then Gathorne-Hardy in the claim to the possible leadership of the desolated Tories at St. Stephen's. By a curious irony of circumstance some English Conservatives thought Disraeli's successor might be supplied by an Irish colleague of Mr. Biggar, F. H. O'Donnell, also a chief political writer on the irreproachable *Morning Post*, particularly well informed on questions of foreign policy. At moments of party disorganisation strange objects rise to the surface, and the most fantastic speculations are rife. It had been so during the interval between Lord George Bentinck's death and Disraeli's recognition as his successor. The experience was repeated a generation later on the translation to the peers of Disraeli himself. In debating skill or knowledge of the House Henry Chaplin's reputation during the latter seventies of the nineteenth century

fell not much below that of an ideal leader of Tory opposition, the then Mr. Gathorne-Hardy. As regards personal acceptability to the Conservative rank and file, Mr. Chaplin was at least Mr. Hardy's equal.

"Caligula made his horse a consul; I really see no reason why Lord Beaconsfield should not create his private secretary a peer," so pleasantly observed Mr. Lowe, ennobled by the Sherbrooke title, on hearing in 1880 of Mr. Montagu Corry's conversion into Baron Rowton. Service, altogether exceptionally loyal and long to his famous chief, cemented by the closest personal intimacy with him, competent fortune and personal endowments innumerable, entirely justified the promotion. From that time the new peer was one of two lords who waited on the statesman continually. The other noble, Lord Barrington, only survived his chief five years. With his passing society in general, the Cosmopolitan Club in particular, lost one of the brightest, blandest, shrewdest, yet urbanest of Irish viscounts; meanwhile his peerage had been made one of the United Kingdom, with remainder to his brother, to whom belongs the title now. Lord Barrington in his day had been everywhere and seen everything. Among his other experiences was that of having had for his form fellow at Eton the fifteenth Lord Derby before the latter exchanged the school of Henry VI. for Rugby. As a boy Lord Derby's tongue seemed a little too big for his mouth. Lord Barrington's imitation of his manner, when up to the master of the division, combined excruciating drollery with the severest truth to life.

The sole survivor of the Disraelian bodyguard is, therefore, Lord Rowton, in person, look, and manner, changed surprisingly little from the beautiful specimen of golden youth which he presented when, fresh from Harrow and Trinity, Cambridge, he attached himself to the author of Household Franchise on the eve of its establishment in 1866. His father had first been First Lord of the Admiralty in Lord Derby's 1867 administration, so that the minister's new secretary had been born and bred among Cabinet personages. Such were the youths of quality to whom Disraeli always took. His former secretary, Ralph Earle, had a dangerously quick eye for subtle combinations of statecraft, and would have made his fortune in mediæval Italy. His successor possessed no suggestion of the Alberoni in embryo, had indeed first attracted his great chief by an ebullition of schoolboy hilarity in a country house. Disraeli's *Endymion* contains in a fancy sketch of the ideal private secretary a breathing account of the relations that, during fifteen years, united these two men. A certain unerring quickness of eye for scenic effects in private life has been the chosen display of Lord Rowton's peculiar genius. In politics, especially of the international kind, Disraeli showed a brilliant knack of turning fact into fiction. During his younger days Mr. Montagu Corry in social life picturesquely imported form and substance to the visions of Disraelian romance. To meet the private secretary at club, at dinner-table, in drawing-room was to find oneself in the society and to listen to the talk of Coningsby, of Eustace Lyle, of Buckhurst, if not of Sidonia, at least of Cassilis, Eskdale, and Ormsby.

Mr. Corry carried his felicity in interpreting his master's ideas further than this. In 1868 came the Fenian outbreak with the Clerkenwell explosion, and the consequent desolation of the neighbourhood. The private secretary walked across from Arthur's Club to a fashionable harness maker's in St. James's Street, was at once fitted with a strong leathern girdle, from which depended two enormous pockets. Thus equipped he drove to Downing Street to see his chief. "In Heaven's name what is this?" was the exclamation of surprised salute. "I am going," replied the secretary, "to distribute largesse of copper and silver to the Clerkenwell sufferers. I have a hansom waiting below; when I have placed some small change in these pockets, I shall drive off." As may be seen to-day from the files of the illustrated newspapers the most gracious apparition amid the smoking ruins and charred homesteads on the spot of the outrage was a beautifully dressed young gentleman, with a girdle round his silk-faced frock-coat, distributing benedictions and small change to hungry and grateful recipients at the East End. The incident contained the germ of an even greater idea, whose translation into fact was reserved for these latter days. But for the Peabody precedent there might have been no Rowton lodging-houses. The readiness to adapt the earlier example to new conditions furnished a fresh proof of the adroit resourcefulness that is among a courtier's chief virtues. It goes some way towards explaining the high place filled by him in Queen Victoria's regard as well as the unfailing demand for his agreeable and instructive presence at the Court of Edward VII.

"The Prince of Wales shot yesterday with Sir Henry James over his Kentish preserves." Such an announcement, made in the eighties of the last century, was thought to mark the fulfilment of a life's ambition. Mr. Gladstone's Attorney-General, in his last united administration, may have taken, as some observers fancied, a long time in reaching the goal of distinction for which every one knew him to be destined from the day of his becoming the first boy entered on the roll of Cheltenham College. No one could hope to achieve such a variety of successes as Lord James of Hereford without making enemies and detractors. Something alternatively inquisitorial and brusque in manner, above all, a restless, severely searching expression of face, these personal characteristics have not always produced a favourable impression on strangers. Sir Henry James was well regarded at Marlborough House before he became the Prince of Wales's attorney. His popularity in the most modish section of the polite world co-operated with the princely office to establish this keen jurist in the first rank of successful courtiers. That august pursuit has not monopolised his attention, but only divided it with the less decorative business of life. He belongs to the same social coterie as that ornamented by the Lord Hartington of other days, by the late Lord Randolph Churchill, as well as by the two or three agreeable and witty Irish judges who used fitfully to illuminate the little fellowship. Unmasking of humbug is so essential a concern of the successful lawyer as to render him, in his social moments, more or less aggressively intolerant of the quackery and pretence

which abound on every side of him. These qualities constitute, indeed, one of the most considerable interests of the day. To run a-tilt of them is, therefore, to challenge odium. Add to that the fact of no individual's endearing himself to princes without estranging friends, no one need wonder if Lord James of Hereford is the subject of many censures. Where he has placed his regard no one ever proved a firmer friend. One, among many instances, of that virtue was afforded by Sir Henry James when in 1885 he at last succeeded in securing a baronetcy for the artist, John Everett Millais. Apart from his dignified geniality as host, the bitter-sweet flavour, with a certain pungency recalling the taste of English figs or Spanish olives, gives to his talk and bearing something to pique the palate of royalty. To-day Lord James of Hereford, in the social circles whose sun and centre is the Crown, not only retains the place, always his own; he also fills that, occasionally occupied by his friend, a former Chief Justice, the late Lord Russell of Killowen. That great lawyer and judge, being also a keen sportsman, and one of the best whist players at the Portland Club, succeeded to the fashionable favour enjoyed by his predecessor, Cockburn; he rivalled his professional brother, Hawkins, as the legal idol of the entire turf tribe.

Lord Russell began life as a solicitor. So did another judge, Sir Francis Jeune, who learned the rudiments of his trade at Messrs. Baxter, Rose, and Norton's in Victoria Street. One of Lord Russell's closest friends was a peculiarly puissant solicitor, too,

of whom it used to be said that he knew enough secrets to hang half the city of London. Sir George Lewis is no longer young; he recently had to remind the judge that he knew nothing of racing. His relations to the Court and its environment may be compared to that of a person who, financing a theatre, occupies during the performance a particularly good stage-box. Whatever is going on, not merely before but behind the footlights, is an open scroll to this astute, terrible, and, within certain limits, very nearly omnipotent, gentleman. The confidences of innumerable great houses are perforce reposed as implicitly in Sir George Lewis as were those of the Deadlock family in Mr. Tulkinghorn. The aristocratic connection once possessed by that old-fashioned practitioner has passed, less by any manœuvres of his own than by the force of his professional skill, into the hands of the famous firm domiciled in Ely Place, Holborn. The lady of title who desires a change of husbands, the eldest son of the Duke of Impecue, who has reproduced signatures not his own under awkward circumstances—such are two typical visitors generally waiting in Sir George's ante-room till the great principal can give them a few minutes. Meanwhile the man of law himself can peacefully and smilingly watch the panorama of patrician frailty, passion, treachery, fraud, as it unrolls itself before him. To him, indeed, as to others, it might seem less a judicial inquiry than a fashionable function, wherein some part is played by every creature known to society, from the semi-detached duchess, flitting to and from the boudoir and the betting-ring; the demi-mondaine in easy

circumstances to the "gentleman's gentleman," who, like the Morgan of *Pendennis*, may do a modest little business as usurer also ; the ladysmaid who is a literal reincarnation of Fielding's Mrs. Honour to the caped cabman, brought on as a stage super to swear anything that may be wanted. These are the social ceremonial, bearing a legal epithet, which that sworn servant of Themis and Thespis combined, Sir George Lewis, with his staff at Ely Place, and his retainers elsewhere, organises for his patrons and clients from the Court to the pavement.

CHAPTER VI

A COSMOPOLITAN SOCIETY

The historical aspects of cosmopolitanism — Rousseau's visit to England—His tribute to Richardson—The fusing of English and French intellect.

THE cosmopolitanism that is the note of King Edward's Court and period has an intellectual and historic foundation, which may be glanced at before passing on to the personal representatives of the international movement in our own day. In 1766 Jean Jacques Rousseau accepted David Hume's offer of a temporary home in England. That event was not only the turning-point of his life; it opened an era of closer relationship between English and French thought that, through repeated changes in their manifestation, has, in some shape or other, endured to the present day. "Ici commence l'œuvre de ténèbres dans lequel, depuis huit ans, je me trouve enseveli." With those words open the part of the *Confessions* covering the latter half of 1762. The clouds here mentioned had gathered suddenly. The storm had broken quite unexpectedly on the previous 9th of June. Rousseau had been reading in the Bible the

account of the Levite of Ephraim. From the nap or reverie which followed he was aroused by a dispatch from Madame de Luxembourg warning him that the Paris Parliament had issued orders for his arrest as the author of *Emile;* he must therefore flee at once, leaving Thérèse to look after his papers and settle any matters outstanding. The hunted man started post-haste towards Switzerland. But before the month's end the Geneva Council, taking its cue from Paris, ordered not only *Emile* but the *Social Contract* to be publicly burned, and their writer to be imprisoned and expelled should he set foot on Swiss soil. Berne followed suit. Rousseau retired to a portion of Neuchâtel, then under Prussian protection, and administered by his personal friend, Lord Keith. Here, joined by Thérèse, he remained till the fall of 1765. Meanwhile the Sarbonne had passed sentence of condemnation upon *Emile* and its author. What affected Rousseau even more than these denunciations was the declared hostility of his former friend, Beaumont, Archbishop of Paris. The persecution called forth some of his best polemical writing. The hue and cry against him grew hotter till; on the strength of an American costume, especially a furred bonnet he used to wear, he was discovered to be Antichrist. His botanising studies and excursions also proved him to be a secret poisoner on the look-out for deadly herbs. Then was unearthed a passage in his writings denying the possession of souls to women. By 1765 his retreat at Motiers and every other corner of Switzerland had become too hot to hold him. Imprisonment, he said, would have been a welcome release;

he even petitioned for it, adding a promise never to write another line nor hold any communication with the outside world. His passions were all extinguished. He had no desire but for retirement and rest. In the end he found himself bundled out of Berne, as had been his lot elsewhere. There had seemed the possibility of an asylum at Berlin. Lord Keith had promised him a home in Scotland, but Hume had heard from Madame de Boufflers of Rousseau's distress, and protested that the hunted genius was the object of his deepest admiration. Rousseau now began to regret that he had not at once crossed the Channel instead of staying at Motiers, but *Emile* contained the remark that the English boast of being a good-natured people found no echo among their neighbours. For himself, Rousseau admitted to Hume that he had no fondness for England, and would, indeed, only go there in case of extremity. While in this condition of suspense a reaction in Rousseau's favour had set in at Paris ; he was now received there with idolatrous enthusiasm alike by the multitude and by the most intellectual and aristocratic society. Voltaire found himself quite eclipsed. The French decrees against him were not, however, formally repealed. Early in 1766 he received a hint from the police not to permit himself to be too much in evidence, and even to quit France with all possible speed. On the 6th of January, in the severest weather known for many winters, pea-green in complexion from his sufferings on sea and shore, the illustrious Monsieur Rousseau was welcomed by the London newspapers to the world's capital of freedom.

The distinguished stranger soon became as much the rage on the Thames as he had been on the Seine. The brothers of George III. at once called upon him; the Secretary of State, General Conway, a leader in society as well as in politics, hastened to obtain an introduction. Garrick entertained him at a famous supper; he even gave a special performance in the visitor's honour on January 23rd. Rousseau, with some pressing, kept his engagement, and appeared at the theatre in his already-mentioned Armenian dress. Simultaneously with him the King and Queen entered. Their attention was seen to be fixed on the stranger rather than on the stage. Wild with delight at the compliment and at the play, Rousseau, in his excitement, was only prevented from falling out of the box by Mrs. Garrick holding his coat-tails. The philosopher, with the broad, smooth, expressionless face, preoccupied with the mistress and the dog, whom he had brought to England, proved a troublesome guest. His cicerone, Hume, made the best arrangements he could for the eccentric visitor, the ostentatious squalor of whose life contrasted grotesquely with the sycophantic worship that his overweaning vanity demanded. No lodging would satisfy him till there was found for him at Chiswick or Fulham a hovel with a single room and two beds in it, one already occupied by a sick man. That might have done but for the fact that Thérèse, who had left him for a few days, was being brought back to London with Boswell as her escort—a fact which that biographer, prudently enough, seems not to have confided to Dr. Johnson. Rousseau was, however,

long satisfied even with his mean lodging and frowsy mistress, who, by the by, was now sanctified by the style of his *gouvernante*. He would go nowhere without that lady. The several English families who still admired him found him a rather impracticable guest. No place exactly suited him. Wales had seemed likely, but proved too remote. The Isle of Wight promised better, but it had few trees, and was swept by many winds. The England of the better sort began to weary of the famous but inconvenient guest. A few eccentric social queens, panting for notoriety—such as Lady Aylesbury, Lady Kildare, and the arch gusher, Mrs. Cockburn—lamented to Hume the national unworthiness of their visitor, and implored that the sweet man might be brought to them to sit beneath an oak and hear the Druids' songs. George III. had wished to be Rousseau's benefactor. The attempt ended, according to Mrs. Delany, in the King's charging him with savage pride and insolent ingratitude. Burke tried hard, but could not stomach him. Dr. Johnson, when asked his opinion by Boswell, bluntly replied, "He is one of the worst of men; a rascal who ought to be hunted out of society, as he has been. It is a shame he is protected in this country." Burke's opinion, if expressed, would have been to the same effect. The sensitive and secluded Gray could not endure his presence without some sensation of nausea. The story of the rest of his stay in England is contained in the letters, first published by Henri Rothschild, of Paris, in 1892. Thence it was extracted six years later by the *Quarterly Review*. Hume's good offices

had secured Rousseau an invitation from a gentleman (Mr. Davenport) of wealth and culture, living at Wootton, in the Derbyshire Peak district. In the third week of March, 1766, the philosopher and his mistress were established beneath the roof of their new host. Rousseau was in a happy condition of furious passion alternating with silent sulk. Mr. Davenport considerately had tried to minimise the journey's cost by securing a chaise which was returning empty from London to a spot lying just outside his own door. In some way or other Rousseau's suspicions were excited. Mr. Davenport had grossly insulted him; Hume had been privy to the outrage. He was not a beggar; if alms were offered him he would fling them back in the scoundrelly donor's face. The personal complications that ensued are given in the writer already mentioned. Meanwhile Conway's efforts had secured the Frenchman the offer of a pension from the English King. It was accepted more graciously than might have been looked for. The inevitable rupture between Hume and his impossible *protégé* was not, however, averted. Nor do the two men seem again to have met as friends before May 17, 1767. Rousseau abruptly left Mr. Davenport's house for Dover, writing from Spalding to his late host an explanatory letter on his way. He also, from the same place, sent a petition to Lord Chancellor Camden complaining that he had been decoyed into England on false pretences, that he was surrounded by enemies plotting against his life, and requesting safe escort out of the kingdom. Camden answered with a line from his secretary assuring the

petitioner that the first post-boy he met would ensure him as much protection as the Lord Chancellor himself.

Rousseau insulted and slandered his English hosts. He would not, perhaps, have been tolerated with the forbearance he received had he not flattered the intellectual vanity of the nation. His language towards Hume alternated between fulsome flattery and wildly groundless abuse. He paid the English genius the best compliment he could by becoming a pupil and imitator of Richardson. *Clarissa Harlowe* appeared about 1750, *The New Heloise* some ten years later. Down to the structural details of the work—a plot disclosed by the letters which the actors in it write—the French work was based upon the English original. In England the first writer who had addressed and adapted himself to the middle-class public was Richardson. The French language possessed no exponent of bourgois ideas and morals before Jean Jacques.

The intellectual aspects of English and European cosmopolitanism have been elaborately treated by Professor Joseph Texte in a volume with which the English public owes perhaps its first acquaintance to Sir Leslie Stephen's *Studies of a Biographer.*[1] Voltaire marks the union of French and English thought for the cultivated and more or less patrician classes of the two countries. During the Middle Ages Europe was divided less into different countries and states than into classes, held together among themselves by the tie of common interests or pleasures, separated from each other by barriers never to be crossed. The higher

[1] Vol. iv. p. 247.

orders exclusively occupied themselves with field sports, with fighting in time of war, with intrigue when peace returned. Below these was the vast, nameless, unnoticed masses whose days went on in a round of despairing toil, grinding, and poverty. Something analogous to this existed in the eighteenth century. The same continent was dominated by an order of five gentlemen. These attached more importance to fashion and brilliancy than to patriotism. They were dandies, wits, philosophers, or *roués* first; Englishmen or Frenchmen afterwards. In a famous chapter Buckle has declared the marriage of the French with the English intellect to have been the most important fact between 1700 and 1800. Certainly by that time English, till then bracketed with Turkish and Sclavonian as a barbarous jargon, had become familiar to the best writers of France, many or most of whom had also visited this country. Before that, in 1685, the revocation (October 22nd) by Louis XIV. of the Edict of Nantes had sown deeply in England, Holland, as well as elsewhere, the seeds of an industrial and intellectual cosmopolitanism. The Dutch cities were the headquarters of both. In London Grub Street's earliest inhabitants and the most sparkling *habitués* of Thames-side taverns were the French refugees and precursors of English journalism. Boyer, Coste, and Motteux are all writers whose name declares their country, and whom Hallam mentions as among the personal forces which later secured the publication of parliamentary debates. They and other of their compatriots in like plight were the pupils of Locke and Newton. Some of the

number did French versions of Addison and Swift. In our day Émile Zola has familiarised the world with the idea of a Frenchman sojourning in a strange country to collect materials for a fiction. In 1684 Pierre Bayle, the son of a Calvinist pastor, who had completed his education under the Jesuits, who half professed Catholicism, but who really believed in nothing, started a popular journal of literary criticism under the title *Nouvelles de la Republique des Lettres*. That was followed by other prints diffusing the knowledge of English literature from the Zuyder Zee to the Danube. In 1687 was born the Jesuit abbé, François Prévost. After fluctuations between a military, a priestly career, and many tempests of life, he fled to England in 1727. Between that date and 1740 he reflected English existence and thought in the series of novels that began with *Cleveland*. He varied that employment by a periodical review of contemporary literature modelled somewhat on Addison's *Spectator*. Between 1726 and 1729 came that memorable visit which, according to Mr. John Morley, sent Voltaire, while a poet, to England, and brought him back to France a sage. By the days of Bolingbroke and Chesterfield the intellectual alliance between the two countries was complete. These were the Englishmen who, like Walpole, were first equally at home in Paris and in London. Hume and Adam Smith were the two intellectual Britons whose introductory letters made the English traveller of quality free of the most select and illuminated circles in the St. Germain quarter. In this way the manners of Paris became those of St. James's or Mayfair. They

have more or less continued so ever since. The copy is perhaps now an improvement on the original. Parisian mamas exalt their children at the *table d'hôte* to observe the neatness with which the English eat. London tailors have some of their best customers in the most influential of French *gammeux*.

"Il doit être Sir Dilke" was the remark with which the bystanders in the streets greeted A. W. Kinglake on his visit at Versailles to his old friend, Adolphe Thiers, in 1871. The Chelsea baronet at that time, from his frequent intercourse with Gambetta, was more familiar to a French crowd than was any other of his compatriots. Hence the mistake, ludicrous enough to all who realised the absolute contrast between the slight, shrinking form of the snow-haired veteran "Eothen" and the vigorous, athletic presence of the Radical parliamentarian then in his prime. The personal friendships of all those now mentioned during most of the Victorian age composed a force making for cosmopolitanism. A former secretary of Sir Charles Dilke, Mr. J. E. C. Bodley, a thoughtfully observant as well as highly accomplished writer, has forged another link in the international chain by his standard work on contemporary France; also by sundry shorter writings, incidentally illustrative of the difference in language, idiom, in literary, artistic, and political genius distinguishing the two countries.

Other individual agencies, yet better known, have been conspicuously at work in the same direction during our day. In the year of the Great Exhibition in Hyde Park Alphonse Esquiros took up an occasional residence in London. The volumes containing the

literary result of his investigations were as suggestive and interesting as the Abbé Prévost's novels, they were a good deal truer to life. Next came the more scientific and learned Henri Taine, fourteen years the junior of Esquiros. More recently has been domesticated among us Edmond Scherer. His criticisms on letters and on acting have caused not only those professionally interested in his pursuits, but the English public at large, to realise that the intellectual unity of the Western world is not broken by the English Channel. Scherer it was who, when in London towards the close of the sixties in the last century, made an interesting prophecy. He had just witnessed Henry Irving's performance with Miss Herbert in *Hunted Down* at the St. James's Theatre. The actor was then known chiefly by *The Bells*. "By the time I next come here," said the French critic, "that young man will be the first player of 'character parts' on the English stage. He will excel in Shakespeare precisely in proportion as his *rôles* may be said to come under that head." The stage, indeed, more than any other single institution, has joined the two capitals by a connection more enduring, and perhaps less hazardous, than a Channel tunnel. George Henry Lewes in the last century, at incredibly short notice, produced an English version of *L'homme blasé*, which, in its English version *Used Up*, fitted Charles Mathews with the popular part of Sir Charles Coldstream. Since then the companies from the Comédie Française have been fashionable features in every London season. At first the then dramatic censor, in the interest of the British public, was dis-

posed to look askance at some of the plays included in the Parisian stock. Edward Smyth Pigott, well read in French literature of all kinds, was an ingenious as well as tolerant man of the world. He therefore hit upon the device of "exterritorialising" the foreign productions and of committing to the English patrons of the French visitors the custody of their own ethics. The development in this country of a national school of dramatists—T. W. Robertson, W. S. Gilbert, Albery, and others—whetted, rather than dulled, the insular appetite for Continental pieces. Latter-day cosmopolitanism has paraded the completeness of its education in its welcome of the entire Ibsen repertory. If such epithets as *risqué* and *cabreux* are still understood, and are not rather expressive of dull and obsolete prejudice, they have ceased to be exclusively applicable to foreign productions. While these lines are being written the newspapers announce that Sir Henry Irving is about to produce in *Dante* a new composition by Sardou, and that Sir Charles Wyndham is staying in Paris to provide his new theatre with a stock of those manufactures, other than plays, which are among the things "they do better in France."

Nor have the more specifically intellectual ties uniting the two communities been diminished or slackened within the personal experience of King Edward VII. The most lettered and thoughtful member of the Athenæum Club has only descended at his hotel in Paris to find himself made free of the society to a great extent the counterpart of that left behind him in Pall Mall. The long intimacy between Henry Reeve, already mentioned in these pages, and

de Tocqueville has been but a typical instance of the comradeship cementing the most strenuous and cultivated minds on the opposite sides of the Channel. On a different level agencies of a like kind have been at work. The late Admiral Maxse spoke French with a correctness of phrase and accent, or wrote it with a felicity of idiom, not common among Englishmen before his time. The same acquirements were afterwards possessed and were constantly practised by the eighth Duke of Marlborough, by Mr. Gibson Bowles before he gave up to party and Parliament gifts meant for mankind, and probably by rather less than half a dozen more. On the first visit of the classical Paris company to London, Lord Granville, the Gladstonian Foreign Minister, was supposed to be the one subject of Queen Victoria capable at a public dinner of faultlessly addressing the guests in their native tongue. That diplomatist lived long enough afterwards to witness this gift, if not surpassed or rivalled, yet shared by several younger Englishmen. At the same time that a few Britons were beginning to contribute occasional articles to the French reviews the domestic troubles of Paris after the Franco-Prussian War permanently domiciled in London a few citizens of the new republic, who gradually showed themselves formidable competitors to the best writers on the London press of Prose, to which could not be applied the reproachful term of "journalese." Prominent among this number was the representative in 1903 of the French Republic at the Roman Court; judged by London standards, he was once in the front rank of English newspaper men. In the eighties of the last

century he revisited this country for the Danube Conference, and on other missions. His former British colleagues, in periodical letters, appropriately enough fêted him in celebration of his advance since he first trod the Fleet Street flagstones. Paris, on the other hand, possibly even another Continental capital or two, during these recent years has attracted at autumnal conferences of the profession a large sprinkling of Anglo-Saxon journalists. The developments of the musical, to say nothing of the scientific, world, have operated as international forces of the same kind. The cosmopolitanism of the social system, whose visible head is King Edward, differs, therefore, from most earlier manifestations of a similar sort in being a natural rather than an artificial product rooted in the history of the past, rather than reflecting some superficial aspect or transient caprice for the present.

CHAPTER VI (*Continued*)

The cult of internationalism and the first international man—The Cobden Club—Its founder, Mr. T. B. Potter—Paris international clubs—The London Cosmopolitan Club—The Breakfast Club—Former visitors to York House, Twickenham—David Urquhart as a cosmopolitan—His views contrasted with Cobden's—English foreign policy after 1815—Other cosmopolitan meeting-places.

THE catholicity and cosmopolitanism of the royal entourage are not only reflected in the already described *personnel* of typical courtiers; they were more bluntly summarised in the well-known words of a Court tradesman. The famous Savile Row tailor had often at his Thames-side villa entertained the Prince of Wales on Boat-race day; at last came the acknowledgment for these hospitalities in the shape of an invitation to Sandringham. "Well, Poole," on his return, inquired Lord Suffield of the visitor, "what sort of a party had you?" "Rather a mixed lot, my lord," was the answer; eliciting the further comment, "Really, you cannot expect them all to be tailors." The social fusion indicated by the artist of clothing probably began in its nineteenth century stages with the establishment of the then Prince of Wales at Marlborough House in 1863.

Here, however, it will not be amiss to consider some incidents and tendencies of the time lying a little beneath the social surface, all in their way contributing to the cosmopolitanism in and around the Court, permanently established long before Edward VII. wore the crown. Richard Cobden has been called the first of the international men produced by England. His conversion of Peel to Free Trade during the years immediately following made him an European personage welcomed and fêted at all the great cities from Moscow to Madrid. Bastiat and Chevalier, both born early in the nineteenth century, had long been Cobden's counsellors and friends. To their number, during the Continental progress of 1846 and 1847, were added many, if not all, of the foremost statesmen in Europe. Had he been bred a diplomat instead of a commercial traveller; had he, after leaving Eton or Christchurch with the same credentials in his pocket as Charles Fox, made the same grand tour of the world's courts, drawing-rooms, and chanceries, Cobden could not have been more at home in the French and Italian tongues; he could not have shown a chivalry more true and polished in the drawing-rooms of grand ladies, or have entered the presence-chamber of ministers with a more distinguished bow. Here was a man, risen from the people, to whom the whole earth's surface was but one country, who found himself immediately at home in political bureau, in palace, in hotel. While Mrs. Cobden was writing to a lady friend her account of Richard's reception (May, 1847) at Leghorn, Florence, Genoa, Turin—"Richard delivering his French speeches,

with little preparation, without the least difficulty; men of every nation of Europe at the table, and of every faith excepting the Mahommedan"—Lord Palmerston, at the Mansion House in London, was referring to the arch-Free Trader's journey in the interests of commerce and peace as more important than the mission of any ambassador. Of Cobden's personal friends, whether in his native land or abroad, few can now remain. One institution, of a more or less international kind, perpetuates his memory by name. The Cobden Club may not have been the exclusive creation of its eponimous hero's disciple, Thomas Bayley Potter, sometime member for Rochdale. That gentleman acted, however, as its life and soul during its most flourishing period. His father, when mayor of Manchester, had been Benjamin Disraeli's host on his Lancashire travels to collect social material and local colour for the north country scenes in *Coningsby* and *Sibyl*.

The son liked to recall the rising novelist's and future premier's talk with his sire in those early days. Disraeli, then, being "young and curly," affected the unscrupulous cynicism of *Vivian Grey*. Addressing the elder Potter, he said, "Yes, it is highly respectable gentlemen like you whom clever fellows like us use to make their fortunes." There never existed real cordiality between Disraeli and Bright, though they sometimes chatted together in the tea-room. For Potter Disraeli's manner was that of one who wished to show he remembered family attentions of early days. Potter never accompanied Cobden in his travels, though two of his daughters visited the

Potters at Meurice's in Paris in 1863 and 1864 respectively. The Rochdale member, like Lord Brougham, who retained a room there by the year, always descended at the hotel in the Rue de Rivoli; Meurice's, in fact, through Potter's patronage, became for a time a social centre of the Free Exchange men in Paris. In much the same manner, during some early years of the Victoria era, had Cox's Hotel in Jermyn Street, celebrated by Thackeray in *Pendennis*, by being the house of call for Joseph Hume, served as a rallying-spot for the early Radicals. The permanent Parisian rendezvous of the set was at M. Menier's, the chocolate king, at his magnificent palace in the Parc Monçeau; especially in 1882 did that mansion figure as the scene of international hospitalities in the Free Trade interest, subsequently repaid in London by exuberant banquets of the Cobden Club. The published correspondence between Henry Reeve and De Tocqueville shows the extent to which the long intimacy between these two men acted as the nucleus of a social organisation between their respective countries. The intellectual foreigner with any leaning to economical or political liberalism no sooner found himself in London than he was made free of the Athenæum Club, and, if the period happened to be the last century's eighties, made acquaintance with Thames-side scenery as Mr. Grant Duff's guest at York House, Twickenham. On the French side there was less of eating and drinking, but one or two associations constituted the cosmopolitan link between the two countries. The Franco-Scottish society, first due to the efforts chiefly of the Barclay family, per-

petuated the traditions of friendship uniting Britons north of the Tweed with their Celtic kinsmen on the other side of the Dover Straits. This society's work has, for the most part, been, in the strictest sense of the word, educational ; it has, that is to say, founded prizes in schools of both nationalities to promote the better mutual understanding of each. Paris is also the home of two learned international bodies operating in the same direction as the agencies already mentioned. One of these is the very exclusive Institut de Droit International ; to that entrance is by an ordinary club ballot. Its function is to settle questions of international law and to publish an annual, which is invaluable to every student of that branch of jurisprudence. The English members, some half dozen, are Professors Albert Dicey, Holland (Oxford), Westlake (Cambridge), Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace, and Lord Reay. The other corporation is the Society of Diplomatic Studies ; it is practically accessible to any one paying a fee of twenty-five francs, and publishes a journal with historic and diplomatic articles.

In London international fellowship is promoted by social re-unions of a different kind from those best known in Paris. In 1852 H. A. Layard occupied rooms in one of the streets abutting upon Grosvenor Square. Some half-dozen years later these meetings had become so regular and popular as to expand themselves into what is now the Cosmopolitan Club. That society first met at 30, Charles Street, Berkeley Square, in an huge room, formerly the studio of the painter Watts ; on the walls hung an enormous

canvas by the artist from *Theodore and Honoria.* Hence Lord Houghton's joke: Some one inquired what the painting in question represented. "You have heard," came the reply, "of Watts's hymns. Well, these are Watts's hers." The pun was quickly caught up and dressed out as a riddle. "What is the difference between Dr. Watts and Don Juan?" "Dr. Watts was the writer of hymns, and Don Juan was the wronger of hers."[1] The Cosmopolitan rightly has been called the paradise of the intelligent foreigner. Its members are very carefully selected with a view of securing the utmost possible variety. The accommodation is restricted to a single large compartment, closed save when the club's weekly meetings are held between ten and midnight on Saturday and Sunday evenings. No solid refreshments are served; on the side-table are tea and coffee, aërated waters with the usual spirituous adjuncts. The atmosphere is fragrant and obscure with the smoke of half a hundred pipes or cigars, and the conversation about as good as can be heard in London. Each member can introduce a friend or two; in this way intending candidates make their bow to the society to which they aspire to belong. The election is by the full body of members, who support a candidate by a mark opposite his name on the list periodically submitted to them. Everything being done privately by writing and without a ballot-box, no black-balling is involved. Among the most

[1] For these and other details the writer is indebted to the private information or the published diary notes of his kind friend, Sir Mountstuart E. Grant-Duff.

frequent *habitués* of the Cosmopolitan during the last half of the nineteenth century were bluff-mannered, kind-hearted Anthony Trollope, the novelist, always eschewing tobacco, but, in his impetuous, incoherent way, spluttering forth approving or contradictory comments, not invariably quite relevant to the talk about him; the Monckton Milnes of earlier days, the Vavasour of *Coningsby*, the "cool of the evening," in the House of Commons when Peel led it, the friend and contemporary of Alfred Tennyson, whom, indeed, he helped to secure the laureateship when Russell was Premier; A. W. Kinglake, who often brought as his guest the French statesman, Adolphe Thiers, when on a rare visit to England. Houghton's guests were occasionally a Parisian writer or player, but more frequently some well-known figure on the English stage, chiefly Henry Irving—not, at least then, a member of the club. Near these would probably be seated Richard Quain, the Harley Street physician, then snatching an hour after dinner from the medical enclyclopædia that was his great literary work; Sir Robert Herbert, then, as Permanent Under Secretary, a chief director of Colonial policy, the busiest but also the calmest of the Civil Servants of the Crown. In reference to those qualities of his old Balliol contemporary, Sir M. E. Grant-Duff, at the valedictory dinner given him at the "Star and Garter," Richmond, when he took up the Madras governorship in 1880, said: "If, on coming to his office in the morning, Herbert heard that Canada had declared itself independent, he would serenely admit the news to be startling, but would advise the

waiting for details before any active steps should be taken. If," continued the speaker, "on returning to his office from lunch at the Athenæum he saw from his despatches that the Australias were in full revolt, he would not deny the situation to be embarrassing, but would go through his boxes as if nothing particular had occurred. Further tidings that South Africa had annexed itself to the Dutch Crown would be received with the same imperturbable philosophy, nor be allowed to interfere with the dinner engagement that night." Herbert Bismarck, tall as, in manner generally resembling, his father, the then Chancellor, seldom failed to look in on Sunday night before going back to the German Embassy, to which at that time he was attached. Not often opening his mouth, save to put in it a Prussian pipe of huge dimensions, he looked for a place, if possible, beside Disraeli's former secretary, a true citizen of the world, Lord Barrington, or by the then Mr. Albert Grey, a Gladstonian member of the House of Commons who has since inherited the family peerage. The group would, in all probability, shortly before the small hours, be joined by the recently appointed commander-in-chief, Lord Wolseley, lounging in with the jaunty and juvenile air of a slim young subaltern doing the nightly rounds of pleasure. That officer shared with the former Sir Colin Campbell, Lord Clyde, the distinction of having been entertained by the whole club at dinner on returning from victory abroad. At the period now referred to few parliamentary figures were more prominent than the leader and founder of the Fourth Party, Randolph Churchill,

who, whenever Sir Henry Drummond-Wolff visited the place, generally came as the guest of his trusty and amiable follower. Colonial politics were represented also by Lord Donoughmore. American wives had just become the fashion ; Lord Donoughmore had recognised the claim to consideration of our Australian fellow-subjects by introducing to fashionable London perhaps the earliest bride from Sydney.

The former Governor of the Madras Presidency is certainly the leading authority, in his series of delightful diary, for the progress of the Cosmopolitan Club. Another kindred institution he not only founded, but has alone possessed the knowledge fittingly to commemorate ; so that all who mention the Breakfast Club must be in a sense his plagiarists. On February 13, 1866, the greatest linguist of his age, Sir James Lacaita, of the British Museum, had entertained at breakfast in his Duke Street rooms certain cosmopolitan guests, including Sir Mounstuart Grant-Duff, Sir Frederick Pollock, Lord Arthur Russell, and Lord Acton. Why should not such gatherings be held more frequently at less irregular intervals ? In other words, why not found a Breakfast Club to meet in rotation beneath the roof of its different members during the session ? The idea had scarcely been started when it was carried into effect. Within a fortnight the completely founded Breakfast Club assembled for the first time at the house of Sir John Lefevre, then Clerk of the Parliaments, an impressive incarnation of old-world courtesy and of new-world science. Opposite the host sat Lord Acton, afterwards Professor of History at Cambridge, at that

time by popular report incorrectly associated with a Chatsworth incident, whose real hero had been Sir James Lacaita himself. It is perhaps worth telling. In happened on this wise: The Emperor of Brazil, during his one or two nineteenth-century visits to England, rather discomposed his hosts by extraordinarily early hours in the morning. Being in Derbyshire, he proposed himself to the then Duke of Devonshire, himself, it will be remembered, a notable savant as well as a famous mathematician. The Duke was suddenly called away from his Chatsworth palace. Before he had returned the slumbering household shortly after dawn was disturbed one morning by a continued knocking at the entrance door. At last a half-awake housekeeper made her appearance. The Imperial visitor, in choice Portuguese, mentioned his Grace's permission to inspect the library. The good woman shook her head in respectful despair; retreating with a bow she promised to send some one. Presently appeared a supposed domestic, who, in the visitor's native tongue, welcomed his Majesty and was showing the way to the book-rooms. "A polyglot butler," soliloquised the monarch, "I will test his acquirements." The conversation between the two was then continued in Spanish, French, Italian, by turns; presently the supposed major-domo is tested by the visitor with a question in the Neapolitan dialect; a moment afterwards with a piece of patois spoken only in a single quarter. Not once did the Emperor succeed in nonplussing the ducal retainer. The story was told by Lord Acton of Lacaita; only of one other man in England might it conceivably have

been true. That was of Lord Acton himself. The historical learning of his country and time, not to mention the encyclopædic history which he planned, and which is now being carried out, is the best monument of that extraordinary man. As a youth, before going to Oscott under Wiseman, he had been the pupil of the Archbishop Dupanloup; of him Lord Acton used to say that the adoration he roused in his disciples was as great as the reverence extended to him by his clergy was little. To-day, among those who are not scholars, Lord Acton is best remembered by the part he took in the Papal Infallibility discussions of a generation ago. His sympathy with the old Catholics generally, and with Dollinger in particular, did not prevent him from maintaining to the last his spiritual loyalty to the Pope. No two pillars of learning could have been more unlike than Lord Acton and Richard Porson. They resembled each other in a liking for verbal pleasantries of no great brilliance. The great Hellenist's bad puns are proverbial. Lord Acton and Sir Louis Mallet, a descendant of the French publicist, Mallet Du Pan, were staying in the same French country house; Mallet complained of being disturbed by the peacocks at night. Acton at once dubbed him "*Mallet du paon*" Sir M. E. Grant-Duff happily still divides a full and vigorous existence between his house on the Chelsea Embankment and Lexden Park, Colchester. The Breakfast Club yet flourishes, though most of its early lights have faded out. These original members contained, in addition to those already mentioned, the historian Froude, Gladstone's first Home Secretary

(1869), H. A. Bruce, who six years later became Lord Aberdare; Sir John Simeon, Sir Edmund Head, originally of Oriel, then fellow of Merton, afterwards lieutenant-governor of New Brunswick, governor-general of Canada, but in Breakfast Club days especially renowned for his criticism and history of Spanish and French painters. The numbers of the club have always been limited to twelve. In the eighties of the last century that small quorum sufficed to give viceroys to Canada, to India, as well as lieutenant-governors to several provinces. The mark thus left by it on the socio-political story of the past would have made the present retrospect without some mention of it incomplete.

The first Thomas May historically associated with the House of Commons was that clerk or secretary to the Long Parliament who had previously found favour with Charles I. Thomas May the second, shortly before his death created Lord Farnborough, was among the earliest of the Breakfast Club men; he may be said, by his works on parliamentary practice and constitutional history, to have brought to the close of Victorian days that historiography which his seventeenth-century predecessor began. With him, in those Victorian days, walking on Sir M. E. Grant-Duff's lawn at Twickenham, were William Rathbone, the Liverpool philanthropist and parliamentarian, and, among the cosmopolites of the company, Ernest Renan and Ralph Earle. The French author of the *Vie de Jésus* was never more happy than in his brief characterisations of the well-known Englishmen he met at the table of his principal English host; as

when he attributed to Lord Arthur Russell the quality he described as *la grande curiosité*. To the same intellectual class as Russell belonged his junior, Earle. Among the most brilliant boys in Vaughan's sixth form at Harrow, Earle entered upon life with a promise surpassing most of his contemporaries. While an attaché at our Paris embassy he met the idol of his youthful admiration, Disraeli. It was as if a schoolboy who lived in the company of the personages created by the genius of Lever, Marryat, or Dickens had suddenly met and been noticed by the author of *Peter Simple*, of *Harry Lorrequer*, or *David Copperfield*. The statesman was pleased, the young diplomatist was fascinated. Entirely unsuited by temper and training for a deliberative assembly, Earle attached himself to the joint author of Household Suffrage, entered the House of Commons, first for Berwick, then for Malden, afterwards to be appointed Parliamentary Secretary to the Poor Law Board, since merged in the Local Government department. Earle's genius was for delicate political negotiations. While conducting these in the Conservative interest he thought himself at liberty to pledge his chief not to bring in a Reform Bill. The Household Franchise measure of Derby and Disraeli made its appearance. As a man of honour Earle felt bound to resign his office; he quitted political life for ever.

In his retiring speech to the House of Commons he offered some observations on the behaviour of the leader of the House; these, ignored by Disraeli at the time, elicited afterwards from him an expression

of surprise, not at the moral qualities shown by his former secretary, but at the false move in political conduct committed by so clever a man. The remainder of Earle's active life was passed in obtaining concessions for great contractors for railway and other works from foreign Powers. In this way he realised something like a fortune, whose accumulation he kept so entirely to himself as to put his nearest relatives off the scent by asking them to lend him £50 on going abroad to recruit his health at Kreuznach; in that little Rhenish village soon after (1878) he died. What his circumstances had been when he appeared as a would-be borrower may be judged from the fact that he bequeathed to his relations between £40,000 and £100,000 in cash. In the case of political differences between a subordinate and a great minister there will always be two accounts. Earle's personal relations with Disraeli were never re-established; the former secretary may have criticised the statesman in print. Speaking with positive knowledge of details, the present writer may here say that the "Adventures of Lord Beaconsfield" in the *Fortnightly Review*, though often attributed to Earle, were neither written nor inspired by him—were, in fact, the work of a writer to whom Earle had never spoken in his life. Nor did Earle's personal and political rupture with the man who introduced the 1867 Franchise measure in the Lower House affect his friendship with several among Disraeli's chief colleagues in the ministry. These all knew and realised what it seems strange

that a man of Earle's knowledge and acumen should have forgotten or ignored; such was the fact of Household Suffrage, as an idea, having originated not with Disraeli, but with his principal, the fourteenth Lord Derby. That statesman, originally a Whig, had been a member of Grey's Reform Cabinet; he therefore indulged a sporting and traditional pleasure in dishing the Whigs in 1867. The Lord Carnarvon who resigned his Colonial Secretaryship was a descendant of the Whig peer who, excluded from the Grey Cabinet of 1831, seceded to Conservatism, and declared in the Upper House that no man could vote for the Bill without being "a traitor to his king, an enemy of his country, and an apostate from his God." The quarrel of the two ministers who resigned in 1867—Lord Carnarvon and Lord Cranborne—was, therefore, less with their leader in the Commons than with his chief in the Lords.

The Breakfast Club and the representative gatherings at York House, Twickenham, were still in their infancy when there died, in 1877, a man who, in a retrospect like the present, should be glanced at. The two chief changes within the last century or two undergone by English feeling on foreign politics relate respectively to Anglo-Russian relations and the interest of England in the European equilibrium. The first of the international men, Cobden, in the nineteenth century was the chief political force which disposed of the notion that the Continental balance of power is an English concern. With the growth of Russophobia must be

associated a bygone member of the House of Commons, to whom his contemporaries sometimes applied Byron's phrase, "The mildest-mannered man that ever cut a throat." A popular superstition represents that politician as a tall, gaunt, dark-complexioned person with hollow cheeks and an Oriental caste of features. As a fact, David Urquhart was in appearance a conspicuously light blonde, with hair of the colour called in little boys lint-white, and with a countenance almost as cherubic as Dickens's Rufus Wilfer or Benjamin Jowett himself. To-day, perhaps, this interesting and remarkable man is best remembered as the introducer into England of the Turkish bath. Appropriately enough, therefore, the most lifelike presentment of him is to be found in no family portrait gallery or diary of the period, but in a statute that perpetuates his figure as he lived and moved on the premises of the Turkish bath in Jermyn Street. Since the deaths of his marriage connection, Lord Carlingford, his intimate friend, Lord Lamington, better known still as the Baille Cochrane of St. Stephen's and the Buckhurst of *Coningsby*, and his political pupil, Joseph Cowen of Newcastle, all Urquhart's associates, have probably gone. From 1847 to 1852 he sat for Stafford, generally finding a place on the same bench as Mr. Henry Drummond. Between the populariser of the Irvingite cult and the sworn foe of Palmerstonian diplomacy, the personal contrast defined itself not less clearly than the political. Henry Drummond, looking from his bearing somewhat taller than he really was, empha-

sised the contempt for costume which millionaires can alone afford; a hat of immemorial antiquity surmounted the dark yellow, short-cut wiry locks of the head, over whose shaggy brows it protruded. Urquhart's figure, small, loosely-knit, brightened by a radiantly intelligent expression of face, was always dressed with extreme neatness and good taste; he spoke, as he wrote, with equal rapidity and point. Unlike the object of his lifelong distrust, Palmerston, he was not well listened to in the House itself; in the social precincts of the Assembly his suggestive conversation always found careful hearers. The entire country was pervaded by his political organisation. The working men of northern England regarded and obeyed him as an oracle. In addressing those audiences and the deputations of his foreign affairs committees, he showed himself a real orator. Nor one more happily could have mastered the temper of the men he addressed. Not a syllable or a gesture, which, precisely calculated beforehand, failed to produce the exact effect the speaker desired. Urquhart conscientiously believed himself faithfully to represent the traditional Tory doctrine concerning the right relations of England to Russia and Turkey respectively. After the last war in the eighteenth century between the Porte and the Czar peace had been made between the two on the basis of the surrender of Oczakow, a strong fortress taken from the Turks. That condition was censured by the younger Pitt, who then, for the first time, formulated the anti-Russian views since held by most of his followers. Urquhart had persuaded himself that

he was leading back the Conservatives to Pitt, that Palmerson was the incarnation of everything internationally detestable, that England's natural ally in the Near East was the Mussulman, and her natural enemy the Muscovite. Such may now have ceased to be the orthodox faith of the constitutional party, but only since, in his speech on Lord Mayor's day, 1896, Lord Salisbury characterised distrust of Russia as an obsolete superstition of diplomacy. Urquhart, therefore, did much to intensify the outworn opinion, though not more than was done by Disraeli himself or, under earlier dispensations, by the *Times* newspaper. If he was vehement, he was never in advance of his knowledge. Neither in the *Past and Present of Russia* nor in the *Pillars of Hercules*, his two best books, will there be found much extravagance of thought or of language. Early in the Victorian age Urquhart introduced a new era in political literature with his *Portfolio*, a prolix but monumental treasury of international learning such as never existed before or since. Half a century later the idea was revived by Laurence Oliphant. That clever and well-informed writer's little sheet, for the diffusion of correct ideas on foreign affairs, appeared capriciously and was read by few. The *Portfolio*, therefore, may still be said to stand alone; it was followed by the *Diplomatic Review*, stopped only by Urquhart's death at the age of seventy-two in 1877. For home politics he cared nothing, was indeed so indifferent to party distinction as to have chosen for one of his publishers a well-known Sheffield Socialist,

Isaac Ironside. When the pen was not in his hand Urquhart's practice was, in the many North of England towns, where he had friends, to hold classes, that he addressed on political ethics or sociology; afterwards he invited hecklers to cross-question him. In these ordeals he showed unruffled temper, high-bred courtesy, as well as very often humour and wit. In many cottage homes beyond the Humber are still handed down from father to son notes of these discourses taken at the time. The great anti-Palmerstonian, as a posthumous force in international relations, is for Englishmen only less powerful to-day than Richard Cobden himself. Urquhart's character is truthfully described in the inscription on his tomb at Naples:—

"VIR
SUMMO INGENIO, INVICTÂ CONSTANTIÂ,
VIXIT, LABORAVIT,
PRISCÆ REUERENTIÆ INTER HOMINES
RESTITUTOR,
NEFANDÆ TRADITIONIS POLITICÆ
VINDEX
JURIS GENTIUM
MAXIMÈ VERO BELLI PACISQUE
TANTUM HÔC ÆVO NON DELETI
PROPUGNATOR."

The principles of statesmanship associated with Urquhart are as rich in actuality for the twentieth century as they were for his own day. So recently as the January of 1887 there still lived a former editor of his *Diplomatic Review*, C. Dobson Collett. Chisholm Anstey, Urquhart's chief supporter in

attacking Palmerston, represented Bedford throughout the first half of the last reign. Nothing has happened since then to diminish the interest in those schools of cosmopolitan thought brought into prominence then, though founded at a far earlier date.

To secure a decisive voice for England, independently of any Continental power, was the policy of Henry VIII. The same aim was pursued by William III. From those periods till the nineteenth century English diplomacy inclined to Austria rather than to France, but with Palmerston France found favour as the home of Liberal ideas. In his day, too, the balance of power, now merely an antiquated expression, was a good deal more than a mere phrase. In Palmerstonian days Germany could still be called a crumbling group of petty states and kinglets under Austrian influences. Prussian hegemony of a united Germany was a dream. Italy remained a geographical expression. Moreover, when Cobden's influence was first established official statesmanship in England regarded as a part of modern history the 1815 Congress of Vienna, at which royal or highly-placed councillors had parcelled out Europe after their lordly pleasure. Only the English plenipotentiaries had insinuated a mild protest against dealing with petty European nationalities like lots of property in an auction-room. In 1820–1 took place the Troppau and Laybach Congresses, which resolved on Neapolitan coercion and the restoration of the expelled Ferdinand to the throne. A reactionary Tory at home, Castlereagh showed himself some-

thing of a Liberal abroad, but from the point of view at present taken, the importance of his dissent at this period from his foreign colleagues is that it shows popular feeling was at last beginning to make itself felt on the course of English diplomacy. Two or three years later the Duke of Angoulême received the mandate of the Continental Powers to enter Spain for enabling Ferdinand VII. to crush his subjects. Canning now, as Castlereagh had been, Foreign Secretary and Leader of the House, found himself confronted by exactly the same situation as his predecessor; he acted in the same way by strongly protesting against the Angoulême expedition. A twelvemonth later he gave another proof of his regard for opinion outside Parliament by recognising the Spanish Republic's revolt in South America. He thus, in his own words, called the New World into existence to redress the balance of the Old. Canning, however, was more cautious and conditional in his interventions than his pupil and successor, Palmerston. He held aloof except in cases in which, as with Portugal, England was committed by international agreement as well as by commercial ties. Palmerston, on the other hand, in his desire to prevent any single Power from dominating Europe, looked for no written obligations to justify his intervention as the champion of nations struggling to be free. Those were the days when Spanish marriages passed for a vital question with English diplomats; when, as in 1847–8, our Foreign Secretary deemed it a self-evident duty by the mission of Lord Minto to assist the Pope in putting his political house in

order.[1] Inconsistency in its application saved us from several inconveniences which Palmerston's heroic principle of international knight-errantry might have involved. In 1828 Palmerston refused to co-operate with France in supporting Mehemet Ali's attempt to make Egypt independent of the Turkish suzerain. In 1856 he frowned upon the aspiration of the Danubian States for autonomy. Palmerston himself would no doubt have qualified the assumption of England's worldwide responsibility which his theory seemed to imply by saying that, in practice, intervention should be confined to cases in which the nation helped possesses in polity or in public opinion no resemblance to England, and may, therefore, be likely to serve her interests. Palmerston periodically and frequently found himself out of favour at Court. The evidence contained in Sir Theodore Martin's life of the Prince Consort and in other memoirs of the period shows him to have been generally in accord with the broad ideas of England's philanthropic mission in the world, then accepted in the highest quarters. The same minister survived the attacks of the Cobdenites on the one hand, of the Urquharites on the other, because he seldom mistook the patriotic humour of the middle class, the old Ten Pounders, then composing the electorate. In 1863 his language to Baron Brunnow about Servia rather surprised that diplomatist; it even scandalised some Palmerstonians themselves. "A capital score, and

[1] The Memorandum in which Palmerston vindicated this action appears for the first time in Lord Lorne's Palmerston monograph in Messrs. S. Low's *Queen's Prime Ministers*.

all off my own bat," was the schoolboy phrase in which (April 22, 1834) he correctly hit off his Belgian success. Castlereagh, at Vienna in 1815, had foreseen the inevitable separation of Belgium from Holland. Palmerston, in supporting the Belgian independence, stipulated that the employment of French troops on its behalf should not diminish the territory of the new kingdom. Shortly afterwards Austrian troops were settled on Italian soil. Palmerston plainly told Vienna that England would tolerate no suppression of independence in the Peninsula. The Russo-Prussian league of Münchengratz which followed was almost equivalent to a revival of the Holy Alliance. Palmerston's prompt reply was the Quadruple Treaty in 1834, pledging all the Western Powers to resist the combined States of Eastern Europe. Those Powers, Russia especially, were to Palmerston the embodiments not so much of territorial aggressiveness as of autocratic reaction. His distrust and detestation of Russia were the sentiments more of the Whig or Liberal politician than of the English patriot. To-day Cobden's conciliatory pamphlet on Russia remains an epoch-making treatise; modern Conservatives agreed with its writer in regarding Russia as incapable of fresh conquests in Europe, and, with respect to the Near East, as likely to exert a better influence than Turkey, whose affairs have ceased to be a concern to England. In 1849 English feeling was more bitter against the Czar for his treatment of Kossuth than it showed itself five years later when Russian troops crossed the Pruth. These signs were not lost upon Palmerston. Some

time, therefore, before his death he had grown out of his desire actively to intervene in his neighbours' affairs. In other words, the aggressive cosmopolitanism of Cambridge House had been replaced by the pacific internationalism of Cobden, which at or outside of the Court and society endures as a socio-political force to the present day. During the whole of the period now reviewed Palmerston, indeed, was not always Foreign Secretary; he remained, however, the master-spirit of the Cabinet. The good offices of his friend, Henry Bulwer, Lord Dalling, for a long time our ambassador at Paris, kept him better informed than any of his colleagues on foreign politics. Diplomacy and its doings were losing their purely aristocratic flavour since, in the way and on the occasions aforesaid, they were being brought into sympathy with the unprivileged classes. They now furnished topics for talk not only in political drawing-rooms and at exclusive clubs, but in far more representative companies such as those already visited. About a generation ago the best-informed man in London on all international relations, the predecessor of the present Sir D. Mackenzie Wallace, was the English correspondent of the *Kolnische Zeitung*, Max Schlesinger. Few London houses were not open to him; the hosts whom by preference he visited were of the professional class such as the present Sir George Lewis in Portland Place and the late Sir W. O. Priestley, the urbane representative of medical science, at whose dinner-table in Hertford Street, Mayfair, was to be heard on all subjects some of the best talk in London.

A Cosmopolitan Society

The modish cosmopolitanism on which society in the Edwardian era prides itself is not quite the novelty that observers of short memories or of tender years sometimes suppose. Long before Lady Blessington and Count Alfred D'Orsay occupied those premises in Kensington Gore, on or near to whose site now rises the Albert Hall, Dickens in the Mrs. Leo Hunter of *Pickwick* had caricatured the cosmopolitan *soirées* of Seamore Place. The Secretary to the Austrian Embassy in London, Baron Nieumann, during the earliest years of the Victorian age had married a daughter of the Duke of Beaufort. The lady had a genius for international entertaining; well-introduced guests of all nationalities and tongues made their bow in her drawing-room; her house came to be known as the Tower of Babel; it certainly formed the earliest among the social cosmopolitanising forces during the first half of the nineteenth century. On another social level and in a rather different way something of the same character belonged to the hospitalities of Lord Mahon, the historian, afterwards Lord Stanhope, at his London house in Grosvenor Place or his country seat in Kent. It was here that Benjamin Disraeli began to be a social personage. He had already given in a short story by the same title in Lady Blessington's *Keepsake* a sort of prophecy of his novel *Lothair;* he now, by some lines, written up to a portrait of Lady Mahon, seemed to show some claims to succession to Byron. Of Holland House and its educational services to the polite world Macaulay's famous essay leaves nothing to be said, but before the present reign began, within

a stone's-throw of the Grant-Duff reunions at York House, Twickenham, there existed two other active centres of cosmopolitan fusion. The abode of Horace Walpole at Strawberry Hill had for its mistress the Lady Waldegrave who was afterwards Lady Carlingford, perhaps the kindliest as well as the most successful entertainer of her day, and as its visitors whatever of interest or distinction appeared in London. Hard by Mr. Henry Labouchere had installed himself at Pope's Villa, attracting to himself at the week's end specimens of the acquaintance made by him during past years in his movements between China and Peru.

CHAPTER VII

THE COLONIES IN ENGLISH SOCIETY

A brief review of our Colonies—Colonials in society—Past Colonial champions—Gibbon Wakefield, Sir William Molesworth—Transportation of convicts to the Colonies—Impetus given by Charles Reade, the novelist, to the abolition of transportation—Bulwer Lytton—The fourth Lord Carnarvon—The Highclere parties—Froude's mission to South Africa—"Smart" visitors to the Antipodes—Sir John Macdonald—Lord and Lady Aberdeen—Lord Strathcona—Edward Jenkins—Our South African policy—Colonial Federation efforts—Personal aspects of Bulwer Lytton—His spiritualistic experiences—Sir John Rose—Sir Samuel Wilson—Mr. J. B. Robinson—Anglo-Indian society.

THOSE aspects, already glanced at, of the polite system whose centre is the Court, are all faithfully representative of our social state under Edward VII. They are not, however, the peculiar properties of the new reign in the special sense that may be claimed for other phases of our social polity now to be considered. Absolutely unique and essentially impossible of repetition was the universal verdict on the gathering of the nations to London in the Exhibition here of 1851. Yet the Empire ruled by King Edward during those distant days was only in

its infancy. Not till the present reign began did the world-wide dominion occupy the 9,000,000 square miles which make it to-day a fifth part of the habitable globe. Here is an area whose surface extent is nearly that of three Europes. Its revenues amount to £210,000,000 sterling; including for the moment India, our foreign imperial area comprehends 11,000,000 square miles. Our Colonies alone cover an area eighty times greater than that of the Mother Country. To give a more concrete idea of the extent of this Empire beyond seas owned by Great Britain, itself almost a speck in Greater Britain, the Imperial Federation League, since known as the British Empire League, recently completed calculations, showing our colonies to be five times as large as the lands owned by Darius the Great; four times larger than the empire of ancient Rome, greater by an eighth than the empire of Russia. These colonies are inhabited by 230,000,000 more than dwell in the Russian realms; are sixteen times as great as the empire of France, and exceed by forty times that of Germany, and are three times greater than that of the United States. Every variety of climate, of natural products, of race, of religion, and of polity is comprised in British territory. The lands ruled by King Edward furnish half the sea-borne commerce of the world. They produce every possible commodity of life and trade. As regards wheat granaries, wool markets, timber forests, even diamond fields, Greater Britain has rivals but scarcely a superior. Together with India, it yields tobacco next in quality to that of Havana and

Manila. Its coffee, though compared with Brazil and Java small in amount, is the finest which money can buy. The various forms of government over which the British flag floats are officially estimated at forty-two. They include more diversities of administration, varying between the absolutism of India and the democracies of South Australia and Ontario, than were conceived by the imagination of any political philosopher from Aristotle or Bacon to Machiavelli or Sir Thomas More. Eleven colonies possess elective legislatures after the Mother Country's model. Where self-government is not yet fully established, there are only five colonies without some representative element, controlled by an administrator, who constitutes in himself the legislative as well as the executive power of the state. As to numbers, King Edward's Colonial subjects are about equally divided between autonomous and Crown-ruled communities. In point of geographical extent, the self-governed peoples occupy two-thirds of the whole. In the matter of population, a comparison between Great and Greater Britain yields results exactly opposite to those deducible from a consideration of areas. Since, in 1881, the King completed his fortieth year, the Colonial population has risen from 15½ to 20 millions. The inhabitants of Colonial capitals vary from Melbourne, with nearly half a million, to Wellington (N.Z.), with 33,000. That latter limit is indeed exceeded by only thirty-four Colonial towns. If these numbers seem small, one must remember that the chief Colonial products are still raw materials, rather than manufactured articles.

Again, these communities are, for the most part, still in their first youth. Australia only began her course in 1851. John Pascoe Fawkner, who had a large share in founding Melbourne, lived to see the Duke of Edinburgh's visit in 1860. His colleague, slightly his senior, Henty, lived till almost the dawn of the twentieth century. Meanwhile has been witnessed a corresponding increase in the popularity of the colonies as the adopted homes of Englishmen. In 1837 the British-born emigrants to the colonies amounted to 35,264. Of that number, 29,884 went to North America, 5,054 to the Australias. A late, if not the latest, return of the nineteenth century, indeed, shows the British emigrants for our North American colonies to have fallen to 15,267, for Australasia to have risen to 10,354, and our other colonies, chiefly South Africa, to attract 24,594. In other words, the reign of Victoria added nearly 50 per cent. to Greater Britain beyond seas; it therefore proportionately diminished the totals of British settlers in the United States, though in exactly what degree seems as yet to be unknown.

The harmony of patriotic sentiment uniting King Edward's cis-oceanic and trans-oceanic subjects is suggested by the fact that, during the half-century preceding his reign, the naval stations at Halifax and Capetown alone excepted, all Imperial troops were withdrawn from the self governing colonies. Yet it was of these outlying portions of the realm that Disraeli once pettishly exclaimed, "These wretched colonies, about whom every one knows that if they prosper they will in a few years declare themselves independent, if they

are bankrupt become millstones round our neck." The services rendered by the Colonial contingents during the South African operations, and the end of last and the beginning of the present century have been implicitly acknowledged by the title conferred for the first time upon Edward VII. of all English monarchs. In November, 1806, during the Colonial Secretaryship of Edward Stanhope, under the presidency of Lord Knutsford, at a conference between the Home Government and Colonial representatives, were arranged the details for the naval defence of the colonies by the Mother Country and the Colonial contributions to that Imperial purpose. The chief decision acted upon in 1886 was the increase of the Australian squadron by fast cruisers and by torpedo gunboats. Before that, during our military operations of the eighties in Afghanistan and the beginning of our Egyptian complications, as well as in subsequent struggles with Soudan Dervishes, Australian and Canadian troops volunteered for service under the old flag. Shortly afterwards, in the spring of 1885, Gladstone's £11,000,000 credit vote for division between Egypt and India was followed by Russian occupation of Penjdeh. We seemed on the eve of a possible struggle that might tax the resources of the Empire. Again troops, fully equipped at Colonial expense, were offered to the Mother Country.

The Colonial element in the society and politics of King Edward's capital and Empire owes something of its increase in importance and prestige to the personal influence not only of Mr. Chamberlain, but of other

personages in his department before his day. The story of British colonisation is rather that of individual effort and daring than of State enterprise or adventure. The same thing may be said of the advance in social consideration and popular regard made by the Colonial interest and representatives. The intellectual and social agencies in that direction began to show themselves in 1858. By that time several of our more important dependencies were self-governed; just twenty years had passed since the Canadian troubles, at the beginning of Victoria's reign, had led to the Durham mission. The Durham report, indeed, formed the Magna Charta of Colonial independence. It was only in part the work of its titular author. Gibbon Wakefield, Durham's private secretary, probably prepared the first draft. Sir William Molesworth largely contributed to it; Charles Buller's incisive pen put some vigorous touches into it. The document, therefore, was a parting manifesto on Colonial affairs. The report began to reform a system by inspiring an Association. During the first Russell Government came into existence the Colonial Reform Society. Of this the chief members were Cobden, Horsman (Disraeli's "superior person"), Joseph Hume, the late Lord Kimberley, then Lord Wodehouse. The movement grew; it was supported impartially by Liberals and Conservatives; such were Lord Lyttleton, Lord Norton, Lord Naas, afterwards Lord Mayo. To give effect to the Durham programme by grant of responsible government to the new communities formed the central object of this body. The decade of commercial and industrial

distress between 1830 and 1840 had stimulated industrial emigration to the other side of the world. For the first time there set in something like an enthusiasm for the Colonies as a field for the unemployed labour of the Mother Country. In 1831 a proposal to give Australia a member in the House of Commons had been seriously made, only to be laughed down not as inadequate but ridiculous. To-day, in one of the corridors of the office presided over by Mr. Chamberlain, stands a bust of the man who was the leading spirit of the Colonial Society, if indeed he is not to be regarded as the true founder of our Colonial system. Gibbon Wakefield had been secretary to Lord Durham during the Canada mission of 1838. A career of national usefulness had been prefaced, to some extent produced, by a youth of more romantic adventure than his serious temper and austere habits might have seemed to render likely. In 1826, at the age of about thirty, he had run off with a young lady for a Gretna Green marriage. The law took a severer view than usual of the elopement. The bridegroom found himself in prison with abundant leisure of maturing his knowledge of Colonial questions and drafting Colonial reforms. The good Catholic Christopher Columbus had been inspired on his Atlantic voyages by an undying faith that the exploration of the Western Hemisphere might open up a short cut to Jerusalem. The orthodox Anglican Wakefield, on regaining liberty, became managing director of the New Zealand Association. Upon lines nearly parallel to those advocated in Colonial matters by Rowland Hill, the author of penny postage, he took

a chief part in founding the High Church Colony of Canterbury; that New Zealand province began its existence under ecclesiastical auspices. Its earliest patrons were spiritual or temporal peers and other public personages who, commencing perhaps as evangelicals, had gravitated towards the moderate sacramentalism that a generation later found expression in family fiction of the *Heir of Redclyffe* pattern. The authoress, Charlotte Mary Yonge, was the daughter of a Hampshire Churchman. Part of the immense profits of her first novel were given to fitting out the missionary schooner *Southern Cross* for Bishop Selwyn; the *Daisy Chain* brought from the publishers a cheque for £2,000; she devoted the entire sum to founding a Missionary College at the Antipodes. Her literary earnings, specially from the editorship of the *Monthly Packet*, were dedicated in continuance to the support of the English communion in the same regions. Sad and strange is the contrast between the earliest associations and the latest development of this settlement. The Colonial pet of the orthodox religionists of intellectual and political Toryism is to-day in the van of Australasian democracy and secularism.

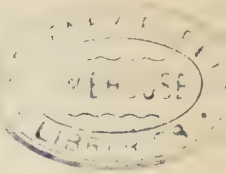
Sir William Molesworth was the eighth baronet of the Cornish family immemorially settled at Pencarrow, in the heart of the moors that lie between Tintagel and Bodmin. An advanced Radical, he had scarcely left Cambridge and taken his seat for Southwark (1832–45), when he became the leader and munificent patron of the political disciples of Jeremy Bentham, of James Hill, as well as that of the entire philosophically

Radical band, whose organ, the *Westminster Review*, was purchased by him in 1836. At a far heavier cost, £6,000, he edited, in sixteen volumes, the works of Thomas Hobbes, the librarian and literary adviser of the seventeenth century, head of the Cavendishes, some two hundred and fifty years before the same position was filled by the already mentioned James Lacaita. Till nearly the close of the nineteenth century the lady who, bearing Molesworth's name, made her pleasant house in Eaton Square a scene of cosmopolitan hospitality, was still living. Molesworth himself, during the fifties of the nineteenth century, served for a short time as Commissioner of Works; in 1853 he became Colonial Secretary, to die only a few months after achieving the object of his public ambition. While at the Office of Works he had observed the lack of home labour for English industry. In the Colonies he recognised the supply of the needful outlets. All his influence and energy were used for making homes beyond seas acceptable to British subjects. To that end he led the movements for the self-government of our great dependencies and for abolishing the long-denounced abuses of transportation. The trans-oceanic dominions of the British Crown had first become the homes of banished criminals under Charles II. After a long series of Colonial protests this reproach was removed under George III. in 1775; it was revived eleven years later. But in 1849 the Cape of Good Hope refused to receive a consignment of convicts; that example was followed by Australia in 1864. For some time longer felons under sentence were landed in Western

Australia. Archbishop Whately had been among the first to press on the Government its discontinuance. It can scarcely be regarded as having been absolutely abolished before 1867. The practice was not of British origin, nor in its day had it been always necessarily mischievous. Late in the fifteenth century the French State supplied Cartier with prisoners to colonise America; only then a little later had England placed human material of a like sort at the disposal of Frobisher. In the same way Columbus had settled Hispaniola with Jewish prisoners of the Spanish Inquisition. At the close of Marlborough's wars General Oglethorpe had peopled Georgia with prisoners for debt. In the twentieth century the ablest inhabitants of Portuguese Brazil have descended from ancestors once in State custody. On the eve of the Victorian era Darling, when visiting Tasmania, had closely observed the working of convict arrangements; he found them so far satisfactory as to turn unproductive gaol-birds into industrious, decorous, if not morally or spiritually regenerated, labourers.

The intellectual force that was to hasten or confirm the national and official resolve to cease the infusion of the criminal taint into Colonial populations proceeded from a novelist. In 1856 Charles Reade's *Never too Late to Mend*, by its dramatic exposure of the corrupting and destructive influences of criminal life at the Antipodes, produced a profound impression on the popular mind at home. It reminded, indeed, older readers of the impetus that Dickens's *Oliver Twist* had given, in 1838, to Poor Law reforms, or of Thackeray's protest, in "Going to See a Man

Hanged," against public executions. Some ten years after the novel's appearance the author converted it into a drama at the Princess's.



"When a vulgar play arouses
Nought but hisses at the end,
And is played to paper houses,
Well, it is too late to mend."

So odiously repulsive and impossible seemed the theatrical representation of the novel's criminal scenes that the audience refused its interest, and hissed the performers off the stage.

Rather less than a decade earlier Bulwer Lytton had become Colonial Secretary in Lord Derby's second administration, with a future Colonial Minister, Lord Carnarvon, as his assistant at the office. Already Bulwer's pen had closely associated him with the colonies in the public eye. *The Caxtons* had appeared in 1850; sufficiently successful from the first in England, that fiction created an enthusiasm under the Southern Cross. Australian readers at once recognised in it an allegory of their country's greatness. Pisistratus after the ruin worked on his family by the unsuccessful projects of the sanguine Uncle Jack, crosses the Indian Ocean to retrieve his shattered fortunes. In the cheery and helpful companionship of an incarnation of the Colonial genius, a sort of second Mark Tapley, whose philosophy is conveyed in the exclamation, "What fun!" the hero of the story returns a rich man to his native shores. Who, in real life, should Pisistratus be but the embodiment of Britain herself finding compensation for the loss of her American

possessions by George III. in the inexhaustible treasure-house on the other side of the world? The presence of Bulwer and Carnarvon in Downing Street followed a season of pardonable dissatisfaction among colonists with Lord John Russell's Secretary of State, Earl Grey. As regards sheer power of intellect, the ablest man probably ever charged with a Department, Lord Grey's frigid temperament, constrained and arbitrary bearing, alienated all Colonial persons with whom he was brought into any sort of communication. Had he been succeeded by a minister as aggressively autocratic and aristocratic as himself the Australias probably would have declared for independence, and long before now have been lost to Britain. *The Caxtons* had appeared after Australia had sent back Englishmen who had made their fortunes by farming, but before those lands were known for goldfields. Disraeli's colonist who finds a nugget is member for Melbourne to-day, returns home and represents London to-morrow, still belonged to the future. His predecessor, who "had sheared a thousand flocks," already occupied a fine mansion in Westbourne Terrace. He perhaps had a seat in St. Stephen's.

Exactly, therefore, at the right moment began with Sir Edward Bulwer and Lord Carnarvon the new era of Colonial administration. For the first time within the memory of man Colonial visitors, after a call at Downing Street, repaired as guests to Knebworth, to Highclere, or were generally in evidence at London dinner-tables and in country houses. Bulwer's early interest in the Greater Britain he administered had been, for the most part, literary. As yet his Under-

Secretary had not personally inspected the regions he was afterwards to rule. Some Colonial connection Lord Carnarvon's family did, however, possess. On his mother's side he was descended from the Beckfords and Longs. Of those families one at least had been concerned with the West Indies for generations. Several of its members' names are to be found on Jamaica tombstones. Lord Carnarvon also had inherited from his father a detestation of neglect or indifference towards his fellow-creatures of every race and under any sky. Certain it is that, when, in 1867, Carnarvon first presided over the Colonial Department, he signalised his administration by a system of courtesies, of hospitalities, and of personal attentions generally. Than this Minister no promoter of the Colonial cult at home was ever more chivalrously tolerant of bores from beyond seas. The Boer delegates invaded him at his London house as well as in Downing Street, only to be asked to carry their excursions to Highclere Castle, the Secretary's Hampshire home. "Really, this old ale is one of the very few English institutions which we can conscientiously approve." The butler had conducted the visitors over the Highclere cellars, had refreshed them with the beverage brewed, according to the family wont, at each eldest son's birth, but not opened till his coming of age. Hence the first relaxation implied, in the words just quoted, of the critical temper. Once before had a smile's preliminary gleam begun to light up the motionless features of those broad faces. Between Newbury railway station and Highclere Castle, some half-dozen miles, the carriage road is intersected fre-

quently by little brooks. The burghers had smoked their pipes in grim silence till they reached the first of these brooks. Then their countenances suddenly lightened into a broad grin. "It reminds us," they said, "of the Transvaal." To that their host's private secretary, then Lord Donoughmore, in a desperate effort to say something pleasant, cheerily commented, "Well, why should it not?" The Boer visitors of 1874 next broke silence by the sceptical inquiry, "Are we to believe all these books to have been written by your relations?" In the Highclere library at this time used to stand a bookcase one or two of whose shelves had been allotted to authors of the Herbert name. So arose the question. The gentleman who put it seemed still more incredulous when told about the antecedents of a little table at which he was sitting; it was the piece of mahogany at which the great Napoleon had signed his abdication. "Did the British sovereign's dominions contain many more such fabulous articles of furniture?" "Well," gently replied the imperturbable host, "if, gentlemen, you will give the pleasure of a call to Lord Sidmouth at Up Ottery Park, I am sure he will be delighted to show you the dining-table on which, with the moistened end of his napkin after dinner, on an imaginary chart, Nelson indicated Trafalgar Cape as the exact spot off which he expected to come up with and to destroy the united fleets of Spain and France. Should you," meekly turning his face to the smiter, continued Carnarvon, "have time to visit Lord Stanhope at Chevening, you may there see the table at which, beneath a tree on Holwood lawn, Kent, the younger Pitt and Wilber-

force first discussed in detail the steps that should be taken for putting down the slave trade." "There also used to be," interposed a bystander, "in my childish days at Eton a disciplinary table over which boys leant to be birched that they might learn good manners." This little conversational fragment conveys a fair idea of the habitual talk in private life of the most sympathetic and representative among nineteenth-century Colonial Ministers. It was always easy, simple, and instructive, and happy mean between didacticism and inanity. The Highclere drawing-room contains or contained Sir Joshua's portrait of "Two Gentlemen"—a family ancestor and a relative, the progenitor of the late Sir Thomas Acland, who was one of the founders in, 1812, of Grillion's Club. The book-shelves near these portraits at once epitomised their former owner's taste in letters as well as indicated the chief influences of his literary and intellectual culture.

The nineteenth-century house parties at Highclere perpetuated the spirit of the hospitalities of Lord Falkland's house at Great Tew in Oxfordshire during the Civil War period. Those first immortalised by Clarendon have since been celebrated by Matthew Arnold, who was frequently met at Highclere by the guests hailing from Greater Britain. Others met by these were the former Chaplain-General of the British army, G. R. Gleig; that gownsman had worn a sword at Waterloo, had written in the *Subaltern* and elsewhere perhaps the best description of the famous battle ever penned. The old ecclesiastic was indeed then living in his rectory, Winchfield, almost next

door to the residence of his old chief's son. From Eversley in the north of the county often came the tall, sinewy figure of Charles Kingsley. His most popular novel, *Westward Ho!* had glorified the spirit of adventure which had carried the English flag to so many new points under the Western or Southern sun. Another born Devonian, the prose laureate of the same Elizabethan enterprise, the Tudor panegyrist, J. A. Froude, was seldom absent on those occasions. Froude's intellectual subtlety was in society piquantly flavoured by a personal blend, fusing in his person the free-thought temper with the ecclesiastical manner, which long after he had laid aside his orders he retained to the last. In 1875 Froude, prostrated by overwork and by the loss of his wife, meditated a long voyage on the high seas. South Africa had always interested him in the same degree that it did Carnarvon himself. Wherever books were read on the Dark Continent Froude's writings had excited a personal interest and admiration for their author. Why should not this prose artist and acute observer make a trip to the Cape, travel up-country, examine federal possibilities of the districts he traversed, return to talk matters over with the Secretary of State, who thus early saw in federation such as had been carried out in Canada the final cure for South African troubles? With a little more of statesmanlike patience the Froude mission might not have miscarried. Local feeling already favoured a South African Dominion after the Canadian model. The development and organisation of those feelings were all that was needed. As it was the launching of the legisla-

tive project anticipated a breeze of public opinion strong enough to carry it forward. The ambition of provincial politicians preferred the assurance and notoriety in a vestry-like assemblage to the possibility of fame in an Imperial senate. The measure first lagged; it was then dwarfed into an Enabling Bill from sheer want of the motive power to convert it into a Parliamentary Act. Carnarvon, however, like all those about him who had made a study of the subject, never wavered in his belief that South Africa, to be pacified and prosperous, must, like Canada, enter upon the federal stage of its development. While these pages are being prepared for the press Mr. Chamberlain, as Froude's more august and authoritative successor, is in a sense repeating Froude's mission. Not from any servile adherence to his predecessor's tradition, the great Colonial champion of the present reign has placed on public record his absolute approval of the Carnarvon idea. Many were the talks on this subject during the nineteenth century's last quarter within the Highclere walls. Anthony Trollope, already introduced to the readers in the Cosmopolitan Club, in the course of what Froude called "his banging about the world," had recently visited, and of course written about, our Colonial dependencies. Trollope's old contemporary at Winchester, Robert Lowe, Lord Sherbrook, J. R. Green, the historian, Sir J. R. Seeley, of *Ecce Homo*, whose *Expansion of England* marked an epoch in thought and writing about Colonial matters, were frequent visitors.

About that time a rationally imperious moral had

been discovered even in Robert Browning's more obscure pieces. Greater Britain's friends were beginning to count on him as their possible laureate. During his last administration, ending with his retirement in 1894, Gladstone offered the Indian viceroyalty to Sir Henry Norman, who refused it on the ground of his health; he too was seldom omitted from the Highclere Colonial gatherings. The group was completed by the patrician, intellectual presence of Arthur Stanley, Dean of Westminster; by the tall, dark, sombrely picturesque figure of the greatest preacher of his day, Henry Parry Liddon of St. Paul's; by the easiest and most variously informed conversationalist of his day, Thomas Chenery, who then edited the *Times;* by Sir Henry Holland, at that time legal adviser of the Colonial Office; he, as Viscount Knutsford, continued the administration of the Empire in the spirit of Carnarvon himself by his tactful, courageous statesmanship, and by the courtesy which is the expression of native kindness and goodness, retaining and deepening those sentiments of affection which Carnarvon had first won for the Mother Country. One personal or social service rendered by these two men in promoting the world-wide unity of feeling that was not fully to show itself till several years later had been begun by Carnarvon's predecessor. The agents of our chief dependencies residing in London had been at first employed chiefly, if not exclusively, for the transmission of railway plant and other material beyond seas. In some respects Kimberley, by a Whig hauteur and frigidity of manner, did not endear himself to all Colonial visitors. In his

dealings with the Colonial agents he gratified those whom they represented; by socially assimilating these officials to ambassadors, he appreciably improved their social consideration in London.

Then, too, was beginning the regular interchange of visitors which, reaching its climax on Queen Victoria's *fête* day in 1897, has united the Colonial capitals and the Imperial metropolis by a tie nearly as close as that which connects New York and London. In 1860 Prince Alfred had set that example, to be followed by the present Prince of Wales in the next century, of including the Antipodes in the Grand Tour. Among private persons Sir Charles Dilke first went the Imperial round a few years later. The then Lord Hartington soon followed. On the opposite political side Lords Donoughmore and Dunraven made the same excursion. Lord Donoughmore, afterwards secretary to a Colonial Minister, Lord Carnarvon, a sedate but cheery young man of the elderly variety, relieves the discreet officialism of his demeanour by occasional gleams of Celtic humour; limiting his conversation to what he personally knows and to what interests them, he may talk little, but he only opens his mouth to talk well. Lord Dunraven is an Irish landlord who, like a few others, has raised the championship of his order to the rank of a liberal profession. He has beaten Puck by putting a girdle round the earth, not once, but many times. The racing confederate of the late Lord Randolph Churchill, he still fairly flourishes on the turf. A connoisseur in art, letters, and acting, he has subsidised theatres and run at least one weekly newspaper.

A self-crowned king of the ocean, he has built more than one yacht to wrest the famous cup from the United States. Hitherto he has made nothing his own that was American before except the nasal intonation, which has been rendered smart as well as popular by transatlantic belles, by *Altiora Peto*, and by others of *la belle Americaine* tribe. A courtier of the most modish kind, he is popular with several ladies, and at least with one man.

Australian brides, in the smartest of social sets, began to appear almost as soon as the Chicago heiress, promoted by marriage to the peerage's highest place. Meanwhile, not only drawing-rooms, but the multitude on the two sides of the planet, were brought into a kind of personal contact. The first victory won by Trickett, the Australian sculler, over the Englishman, Sadler, had been followed by Colonial contests on metropolitan waters. The latest of these was that between Stanbury and Gaudaur in the September of 1896. Cricket elevens were interchanged between Australia, the West Indies, and the Mother Country. In 1865 the French horse Gladiateur carried off all the prizes of the English turf. An Australian man of letters and politician, witnessing these victories, remarked that if the invading quadruped had come from Melbourne, had been cheered as loudly as the Gallic champion, his fellow-citizens would cease to complain of sensibilities wounded by imaginary neglect in the Mother Country.

In the spring of 1880 those who happened, late one night, to be on the platform of Euston railway station were startled by seeing, in a Privy Councillor's uni-

form, a gentleman who at first sight was supposed to be Lord Beaconsfield ; he, however, as a fact, was at that hour laid up with bronchitis in Curzon Street. His counterfeit presentment proved to be no other than the Canadian premier, Sir John Macdonald, popularly known as "Old To-morrow" from his putting off disagreeable subjects. The facial resemblance between the British and the Colonial premier was most striking. The contrast between the personal manner of the two, Disraeli's sphinx-like reserve, Macdonald's genial yet canny expansiveness, was not noticed by those who casually met the statesman of the Dominion. It was reserved for the Diamond Jubilee of 1897 to acquaint the London crowd with the presence of another minister not less intimately than with his predecessor "Old To-morrow"—Sir Wilfrid Laurier.

There are other figures not to be omitted among the Colonial company in the Mother Country. The two staunchest and most serviceable friends in the titled classes possessed during his later days by Mr. Gladstone were Lord and Lady Aberdeen, the former an earnest and enlightened Scot, who, like his wife, lives but to do his duty ; the latter a daughter of the Marjoribanks house, to whom are wanting none of its hereditary gifts. Their viceregal position in Ireland and Canada and their self-sacrificing devotion to good works cause Lord and Lady Aberdeen to continue at home all that is most beneficent in the enterprises on which they started beyond seas. In all that concerns Canada, as, indeed, in many other matters, the Aberdeens have a co-operator in Lord Strathcona, who

revived the patriotic spirit associated in Indian Mutiny days with Fane and Hodson (the latter the Harry East of *Tom Brown's Schooldays*) by raising the troop of horse that did good service in the Transvaal War. When the history of the British Empire is adequately written Lord Strathcona will be shown in his true light as an essential pillar of the system the moral influences of whose support will continue long after the proof itself may have disappeared.

Before Sir John Macdonald's visit to England the Dominion was personally symbolised by several well-known representatives. Of these the first and perhaps best-known was the India-born, Canada-educated barrister, John Edward Jenkins. As member for Dundee and a Liberal opponent to the Disraeli Government, he made his mark at St. Stephen's (1874–80), but it was his prose satire, *Ginx's Baby* (1870), which caused him to wake one morning and find himself famous and the achiever of a literary success comparable with Laurence Oliphant's *Piccadilly*, Mr. Mallock's *New Republic*, or Sir Charles Dilke's *Prince Florestan*. The successors of "Ginx's Baby," Sir Alexander Galt, a descendant of the Scotch novelist, and Sir Charles Tupper, maintained the reputation of the founder of their line. Before he became a Cabinet Minister the author of the 1870 Education Act, afterwards Irish Secretary, William Edward Forster, represented in London New South Wales. Sir George Verdon, in 1870 the agent of Victoria, and Sir Charles Cowper were all in their turn agreeably familiar with the best society in the smaller Britain to which they were accredited. In

the twentieth century Sir Robert Herbert, formerly Under-Secretary at the Colonial Office, the pink and pride of Eton culture and of Oxford scholarship, having (1860–65) been also premier of Queensland, has acted as London agent for Tasmania.

His cousin, the fourth Lord Carnarvon, in the manner already described, had been the first minister systematically to strengthen by a new social cement the connection between the Mother Country and her dependencies. With the more general aspects of that statesman's course this is not the place to deal. The exact truth about the South African policy has never yet been published. Neither inopportunely nor improperly it may be given here. In 1875 President Bergers of the Transvaal had agreed for the Boer Republic to come under the English Crown. A year later President Brand of the Orange Free State signed a convention surrendering Griqualand West (the diamond fields) to Great Britain for a sum of £90,000. He thus recognised the impotence of a Dutch democracy to control a large mining population. Such are the considerations which induced Lord Carnarvon to agree with those who held that a little less than a quarter of a century since South African federation had come within the range of practical politics. As has been shown above, the South African Bill, the legislative experiment produced by Froude's mission, failed because it was premature, not because the principle of the measure was unsound. In 1782 the Irish Parliament voted £100,000 for the British navy. A little later, quite at the close of the eighteenth century, the colony of Barbadoes volunteered

a frigate. In 1897 South Africa gave us an ironclad; in 1902 the Boer troops, recently conquered by England, have expressed their willingness to send a contingent to help us in our operations against the Mad Mullah in Somaliland.

As Colonial Secretary Lord Carnarvon found the confederation of British North America a project. He left it a fact. His were the patience and address which removed the misunderstanding between Canada and Columbia that threatened to wreck the scheme. Subsequently, as a result of the Commission of 1879, he reorganised the military defences of the Dominion. The Royal Military College at Kingston, Canada, was founded. The harmony at last established between our War and Colonial Departments composed the Esquimalt difficulty. The coaling stations needed for our navy's efficiency have been supplied throughout the world. The reproach of defencelessness is acknowledged to have been removed from our Empire.

Australian federation consummated itself at the beginning of King Edward's reign. The depth and breadth of the sentiment which has been diffusing itself ever since justifies Lord Salisbury's view that Imperial Federation, or all of it that may be needed, will be the natural result of international forces, working slowly perhaps, but steadily and surely, rather than of political organisation or of parliament-made law. Of the living statesmen whose courage and skill have enabled him to reap so rich a harvest from the seed sown by his predecessors something will be said later on. It was to an Australian fellow-

subject visiting him when Secretary of State in 1858 at Knebworth that Bulwer Lytton admitted the accuracy of the allegorical interpretation of his novel, *The Caxtons*, already referred to in these pages. What most impressed this minister's guests was his unfailing presence of mind, shown in small things. About that quality many anecdotes were carried back to the New World. Some of them have not yet perhaps returned to the Old.

A young man, representing important Australian interests, on his first visit to the Mother Country, was invited by Bulwer for a few days to Knebworth. According to his usual habit the host only showed himself to his visitors at the dinner hour; splendidly groomed by his valet, he met his guests; after dinner, seated on a huge divan in his great drawing-room, he entertained them with extraordinary talk, puffing the whole time a Brobdignagian pipe of Arabesque design. The visitor from Melbourne, shy and clumsy, took from the mantelpiece a piece of china lately given his host by a grateful Colonial; it slipped out of his hands; in another moment it would have been shivered upon the hearth. The host from his sofa saw what had happened, was up in an instant, stretched out his hand, caught the bowl just ere it descended on the marble. "Fielded, by Jove! but I save my crockery, which I would sooner not have written *Money* than have lost." Another instance of this presence of mind can be vouched for by one who witnessed it. At a county ball Bulwer was languidly walking through the Lancers with a very lovely lady. A little shriek of horror, not from his partner,

roused him out of an apparent reverie. The fleecy covering of beauty's shoulders had taken fire from a too near chandelier. Quick as thought, and as silently, he snatched the burning garment, trampled it out under his feet so quietly as to avoid not only panic but even general notice. To this day anecdotes about Bulwer's spiritualistic dabblings are current in the New World even more than in the Old. He never quite surmounted the affliction caused by the death of a deeply loved daughter. The hope of communion with her spirit first made him the prey of charlatans. At the *séance* of one of these he met a widow desirous of calling up the late lamented, whose soul was at last declared to be in attendance. The lady thereupon opened a little dialogue to something like the following effect: "Are you 'appy, dear?" "Yes, quite 'appy." "What, as 'appy as when you were with me?" "Oh, far, far happier." "Then, indeed, you must be in 'eaven." "No, I'm in 'ell." Whether this story might or might not have been his own invention, Bulwer told it in general society as explaining his rupture with a certain medium whom he had undoubtedly patronised. As a patron of *litterateurs*, Colonial as well as English, the erewhile Radical, Sir Edward Bulwer, held the same sort of position as his consistently[1] Tory friend and contemporary, Lord

[1] During several generations the one solution in the continuity of Stanhope Conservatism was in the case of the grandfather of the historian, the great grandfather of the present peer, Charles, the third earl, born 1753, educated at Geneva, as Lord Mahon, member for Wycombe, husband of Chatham's daughter, Lady Hester Pitt, commonly called "Citizen Stanhope," a founder of the revolutionary

Stanhope, the historian. When Colonial Minister Lytton enjoyed European fame for his interpretation of French and German thought in English. All foreigners of a literary turn looked to him for the sort of help they needed. *Pelham*, *Falkland*, and *The Disowned* were published by Calburn; their author's good word secured the acceptance by a well-known house of Antonio Gallenga's book on Italy; that volume and Lytton's offices brought about Gallenga's connection as special correspondent and leader writer for the *Times*. Both Lord Lytton and his contemporary, Lord Stanhope, were seen pretty regularly in London theatres. Lytton went as an enthusiast, himself a playwright, and never failed to send thither his Colonial visitors too; Lord Stanhope took his stall as a duty. At the Adelphi, the two men witnessed together Miss Kate Terry's performance in Tom Taylor's *Green Bushes* in the spring of 1866.

Towards the close of the Victorian era began a certain competition between Colonials and Americans as the entertainers of smart or fashionable society. The week's end parties of the Canadian ex-minister, Sir John Rose, at his Henley-on-Thames house in point of time anticipated the vogue obtained by the Australian, Sir Samuel Wilson, for his hospitalities both in Grosvenor Square and at the Disraelis' old Buckinghamshire home, Hughenden Manor, then rented by him from the statesman's nephew. It is

society, the author of one of the answers to Burke's pamphlet on the French Revolution. Associated with the engineer Fulton in the earliest application of steam power to navigation, he helped many struggling writers on both sides.

the patronage of Colonial plutocrats, not less than of American millionaires, which has contributed to heighten the brilliance and increase the expensiveness of life in that polite world which revolves round the Court. The position of South African millionaires within that charmed circle is not yet permanently fixed. Mr. Joseph Benjamin Robinson at Dudley House, Park Lane, is a Transvaal Crœsus, who, by a kindly yet withal discriminating use of his gold mines' yield and his banking products, is already a successor to Sir Samuel Wilson, as well as the challenger of Mr. W. W. Astor himself. The future, near as well as remote, of South African fashion and prestige in English society, if not after the Homeric phrase, "on the knees of the gods," is at this moment in the hands of the Dark Continent's most puissant pilgrim and patron, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain.

Such personal evidence of our Indian Empire as may be discerned in the social organisation of London life differs in many respects from the influence seemingly sometimes exercised by our Asiatic Empire upon thought and manner in English life. Dominions necessarily subject to absolute rule naturally become the headquarters and the source of militant imperialism. The gentleman or lady of the middle classes, who carries little or no acquaintance with titled or fashionable personages to Hindostan, by force of contact with the leading figures in civil and military life beneath an Eastern sun soon becomes on superficially intimate terms with the army list and the peerage, and returns to England quite as conversant with all the fashionable shibboleths and the modish gossip

concerning more or less aristocratic and absolutely unknown personages as if not a single number of the society papers had been missed during a residence at the remotest stations on the Ganges or the Indus. The Anglo-Indian, therefore, is qualified to take a part in all the polite chatter about peers, peeresses, and princes, is indeed fitted to act as a walking encyclopædia on every subject, high or low, worthy of a place in the *chronique scandaleuse* of the Court system. Thus, Imperial existences under tropical suns itself constitutes a social education and influence of the highest value. As the burning-glass bringing to a focus refracts and intensifies the sun's rays; so it is the peculiar function of Anglo-Indian experience to disseminate and deepen through an ever-widening circle the prejudices, the antipathies and jargon, without being steeped in which no lady or gentleman can be accounted smart or even polite. Heroism is the golden thread traversing the chequered annals of England. Glibness, with a set of fashionably surrounding names, and with backstairs gossip concerning the holders of certain titles or offices, fuses into a fashionable whole the infinitely diverse parts and sets that constitute the depositories of the modish militarism out of which is organised the Empire of King Edward.

CHAPTER VIII

COLUMBIA VICTRIX

Intimacy between English and American Society—Russell Lowell and Washington Irving—John Lothrop Motley—Fashionable visitors to the United States—International sports—Samuel Ward—W. H. Hurlbert—G. W. Smalley—Francis Marion Crawford—First American actors in London—American "reviews"—Edward Allan Thorndike Rice—Laurence Oliphant as a cosmopolitan—Social status of Americans in London and Paris—Mr. J. H. Choate, the American Ambassador—Mr. Andrew Carnegie—Mr. Pierpont Morgan.

THE *fête* days of American Independence, from a social point of view, celebrate an anachronism or a myth. The history books, indeed, declare the revolted colonies across the Atlantic formally to have severed the British connection on a certain July day, a little more than a century and a quarter ago. No one has cared formally to contradict the statement, that, according to the sense wherein it is made, must be admitted true. Under Queen Victoria and King Edward while yet Prince of Wales the Crown so used its social opportunities as more than to indemnify itself for the political prerogative surrendered by it after George III. The venerable age, the native shrewdness, the unprecedented experience of King

Edward's mother ensured her a higher, a more abiding, a more widely felt influence in the councils of her statesmen than really belonged to her grandfather. The maternal knowledge, with more than the ancestral crown, has been inherited by her son. The ties of consanguinity uniting the English dynasty with nearly every royal house abroad form the European sovereigns into something more like a family party than was dreamt of in the days when Continental absolutism expressed itself in the Holy Alliance formed at Paris between the Austrian, the Russian, and the Prussian monarchs, while the world still heaved with the ground swell of the French Revolution on the 26th of September, 1815. Constitutional pundits have conclusively demonstrated Court influence in any department of politics, of diplomacy, or of civil and military life to be impossible. Of course it is. What actually happens is this. An imperial nephew visits the King-Emperor, his uncle, beneath his private roof. By one of those coincidences so often happening, the host's Foreign Secretary and another of his most puissant councillors turn up at the same time. Odd but convenient. The visitor departs, returns home, wishes to exercise his naval power. His ships no sooner reach the sea of action than they chance to fall in with some of the uncle's men-of-war, armed to the teeth, and quite independently bent upon the same punitive and deterrent errand as themselves. If appearances suggest some plan, preconcerted in common, is not the appeal to constitutional usage, as settled by Parliament, conclusive?

Meanwhile the recovery by Edward VII. in a social

form of the territorial prerogative across the Atlantic lost by George III. is not a matter of controversy; it is the chief social fact thrust by everyday experience on the eye of twentieth-century observers. As has been already shown, the cosmopolitan vogue of Edwardian London was the creation of the Franco-Prussian war (1870–71). Its earliest agents were the well-to-do subjects of the Stars and Stripes; these transferred their European patronage and expenditure from the capital of republican France to the metropolis on the Thames. "For a United States diplomatist, an even better after-dinner speaker than Washington Irving." The compliment was paid by Lord Houghton to Russell Lowell, the United States' minister in London between 1880 and 1885. The earlier American of letters compared with Lowell had not, like his successor, been head of the legation here. Irving, for a very short time in William IV.'s reign, only acted as secretary of the Embassy. As well received as Lowell, perhaps even more generally popular, Irving marked an era in the social relations between the two countries. In his own land his fellow-citizens had welcomed him back from his European travels with extraordinary enthusiasm. His short residence in the English capital came at the close of his sojourn in the Old World. During that period he was visited by a series of distinguished guests from his own country. Of these, John Lothrop Motley, the historian of the United Netherlands, who died on English soil, was one. While collecting materials for his Dutch work, Motley naturally had visited the Hague. The then King of Holland,

William III., had not many cultivated tastes, and took no pains to give his Court an intellectual character. His wife, Queen Sophie, a woman of high mental power, delighted in clever society. She was the accomplished and successful hostess who might, perhaps, if properly assisted, have made of the Hague a second Weimar. Lothrop's presence at the palace was followed by that of others of the English tongue not less well known. The Dutch capital thus became an Anglo-American resort; at it were forged some of the earliest links of intellectual fellowship between the two countries.

For us of to-day the first application of social cement to the relations between the United Kingdom and the United States was by the then Prince of Wales on his transatlantic visit of 1860. The charm of his manner impressed all classes; the tribute he paid to the memory of George Washington, by standing uncovered at his tomb, attracted to him a sentiment warmer than that of homage. All this found emphatic expression in every journal throughout the republic. By the time the Heir-Apparent returned to England the social alliance connecting the two peoples had begun. Three years later the Mason and Slidell incident threatened war or caused a season of anxious and angry suspense between the two branches of the Anglo-Saxon race. The last official act of the Prince Consort during his short illness in 1863 was to recommend the toning down of some expressions in a dispatch from Whitehall to Washington, likely, as it seemed, to offend the recipient. When, therefore, the future King set up his own establishment at Marl-

borough House both the communities concerned were conscious of happy auspices of international friendship. Literary agencies, more modern than those of the early English classics, reminded the two peoples of their essential unity. In 1868 the Thames from Mortlake to Putney witnessed the earliest Anglo-American boat race between an Oxford and a Harvard four-oar. That race had an interesting and significant sequel in a dinner to the foreign crew, given at the Crystal Palace, presided over by Charles Dickens ; the speech in which the novelist celebrated the distinctions won by Harvard men in all walks of life excited on the other side of the Atlantic echoes of the applause which had greeted its delivery in England. "These Harvard fellows are," he said, "very dangerous men." He used the words almost as a refrain, illustrating them from episodes in American history, civil and military. The whole effort was approved dramatically successful ; it wound up with a sort of recantation to young America of the obsolete satire of the United States contained in *Martin Chuzzlewit*. During the nineteenth century's second half the interchange of illustrious or interesting visitors between the two countries incessantly continued. Lord Hartington had made himself a fashionable favourite during his transatlantic visit by taking from his partner in a ball-room the national colour she was wearing and binding them round his arm before he finished the dance with her. Probably more than any other member of his order, Lord Rosebery, on his prolonged stay in the country, ingratiated himself with his transatlantic hosts.

To this day, on certain fashionable drawing-room tables in New York, may be seen albums containing several lines addressed by that agreeable peer to a mature Yankee exquisite, the Amphitryon of Delmonico's, and the king of the lobby at Washington, celebrated by the poet as the Uncle Sam of the human race. This gentleman was Samuel Ward. As a visitor at Dalmeny first, at innumerable country and London houses afterwards, he may be placed at the head of those guests from the States whose acceptability and influence in the old home have resulted in the permanent permeation by a powerful American element of the entire polite system on the Thames. Nathaniel Hawthorne's description of the "beefiness" of English matrons had recently given some offence in the European drawing-rooms where he had been hospitably received. Ward made it his mission to remove any lingering memories of that offence. The little elderly beau, smooth-mannered and silky voiced, entered the houses whose doors at once flew open to him with a smile and a bow; he went down on his knees before my lady, and in his pretty, old-fashioned way saluted her finger-tips with his lips; he gave useful information, apparently from behind the scenes, on American or European politics to my lord. On Ward's first appearance a few highly authoritative and well-born Whigs kept Mr. Gladstone company in his habit of classical quotation. Ward greatly delighted such hosts as these by an adroit knack of garnishing his talk with Horatian extracts. The visitor, indeed, had little difficulty in becoming domesticated as the tame cat of any modish or

wealthy household (he cared for no other) which he entered. It was a pleasant sight, that of the sleek and trim little gentleman sitting in the midst of a little drawing-room circle in Mayfair, serving up in his attractive manner the small-talk of two polite hemispheres; his benevolent countenance beamed with disinterested delight; his sleek figure so brimmed over with satisfaction that one almost expected to hear him purr. In Ward's train followed other transatlantic influences, incarnated in different shapes. Some of these were first generally seen in a house which has filled a large part in the evolutionary process of society as it exists to-day. The most typically cosmopolitan of Ward's satellites was an American journalist of the showiest and most resourceful sort, W. H. Hurlbert. As editor and part proprietor of the *New York World* he had established as the paper's correspondent in London L. J. Jennings, a newspaper man of repute on both sides of the Atlantic. In America Mr. Jennings, as conductor of the *New York Times*, had shown equal courage and skill in attacking the Tammany ring. He had been one of Delane's leader-writers for the *Times;* he had represented that organ in India. When Ward became domesticated in England he found Jennings re-established on the English Press and a little later an ultra-Tory member of the House of Commons. Republican experience had proved with him, as with many others, Conservative education. Hurlbert was a thorough specimen of the citizen of the universe, accidentally born under the Stars and Stripes. As time went on he fell into financial mistakes

or troubles. These discredited him with the smart world of London and Paris, which of course then found out he had always been an impostor. But in his prime, with his society-made politics, his blend of the New York publicist with the Paris boulevardier, Hurlbert had been an agent in the fashionable fusion of the two countries. During the eighties of the last century a novel, called *The Republicans*, sent a sensation round at least half the world. Its author was falsely reported to be a fashionable young American of the new order named Adams, a clever, precise person who had dabbled in all intellectual pursuits, and whom London first knew as the guest of Baron Ferdinand Rothschild. Ward's nephew, a son of the American sculptor, Thomas Crawford, who had studied under Thorwaldsen, was in reality the new luminary of fiction. Mr. Francis Marion Crawford, born in Tuscany, had finished his education at Trinity, Cambridge, and was among the earliest instances of the scholar, the author, the dandy and the man of the world, whom America, more than any other country, has successfully combined in the same accomplished individual. To the same class belonged Mr. Henry James, also a novelist, first known to many of his acquaintances from their having met him, together with Mr. G. W. Smalley, beneath the roof of Sir William and Lady Priestley. Very few newspaper men of any nationality so long held in London a position so important as Mr. Smalley. As chief English correspondent for the *New York Tribune*, he supplied educated readers in the new world with the most trustworthy information they

received concerning the social and political doings and doers in the land where, till quite recently, he was settled. To-day his New York letters in the *Times* do for the English public what his despatches from England formerly did for America.

Between the two countries other ties, of a character more or less intellectual, about this period were being knit. The theatre had yet to consolidate the two publics when Charles Farrar Browne (1866) appeared in London. Artemus Ward in the flesh presented the exact opposite of the personal anticipations of their author raised by his books. Instead of the professional joker in Yankee argot, Englishmen saw to their surprise a highly cultivated, decidedly intellectual, painfully sensitive gentleman, with no nasal twang, slowly recovering from an emaciating illness. The public mood was just then favourable for his "show" at the Egyptian Hall. That sort of entertainment enjoyed at that time a popularity never secured by it before or afterwards. Albert Smith's *Mont Blanc*, in the same building, did not then belong to ancient history. The gallery of illustrations, German Reed's, in Waterloo Place, formed the daily and nightly joy of thousands who, on principle, never entered the theatre. The entertainment included the graceful and expressive pianist and vocalist, John Parry, who had delighted Mendelssohn a generation ago from after dinner till early morn. Parry, in the last century's sixties, as the Reeds' colleague, still elaborated the musical treat, that, by his mimicry over the pianoforte keys, Corney Grain was to carry on beneath the same roof till his death in 1895. Some-

thing like the same character, created in *Artemus Ward* by Browne, had been called into literary existence by "Arthur Sketchley" (George Rose), in *Mrs. Brown*, and by Geoffrey Prowse in *Nicholas*. Both these creations were first heard of in *Fun*, under the editorship of the younger Hood. Mrs. Brown, by the author of her being, Delane's contemporary at Oxford, an English clergyman, who afterwards joined the Roman Church, was introduced to the public at the Egyptian Hall, with less success than had been anticipated. An appetite, therefore, for Browne's lectures existed; they never perhaps had the same vogue as his books. Thirty or forty years ago men of letters went comparatively little into general society in London. The Savage Club was then a coterie of literary or theatrical workers rather than a body, dominated by an individual influence, attracting to its hospitalities the notable personages of the hour. For some time Browne was a regular member of the little group. His hours did not suit his health, and he disappeared from it, not to join any other circle, but for the rest of his life to be more or less of a recluse. Another servant of the public, of American associations but not birth, E. A. Sothern, marks the period at which the stage in the two countries was practically becoming one. Tom Taylor's play, *The American Cousin*, first produced in New York during the fifties of the last century, contained an insignificant *rôle*. Sothern was cast for it; by making Lord Dundreary the dominating character, he not only created a notable part out of poor materials, but he secured for an indifferent drama a success at that

time without recent precedent. The actor himself was the subject of every conceivable kind of social fable: he was an English nobleman in disguise, who had caught his fashionable drawl from close intimacy with dukes; he was a cavalry officer, who had ridden valiantly in the Balaclava charge, the sudden failure of whose ancestral fortunes had caused him to utilise on the public stage a gift which had been the delight of every military station in India that could get up private theatricals. All that, of course, was absolute romance. In London, before as well as behind the footlights, he soon became the fashionable vogue. At Cedar Lodge, Kensington, the house afterwards occupied by Monsignor Capel, the fashionable creation of Disraeli's *Lothair*, Sothern's garden parties were scarcely less notable features of the season then those at Marlborough House. Now, too, an American impressario, Colonel Bateman, rented the Lyceum Theatre; he has since received credit for doing so to bring out Henry Irving, who, indeed, did appear there in Leopold Lewis's piece, *The Bells*. The lessee's object, however, was primarily to introduce to the English public his clever daughter in the part of Leah. Charles Albert Fechter was the next actor of equally English and American fame, connected with this theatre. A little later the appearance of Joseph Jefferson, in the part of Rip Van Winkle, created something like an enthusiasm for American players, the greater, perhaps, because it soon became known that the newcomer had a great-grandfather in Garrick's company at Drury Lane, while the two generations nearest himself had supplied the American stage with famous ornaments.

Other agencies of a more or less literary kind were bringing the Anglo-Saxon race on the two sides of the Atlantic into closer relations. American publishers perhaps rather anticipated English in perceiving serious authorship to be in a fair way of competing with the stage or with the painter's studio as an occupation for people of quality. The pamphlet had long gone out; its place had been taken by the review with signed articles. "What does your magazine mean?" asked an inquisitive friend of the very *repandu* conductor of one of these periodicals. "It means," was the reply, "£10,000 a year and the *entrée* to every house worth visiting in the world." Before, perhaps, the giving of that practical answer to an impertinent question, the possibilities of the case had been realised by an acute and well-mannered editor from the United States. Edward Allan Thorndike Rice began to be introduced in England by Mr. Gladstone and Sir William Harcourt, about the same time that Samuel Ward was making his bow under the auspices of Lord Rosebery. Rice was among the earliest to go through the entire education of the Anglo-American *comme il faut*. St. John's, at Oxford, used to be a college much affected by the fashionably-adventurous citizens of the great Republic. The American in Europe ever chiefly delighted in the one thing he could not himself manufacture—antiquity. Hence, perhaps, the cultured United States colonies attracted by Mr. Tuckerman to Athens and by Mr. Storey to Rome. The immemorial trees in the college once ruled by Laud, the wealth of its seventeenth-century associations, the

loyalty which prompted the melting down of its plate to provide Charles I. with the sinews of war—these things have naturally endeared the most monarchical of Oxford foundations to the parents or guardians of democratic undergraduates. Rice, however, though he may have kept a term or two at Cambridge, also went to Christ Church ; he took back with him to America the tastes and accomplishments most characteristic of the English University. He had travelled throughout, as well as stayed some time in every European capital. When, therefore, he took up the editorship of the *North American Review*, his cosmopolitanism surpassed that of his rivals. His editing seemed chiefly to be done in London or Paris. His habits were luxuriously hospitable. At the Hotel Bristol in London, at the Grand Hotel in Paris, he retained throughout the year an apartment, and almost kept open house for every one with whom by interest or occupation he was at the time associated. Mr. Gladstone was chief among the earliest and most regular contributors to his *North American Review*, writing for it the article "Kin beyond Sea," which attracted worldwide notice, because it seemed to indicate the final advance in its author's cosmopolitan Liberalism. Rice's ambition seemed to be the anticipation in periodical literature of the absorbing triumphs achieved by one Pierpont Morgan in less literary departments of commercial enterprise. Besides organising the European connection of his magazine, he carried to this side of the Atlantic the operations of a newspaper syndicate which he had designed for his native land. His acquaintances in *la haute finance*

were world-wide; but most of his ventures were probably altogether his own. Time and health only failed him, or he might have carried further than he did an attempt to annex to the periodical Press of the United States the chief organs of British opinion. Eventually, like so many of his literary compatriots, both more and less distinguished than himself, he took to professional diplomacy. He had received and was actually filling the appointment of the United States representative in Russia when, while still a young man, he died, worn out, not by careless habits of life, but by the exhausting excitements of excessive enterprise, of ubiquitous and incessant locomotion. Since then the magazines and broad-sheets of the New World have become permanently represented by highly-capable and remarkably-astute agents and undertakers in the Old. For all of these Rice may have set the pattern. To this day, however, he remains the Monte Cristo, as well as, to some extent, the originator of that international movement.

One of Rice's English friends, who had been useful to him with introductions in this country, had himself contributed to the growing intimacy in matters of mind and faith between the old country and the new. By genius, by station, by connection, by his tastes, by his whole course, Laurence Oliphant was qualified to bring the English and American public into peculiarly close touch with each other. A born cosmopolitan, litterateur, and mystic, Oliphant had found his intellectual discipline in the Foreign Office, his education in the world. His nurture and

connections were aristocratic. An essentially patrician pride showed itself in a hatred of pretence or display, in a Puritan simplicity of habit and of dress. His *dégagé* manner and attire were in the comparative primitive period of the last century's second half, taken by American observers as compliments to the austerity fitting a democracy. His spiritual eccentricities gave a Yankee relish to the things of faith. As a writer, he had been trained on *Blackwood's Magazine*, and on the *Times* under Delane. While acting as Paris correspondent for the newspaper, he had discovered an extremely useful collector of news in a Bohemian Jew, who died on January 18, 1903. Till Oliphant revealed and used his adaptabilities, he had been a professor of languages at Marseilles. This was the Chevalier Blowitz, who by degrees took over Oliphant's *Times* work, and became the most famous international journalist whom even the French capital has ever seen. In London (1870), Oliphant's entirely original and piquant novel, *Piccadilly*, had made him a lion. He disliked and despised the unsought notoriety. It encountered him again in an intensified form when he had fled from it across the Atlantic. His American experiences not only coloured another and an equally telling novel; they enabled him in *Altiora Peto* to introduce the American young lady of the period. This done, the author of her literary being retired to his Syrian home at Haifa, on the Lebanon, dividing for the future his time between travel and other activities of an Oriental character, and occasional appearances in the western world. The germs of his last book

(1888), *Scientific Religion*, may be found in his second novel, or in his half-mystical *tour de force*, *Sympeneumata*. To all sections of a social polity across the Atlantic, Oliphant was the "magnetic man of his age." Nathaniel Hawthorne, in *Transformation*, whetted the intellectual appetite of his countrymen for the historic and artistic atmosphere of Rome, in much the same manner as, earlier in the century, the "Waverley" novels popularised the Scottish Highlands as a middle-class English playground. After Oliphant had written, *Altiora Peto* continued her course, till she had established herself as "Columbia Victrix."

Without a literary herald of Laurence Oliphant's calibre, the new Pocahontas might have lacked some of the prestige which hastened and confirmed her triumph. As it was, within half a generation of King Edward's instalment at Marlborough House, *la belle Americane* had taken her place in that front rank among social forces which she has never since for a moment lost. Her climax of success was perhaps reached during the season of 1883 or 1885, when she appeared at the most fashionable and esteemed concert of the age, in which all the performers, by royal desire, were exclusively American ladies. Across the Channel, indeed, the success may not have been maintained at the same high point as on the banks of the Thames. The Americans only hold their own in the best society of France when they have well-dowered daughters to marry. Nor is there any Yankee plutocrat who has dominated republican Paris to the same extent that Mr. Astor sways monarchical London, Sutherland

House, and Clieveden. Lord Wantage's palace at Lockinge, Lord Lytton's Knebworth, not to mention other more or less historic English homes, to-day shelter bosses and billionaires from the Far West. In Mayfair, Chicago duchesses patronise blue-blooded dames, sprung from a stock old in Norman days. Surely the land of the tricolour flag has witnessed no such transfers of tenure and of authority, no such structural transformations as these! "Before the century is out, these clever and pretty women from New York will pull the strings in half the chanceries of Europe."

So prophesied Lord Palmerston not long after the return of the then Prince of Wales from his American trip in 1860. The prediction may not yet have been realised to the letter; but with the present percentage of New World wives among Old World diplomats, its spirit must be confessed in a fair way of complete fulfilment.

The command of French politeness has now been fulfilled. The ladies have received their due precedence. The United States ambassador, nearing his three score years and ten lightly and even jauntily, forms the vigorous and impressive head of the New World colony in the New World capital, or rather divides that post with King Edward VII. If it were historically significant that the earliest proclamation to his subjects of King Edward should include the names of his two chief Hebrew subjects, it is not less historically fitting that, among the very earliest of the wireless messages sent across the Atlantic, should be he communications interchanged during January,

1903, between King Edward and President Roosevelt. Following men like Bayard, Lowell, and Hay, Mr. Choate has uniformly maintained their traditions. Englishmen were prepossessed in the present ambassador's favour, generally because of the reputation which had preceded him to these shores; specially, perhaps, because Charles Dickens, who at least once had just seen him, was so favourably impressed as implicitly to include him in the catalogue of "dangerous Harvard men" mentioned by the novelist at a Crystal Palace dinner, to which reference has already been made. Other scarcely less eminent Americans have become with us to-day institutions rather than individuals. Mr. Andrew Carnegie, with a manner recalling at once that of the late Joseph Cowen, of Newcastle, and a shrinking Oxford don of the new school, combines, over and above all his great and generous qualities, the instincts of the professional millionaire, who has transformed every available inch of the visible universe into an advertisement hoarding.

"The composition of a work, in a language of which you know nothing, on a subject of which you know less, is an enterprise that might, one would have thought, have daunted even Columbian courage." So to that founder of Free Libraries and indirect benefactor of universities, in the course of a four-in-hand drive from John o' Groats to Land's End, his friend, Mr. Gladstone, could not refrain from remarking, when he was told by his host of that gentleman's intention to compose a treatise demonstrating the folly and futility of all classical education.

In tastes, habits, to some extent in personal appearance and in habitual pose, the king of Wall Street differs from the Scoto-American Plutus of Pittsburg. Norfolk suits, of patterns loud enough to be heard a good league into the Atlantic, shooting-coats of plaid tweed, chequered on so large a scale as to do duty for chess-boards, coaching attire that might have taken away the elder Weller's breath, with mother-of-pearl buttons the size of saucers, like those once affected by our own Mr. Cherry Angell. These articles are in season the outward and visible signs of the pursuits dear to the lord of Skibo Castle. In respect of stature, burliness of figure, rubicundity of face, impetuosity, excitability, desperate earnestness of purpose, of munificence—less showy, it may be, but perhaps not less substantial—Mr. Pierpont Morgan is not to be distanced by any of the Carnegie company on either Atlantic shore. The Pierpont Morgan contingent is not, indeed, the novelty in England sometimes supposed. Old Mrs. Morgan, the mother of our new conqueror, lived in London, showed her business aptitude by her management of the once-famous house of Morgan, Drescal and Co. Her husband was a poet as well as a capitalist. From the lady the present potentate inherited his mastery of business administration. His father bequeathed to him a taste for books, especially novels, as well as a real faculty of literary appreciation. The pecuniary heritage secured to him by the combined efforts of both was between ten and twenty millions of dollars. Being really a good fellow, not less than an enormously wealthy and

astute one, he is quite as fond of children as of good living, and of those cigars, the pride of his family, the terror of his friends, of which it is generally said that each requires two men and a-half to carry it off.

CHAPTER IX

THE INTERNATIONAL, GOLDEN AND OTHER

The toleration of Jews in England as compared with other countries —Brief history of the Jews in England—The settlement of the Rothschilds—New Court—Social disadvantages of Austrian as compared with English Jews—The Jew as an agriculturist —Disraeli and the Rothschilds—The Rothschilds as a social force—The disappearance of the country-gentleman from London—Anecdotes of Bernal Osborne and Baron James Rothschild—Similarities between opulent Jews and our "great Revolution families"—Non-political aspect of present-day parties and entertainments the result of the decline of the country gentleman—Admission of men, distinguished in art, letters, &c.—Hudson's, the railway king's, and Baron Neumann's entertainments—Baron Ferdinand Rothschild's Waddesdon parties—Notable occupants of No. 16, Bruton Street—Modern Society journalism—Jealousy of rival contributors—Bohemia—The origin of the London clubs—The United Service—The West End as the fashionable quarter—Everybody at the present day a Bohemian—The first beginnings of the Savage Club—Its latest development—French domestic life as compared with English—The speculative character of the Jew and American, and its influences on English Society.

AN airy audacity, which smiles defiance in word and deed at the tame conventionalities of society in England, has always been so great a charm of Colombia Victrix, described in the last chapter, as

to have enshrined itself in one or two anecdotes. A Cabinet Minister, Mr. Walter Long, in the spring of 1903, was criticised for having incorporated into the classical English of a platform speech, the word Britisher. That substantive was first introduced into the polite world by Columbia Victrix, during the season of 1883. Some years have passed since a Yankee beauty at a Mayfair dinner-table murmured *sotto voce* to a sighing swain close by, "You are only a tarnation Britisher." The gentleman, whose name was a synonym for imperturbable coolness, showed himself equal to the occasion. Tranquilly heroic, and accepting the remark as a facetious compliment, he simply raised the fair finger-tips to his lips, with the murmured words, "My dear young lady, when in England we hear that sort of language we usually send for the police." As elements or, in twentieth-century slang, factors in the cosmopolitanism that flourishes under the auspices of the British Crown, the contribution of Israel is at least as worthy of notice as that of Cousin Jonathan. During the *affaire Dreyfus*, the toleration or popularity of Jews in England was with perverse ingenuity explained by some French critics as being a form of self-flattery on perfidious Albion's part. Englishmen, it was explained, were at heart less tolerant of foreigners than were any Continental people. In the prosperity and influence of the latter-day Jew the Briton saw a magnificent and profitable monument of the wise and gracious qualities, extended by his ancestors to a pack of hunted aliens. The grandfather of the present Rothschilds, the founder of the

English house; in all his transactions and speculations, assumed the success of England against Napoleon. The nation's defeat would have involved the financier's ruin. Its victory placed him at the head of the world's capitalists. The continued prosperity of his descendants seems to French observers a standing memorial of the British triumph in the duel to the death with the mightiest foe ever pitted against us. Hence, to-day, a Rothschild holds a foremost place amongst the English sovereign's subjects. Critics of the theory, broached on the other side of the Dover Straits, might have objected that the English levies on Hebrew immigrants under Henry III. did not yield in severity to those practised in France throughout the same period, that the completion of Westminster Abbey, in its present shape, formed a magnificent memorial of the bleeding of Israelites as a system in the reigns of the third Richard and the seventh Henry. In 1663, indeed, under Charles I., were only twelve Jew families in the whole of England. The Hebrew re-establishment was begun by Cromwell; it was continued by Charles II. At that epoch the Rodrigues and the Henriques were the two chief Jew families. In the time of George III. the first position was held by the Goldsmids. During the last two decades of his reign the Rothschilds came in. The English founder of the house had settled first at Manchester in 1798; the first year of the nineteenth century saw him housed in London on the same spot as has since been in the unbroken occupation of his descendants. Here he laid the foundation of his fortunes by buying bills on the English

Government during the Napoleonic wars. Hence he transmitted the money for paying the English forces in the Peninsula. Thus was arranged the £12,000,000 loan to the rulers of the country, which had become his own in 1829. Shortly afterwards, by the purchase of Gunnersbury, he made a place for his family among the territorial magnates of the English sovereign. He died in 1836 when staying at his native Frankfort; the same roof received his remains for lying in state before his funeral. Under his successors the City headquarters of the family have become during an hour or two, on most days of the week, a famous meeting-place for privileged friends of the firm among the official or titled classes. Five-year-old saddle of mutton from the Tring pastures, and the best vegetables ever served within the sound of Bow Bells, await the partners and their guests during the luncheon hours on the midday dinner-table. Thither, during the nineteenth century, used to come the pleasant presence of the liveliest conversationalist the Athenæum Club could boast, Sir Henry Drummond-Wolff, then member for Christchurch, and not yet an ambassador. There also used to drop in two or three of the high Treasury officials, such as Sir Charles Rivers-Wilson, the present Lord Welby, an occasional minister of some foreign Power, or other strangers of distinction. Some one recently made the discovery that no tobacco had ever been smoked in New Court. It would have been less imaginative to say that the master of the place used to be almost as inseparable from his cigar as from the damask rose in his button-hole.

When the French observer, whose remark has been quoted above, saw in the prosperity of the Anglo-Hebrews, symbolised by the Rothschilds, a special gratification to the English *amour propre*, he doubtless had in his mind the difference between the treatment by England of the Semitic strangers in these later days, and that accorded to them elsewhere. To most Englishmen the Jews, when spoken of, mean the well-favoured Orientals, during generations associated with the service of the State, and constituting a close aristocracy of their own. The sons of Jacob are to-day in evidence and in power from the Euxine to the Atlantic. Even in aristocratic Austria they have won social prestige or consideration. In no other country of the world do they enjoy in degree or extent exactly the same privileges as are accorded to them in the land where, during the first years of the nineteenth century, Nathan Meyer Rothschild founded a dynasty by identifying himself with the success of British resolution and resource in the Napoleonic wars. A few years ago polite society in Keima was convulsed, as if with earthquake throes, by an incident of the following sort : Three Austrian noblemen were waiting in a palace anteroom their turn for an audience with the Emperor. By some mistake, as it afterwards appeared, the Court official, charged with the duty of summoning to the imperial presence, gave precedence over these waiters to Baron Rothschild. Had some cataclysm, physical or political, been visibly imminent Vienna could not have passed more uneasily the twenty-four hours that followed. The fashionable disquiet was not composed before the

three superseded aristocrats received in due course an apology from the Court. Again, King Edward VII., when Prince of Wales, had been on a shooting visit to Baron Hirsch. His Royal Highness had arranged to go on to the country seat of a prince of the royal blood. That magnate declined the honour, on the plea that he could receive no visitor "coming from that Jew's." Another Austro-Hungarian patrician, visiting in England, shrunk from meeting in London a young Rothschild, whom he had known intimately in childhood, from a nervous fear lest the New Court scion should disclose their early intimacy by "tuotuying" him (by, that is, addressing him with the familiar Hebrew "du"). The alarm was needless. The English Rothschild saluted the stranger only in the language of the country where he was a guest. No dignity, therefore, was compromised.[1] Baron Hirsch, it should incidentally be said, was one of the chosen race popularly appreciated in England for some of those very reasons that have strengthened the Rothschilds. A successful and well-known sportsman, he had shown a patriotic interest in the poorer of his own race. These owed it to the Baron's help that they were able to demonstrate the possession by latter-day Israelites of the agricultural aptitudes of their historic forefathers in Canaan. Among the testimonies to that, accumulated by Mr. Arnold White, are the signed statements of

[1] These anecdotes are taken from Mr. Arnold White's work, *The Modern Jew*. They have been questioned, but seem to have been confirmed on good evidence, though responsibility for them still rests entirely with Mr. White.

many Russian proprietors. They, too, in different parts of their own country, have found the Jews good farmers as well as good neighbours. Field work of every kind has been honestly and carefully carried out, especially in the Russian district of Cherson, for more than twenty years. Baron Hirsch settled large colonies of his co-religionists in the rural parts of the Argentine Republic. So successfully did these manage the soil that their benefactor was able to urge the results of his experiment as justifying the re-admission of such among the colonists as were Russian subjects to the country districts of the Czar's dominions. Baron Ferdinand Rothschild's week's end parties to Waddesdon Manor were, in the nineteenth century, among the events of the London season. His Buckinghamshire house stood in what had been originally a desert place. The labour and skill which converted it into wooded park and gardens, which transplanted entire trees not only from the leafy parts of England, but from Lebanon and Anatolia, reminded his visitors from all parts of the world that the modern Israelite under judicious guidance had not lost his technical skill in rural labour. Abroad, Baron Hirsch; at home, the Rothschilds, by innumerable operations like Baron Ferdinand on his Waddesdon acres, have surrounded their palaces with experiments which show themselves and their humbler compatriots to be not less capable of developing the soil than in the days when their ancestors, under Joshua, first colonised a land flowing with milk and honey.

Benjamin Disraeli presented no exception to the

rule that bars the highest success in a parliamentary career against the most brilliant talents if they lack the ballast of a competent private fortune. George Canning, backed in his boyhood by the wealth of the great Bristol and Liverpool merchants who were his relations, secured the Eton and Christ Church education, then generally reserved for the sons of territorial aristocrats. At the age of thirty, soon after he had taken his seat for the Isle of Wight, he married Miss Joan Scott, the Duchess of Portland's co-heiress. Some have seen a reflection of Canning in the Aubrey Vere of *My Novel;* that personage's money troubles with the fashionable Jew money-lender Levison rather suggest the case of Pitt, who, in Disraeli's words, always preferred the usurer to a friend, and, to the last day of his life, borrowed money at sixty per cent. Beaconsfield's pecuniary experiences were practically those of Canning; he, too, began life with a sufficient patrimony, made all he wanted from his writings, and, long before he had serious expenses, was comfortably married to the affluent widow of his colleague, Mr. Lewis. Like most men, he may have known times when the balance at his bankers was unpleasantly low. Hearing of something of the sort, an intimate friend suggested his old allies the family in New Court, afterwards in his novel *Endymion* to be celebrated as the Neuchatels. On the Rothschild name being mentioned the politician humorously shook his head, adding, "If they won't behave a little better, we must really have Judenhasse." To return to serious history, the Rothschilds are no doubt the reason why the anti-Semitic outbreaks on the other

side of the Channel have not been followed by some responsive agitation here. Had events in England fulfilled their logical sequel, something of that sort would have seemed inevitable. The exact date of the earliest settlement in England of the Jews may be doubtful. They abounded at the date of the Norman Conquest. The Conqueror's son, Rufus, protected and multiplied them because they baited the priests, whom he liked to see worried. Before Henry II.'s death they had, in 1188, so prospered pecuniarily that there could be extracted from them a contribution of £60,000 towards the French War. The religious enthusiasm that produced the Crusades was accompanied by the fanatical persecution of the Jews. London witnessed the same fire, havoc, and bloodshed in its Jewry as those of which in our day the Russian or Gallician Israelites have been the victims. Thus did the English barbarities against the mediæval Hebrews become the commonplaces of the historian or the novelist. Among their fellow-religionists the Rothschilds have always exercised an harmonising and conciliatory influence. As regards the rest of the world, the leading part in the national life taken by them during generations had placed all signs of popular frenzy against our Israelites as completely beyond the limit of possibility as a popular rising against American millionaires, or an united raid on Nonconformists or on the palaces of Anglican bishops. During the Victorian age the earliest State operation of New Court was probably the Irish Famine loan of 1847. Together with that, the lenders subscribed largely to relieve the distress

caused by the potato famine. In 1854 Baron Lionel, the father of the New Court rulers of to-day, carried out a £16,000,000 loan for Crimean War purposes to Lord Aberdeen's administration. In 1876 came another loan of the same amount for purchasing the Khedive's interest in the Suez Canal. The "Crœsus of Europe" (the name by which the first English Rothschild, Nathan Meyer, was known) had, in his early days, popularised foreign investments in England by first causing foreign dividends and interest to be payed in London. Such were the services, socially recognised by the highest personages in the State, long before was whispered any complaint of English society being corrupted by Jewish plutocracy. To-day much is said of the sinister authority over the European Press exercised by the rich men from the East. No doubt throughout Austro-Hungary the Jewish intellect, as the acutest and best trained, preponderates in journalism. Gunnersbury, in Baron Lionel's day, was the place at which, especially on Sundays, men of any position in public affairs or great enterprises of any sort were in the habit of meeting each other. Delane of the *Times*, who made it his business to go everywhere, was naturally among the visitors. He certainly received from his hosts more in the way of occasional information than he ever returned to them by reflecting their ideas. Some of the editor's contributors owed their introductions to Gunnersbury. That was the result of Cambridge associations. All Baron Lionel's sons were educated on the Cam. The present member for the University, the great Greek scholar, Sir R. C.

Jebb, while a fellow and tutor of his college, had been asked through Gunnersbury to write articles for Printing House Square. Upon that single grain of fact rests the superstructure of fiction reared concerning the Israelitish dictatorship over Fleet Street and its environments. The fashionable position of the family now dealt with, as of their compatriots, dates, like its political position, from Victorian times. The prominent appearance of its name in the Court Circular's most coveted quarters chronologically coincides with the distinction won by Jew members in Parliamentary debates. Before 1837 Jew sheriffs or Jew magistrates did not exist. The earliest Israelite firmly seated himself at St. Stephen's some twenty years later. Before that the marriage of Baron Lionel's daughter Leonora to her relative, Alphonse, had been the occasion of the smartest and most cosmopolitan function of the London season. On that occasion Persigny, then the French ambassador, delivered a speech declared by the Paris Academy to be of classical perfection. The ex-Lord Chancellor, Lyndhurst, at a Mentmore *fête*, was said by Mr. Gladstone to have touched the high-water mark of occasional oratory. Disraeli flashed forth antitheses and epigrams that surpassed even his House of Commons reputation. Nor was it in England alone that, by this time, the patrician Jew had become the same power in society that he was already in finance. On the Continent one daughter of the Rothschilds had become by marriage the Princesse de Wagram ; another the Princesse de Ligne ; a third the Duchesse de Gramont. Of the

Furtado Heines, one daughter had married the Duc de Rivoli, another Prince Murat, two more the Duc de Richlieu and the Duc d'Elchingen respectively. While these lines are being written is announced the death of a Sussex benefactress, Miss Anna Louisa Cohen of Mayfair, Hove, and Nevil Court, Tunbridge Wells. Her vast property, including priceless art treasures, seems to be divided between her nephew Lord Rosebery, one or two other relatives, and the great charities of London. Their support of institutions like these, not less than their State services, has confirmed for the Hebrew branch of the British *noblesse* their place at the English Court, and in the society of which that Court is the centre.

Of the consolidating force which King Edward has proved to the whole polite system, something has been already said. On the other hand, no competition is so keen and bitter as that for Court recognition. Whether it be extended or withheld, curtailed or enlarged, royalty's favour cannot but give rise to quite as much bitterness as satisfaction of spirit. Even the incorporation of the Hebrews into the most august parts of the social fabric has been paid for at a certain moral price. One among the new features of the twentieth century is the disappearance of the country gentleman after the Henley pattern, so well known in the Disraelian House of Commons not only from Parliamentary, but from social life. A few of the number may indeed still survive; they cling like limpets on a rock to constituencies, where the territorial principle is yet a power; they have perhaps a bedroom in Suffolk Street, Pall Mall, close to the

old University Club ; their silent, solitary meals are consumed generally at the Carlton, rarely within the precincts of the House ; they seldom or never appear at any fashionable reunions. The new plutocrats, they complain, have sent up the expense of London to a prohibitive figure. Their families are only in town for an occasional day's shopping, staying probably with friends in a small way in the suburbs. Probably a majority of those shire-knights who were the backbone, or rather the creators of the House, have been long since succeeded by a generation which is as little at home in St. James's or Mayfair as Squire Western would have been in the salon of Lord Chesterfield or the deportment class of Mr. Turveydrop.

"Do you think my hand is a glove to be put on and off a Jew's hand just when he chooses?" The remark came from a short, square little man in clerical attire with the courage of six battalions compressed into that stout, small figure. The once well-known Eton master, W. G. Cookesley, had given Disraeli, when he had been writing *Coningsby*, all the Eton knowledge which colours the book. He had taken the novelist into the boys' library, and shown them behind the scenes in their studies at the breakfast-table. His great friend requited these services by bringing the old Etonian into the Carlton Club first, and by giving him a benefice afterwards. He was one of the very few men who fairly stood up to the chartered wit and bully of London—Bernal Osborne, the son of the old Hebrew collector Bernal, the sale of whose collection (1854) realised the then unprecedented total of £62,680. Osborne gratified the

grudge to which Cookesley had thus given rise by recognising him only when he happened to be in fine company. Hence the stinging reception given by Cookesley to the outstretched hand on the day that the schoolmaster's companion happened to be a duke. The Jew experience of the old Eton master recalls that of Heine, who used bitterly to complain of his treatment by Israelite compatriots in Paris. During his later days in France the poet once dined with Baron James Rothschild in the capital. A priceless specimen of an Italian vintage, Lacrima Christi, was served with much ceremony to the principal guests. Heine, as the host's poor dependent, had taken a seat below the salt. When, eventually, the bottle reached him, Rothschild said, "Take a glass of that wine, Heine. You at least have never tasted anything like it." The poet was prevented from speaking by an uncontrollable fit of violent laughter. "What amuses you, Heine?" "Quite impossible to explain." "Oh, but you must," rejoined the company in chorus. The laugher "would really rather not." At last, pressed repeatedly, with a continued show of reluctance he yielded. "I was," he said, "if you must know, tickled by recalling the history of your wine's name." Here the poet had to be solicited again. "Well," he at last said, "if you must know, the vintage is so called because of the tears forced by the foreknowledge that it would hereafter be served up to a company of scurvy Jews!" The repartee of Baron James to the poet's attack has not come down to us. It would have been effective, for that member of the Paris Rothschilds was never

at a loss for an answer—*e.g.*, during the popular outbreaks of 1848 a threatening mob gathered before his premises. Calmly, as if he were about to step into his brougham, Baron James opened the door, beckoned the two ringleaders into his counting-house. "Gentlemen," he said, "the affair for which you have come can peacefully be settled at once. Do me the honour to be seated. Your claim is for an equal distribution of my property among the adult males of France. Good. From this little calculation you will see it works out at considerably less than a franc a head. We will, however, call it a franc. Accept the first instalment with my compliments. And now, gentlemen, you will allow me to resume my business." The mob that had come to sack remained to cheer. No more demonstrations against the Rothschilds were witnessed during those revolutionary years.

The Jews of every land have always faced persecution with courage and insult with composure. They have not yet learned the more difficult lessons of prosperity. A purely intellectual sense of the fitness of things combines with an artistic perception of social grace to produce the appearance, at least, of qualities which the phrase "good breeding" implies. The discipline of adversity, however, having gone out of date, some may still have to develop the Christian virtue of humility, as the favourites of fortune and the depositaries of power. Is that trite morality more true of the prosperous Israelite than of any other orders or individuals similarly endowed with this world's goods? Take our own "great Revolution families." There is a

well-known and well-founded story of an intelligent foreigner being so impressed by the Cavendish hauteur embodied in the peer who is to-day Duke of Devonshire as to say, "What I chiefly admire about your Lord Hartington is his you-be-d——dness." That attribute was really but another name for the congenital malady of the British peerage, our old friend, "the spleen." Instead, therefore, of dwelling on the purse-proud arrogance of Hebrew millionaires, it might be better at once to confess that since they have begun to rival in acres, in revenues, and in the authority born of both, the British nobles, who owe their rent-rolls to the despoiled monasteries of the sixteenth century, the great Jews settled in England have shown towards their English patrons that sincerest form of flattery which consists of imitation. The most quickly assimilative race known to history, what, in a word, have they done but to appropriate the graces and the virtues of those English lords whom every one knows to be Creation's noblest work. The prosperous Israelites of the highest class and the native ornaments of the polite world benefit in an equal degree from a union that long since received the sovereign's benediction. The alliance is based upon an identity of interests; it is cemented by similarity of tastes, pursuits, and needs; it is confirmed by reciprocal obligations. Only a generation or two since the social centres of political life in England were the town and country houses owned by well-to-do people of British birth. Before Edward VII. had come to the crown the English squirearchy and the smaller peers had suffered fatally

from a series of bad seasons from farms long without tenants, from foreign competition, depreciating the value of native agricultural produce. As a consequence these persons lacked the means to entertain in town or country on anything like the old scale. Add to this the fact that an unbrokenly continuing process of party disintegration had dissolved the political connections which, in some shape or other, continued to exist till the Liberal split over Home Rule in 1886, or even till the withdrawal of Gladstone's inspiring genius and rallying presence. Nor must one also forget that the purely political basis, on which, during many generations, society in England had subsisted, was now, to a great extent, undermined.

Entirely new principles and interest had displaced the older agencies of statesmanship as the cohesive or grouping forces of the polite world. The example and encouragement of the royal patron of scientific inquiry had first made physicism popular in the seventeenth century. The influence of Charles II.'s example was in constant course of revival long after its monument was raised by the foundation and prosperity of the Royal Society. In the nineteenth century a very different kind of prince, Queen Victoria's husband, promoted the success of the British Association that had been started some half-dozen years before his time. With this new intellectual rivalry of science, art, letters, and the stage, the political drawing-room began to be elbowed out of existence by the salons and dinner-tables of the new cosmopolitan hosts. Society itself, which, throughout the whole of Disraeli's and a great part of Gladstone's time, had

resembled a family party, was rapidly assimilating itself to a *table d'hôte*, whereat all who pay the entrance fee can take their places. While there is still, on the Conservative side, a Lady Stanhope; among the Liberals a Lady Aberdeen, a Lady Hayter, a Lady Reay, and a Lady Tweedmouth (to mention only a few specimen names), the political hostess cannot be said to lack representatives. But for some or other of the reasons already stated these ladies do not give political parties to-day. Even under Disraeli and Gladstone the paramount sovereignty of politics, as a social power, had been significantly challenged; the ministerial dinners, given by the chiefs, used to be not less exclusive in their composition than the Cabinet dinners of the session. The leaders, now named, introduced the startling novelty of inviting a few great writers, artists, or savants: Robert Browning, J. A. Froude, W. E. H. Lecky, Frederick Leighton, J. E. Millais, to mingle with their Downing Street colleagues. Lady Salisbury, the most highly endowed hostess of her day, always included in her Arlington Street or Hatfield invitations some professional ornament of the operatic stage, such as Madame Christine Nilsson, who in 1887 became Countess de Miranda. The earliest of the socio-political drawing-rooms of a distinctively cosmopolitan kind belonged to the first half of the nineteenth century. At the present day those who presided over them are merely names. Poor Mrs. Hudson, the wife of the railway king (he continued to sit for Sunderland till 1859—twelve years, that is, after his fall; he died only in 1871), may have been the "atrociously vulgar woman"

which she was promptly discovered to be after her fall. But, in the great house, to-day the French Embassy at Albert Gate, she entertained every notability of the time, British or foreign. The great Duke of Wellington, with his white waistcoat, broad blue riband of the Garter, and his blaze of minor decorations, formed the centre of a little group of lesser royalties in the drawing-room. Palmerston and Peel were both occasional guests. Ambassadors and other high diplomatists were as plentiful as at the Paris Rothschilds of the day. Macaulay and Thackeray represented intellect. Lablache, almost as famous for his histrionic expressiveness as for the deep bass of incomparable voice, for a fabulous fee, delighted Mrs. Hudson's guests with specimens of those tones which he had refused to the sovereign's palace. During some of the same years that Mrs. Hudson was dazzling Hyde Park by a chariot whose gaudy hues could be heard from Knightsbridge to Notting Hill, Lady Augusta Somerset, a daughter of the Duke of Beaufort, had won fame for a drawing-room of interest scarcely less varied as a mirror of the period. She had married the secretary of the Austrian Embassy, Baron Neumann. It was of a Neumann dinner-party that Greville complained, "No politics, no society, no anything, only afterwards Billy something came in, sat down at the piano, and sang songs." The performer, thus described, was no doubt a forerunner of the late Corney Grain, if not quite his equal. The Neumann gathering remained the vogue till after the Victorian age had begun; Neumann himself, as then Austrian ambassador at

Florence, only died in 1850. Both these hospitalities deserve to be recalled here because they show the cosmopolitanism, sometimes regarded as the peculiar note of the Edwardian epoch, to have been pretty well established among us, when pessimists were predicting the collapse of the whole polite system in consequence of the Grey Reform Act.

If the latter-day cosmopolitanism has been largely promoted by the "golden international," of which the Rothschilds are ornaments, it is because the highest sections of the polite world have voluntarily placed themselves under the Hebrew hegemony. That is the most prominent, as it has also been the most inevitable of our social developments. One leader after another in society and politics has practically admitted the impracticability of a social or political organisation in conformity with the taste of the time, except with the help, and under the auspices, of the great Semitic capitalists. The Unionist party has now enjoyed between fifteen and twenty years of a scarcely interrupted power. Without exaggeration, it may be described as having been ushered into being under Hebrew patronage. At Baron Ferdinand Rothschild's almost weekly reunions at Waddesdon Manor (1880–86), the most conspicuous and regular guests were Lord Randolph Churchill, Mr. Balfour, Mr. Chamberlain, and the Lord Hartington who is the twentieth-century Duke of Devonshire. Long before there existed so much of the well-grounded suspicion of Gladstone's conversion to Home Rule, all the details of the new political order, to which such an eventuality must give birth, were settled in

the Rothschild palace. Before that could be done a *rapprochement* between two chief personages in the movement had taken place beneath another Israelitish roof in London. Few Mayfair houses have a more interesting history than No. 16, Bruton Street. Beneath that roof, when owned by Lord Granville, the diplomatist, the turfite and diarist, who was Clerk of the Council under three reigns, settled himself. On that staircase Lady Granville used to complain of her meeting Mr. Greville's "horrid friends" as they entered or left his apartment. The next occupant was Lord Carnarvon, the Colonial Minister, about whom already much has been said in these pages. In his day, at this house, was prepared the separation of Lord Beaconsfield's cooler colleagues from the Jingo policy of the Cabinet of 1868. The place had been little altered by its new possessors, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Oppenheim. During the early eighties of the nineteenth century the heir of the Cavendishes and the second son of the Duke of Marlborough had for some time not been on cordial terms with each other. What a calamity was this estrangement between two men who, reunited by friendship, might at that troublous epoch prove the salvation of the Empire! How was the sad alienation to be ended? Such were the questions that exercised the modish patriots of the period. The hospitable Oppenheims at once suggested themselves as the social and political benefactors of the country. Let there be organised a special series of little dinners, at which the two descendants of historic dukes might glow into the mutual friendship proper for politicians of their degree. The Free

Trade veteran, Mr. C. P. Villiers, was then alive; he had used his social position to do for the Cobdenites much what, according to John Henry Newman, Pusey's similar opportunities and personality had effected for the Oxford Anglicans half a generation earlier; he had, that is, reconciled the upper classes to acquiesce in the Corn Laws repeal. His venerable age and great career placed him above party; he was almost a tame cat of the Oppenheim *ménage;* he would unofficially preside at the harmonising banquets; he would bestow a benediction, that must be fruitful in results, upon the two ducal scions, both of whom he had known from their cradle. The host was one of the proprietors of the *Daily News,* and, as such, of some authority in the newspaper world. The editor of that paper did not assist at the socio-political functions thus arranged. Instead, Mr. Frederick Greenwood, then conducting the *St. James's Gazette,* ratified the reunion of the two ducal spirits by his presence. H. O., as he used to be pleasantly known in New Court, had indeed, over the Suez Canal purchase scheme, first been taken into Mr. Greenwood's confidence. The hostess, the daughter of a noble Irish house, brought to her diplomatic duties great personal endowments as well as an agreeable mixture of Celtic animation and cosmopolitan tact. In this way, and through the Semitic agencies now described, were taken the preliminary steps towards the final secession from Gladstone that resulted in the formation of the alliance, named by Randolph Churchill the Unionist Party, that has already governed the United Kingdom for seventeen years, and that

may possibly control it for a like period yet to come.

To the interests and pursuits successfully competing with politics as principles of social organisation reference has been already made. The monthly review, conducted by a versatile impressario who disposes his contributors in the order of Court precedence, has long since taken the place of the bygone "Albums and Keepsakes" as a ground of intellectual exercise for writers of quality. In Disraeli's novel, *Lothair*, says Hugo Bohun to the central figure in the work, "You should start a theatre; it is the high mode for a swell." If that novel were written to-day, the recommendation given probably would have been to found a weekly newspaper. The literary fashions of King Edward's upper-class subjects give them indeed fresh interests, but do not always make for social harmony. Two gentlemen, each of mild manners and amiable appearance, are seen eyeing each other askance from opposite corners of the drawing-room. Both, in an ordinary way, have some credit as conversationalists. Now, not only are they resolutely silent; if one observes the other carefully listening to the talk around him, the drawing-room look of contemptuous indifference replaces itself by an expression of actively glaring hate. There is no danger of their assaulting each other on the spot, but each, as he sips his claret and water, mentally drinks death and confusion to his neighbour. The explanation is simple. These two gentlemen are rivals in the affection, not of some reigning beauty, but of some fashionable publisher. In other words,

they are both writing their own memoirs or impressions of the notable persons they meet in society. A few years ago some well-placed ladies made a very convenient addition to their slender pocket-money by paragraphs in the society papers. A certain trial before Lord Chief Justice Coleridge, and some very embarrassing revelations which followed, gradually made that pursuit as perilous as it ever could be profitable. The novelist may be born, not made. Any one who goes anywhere, and keeps eyes and ears well open, can write "reminiscences," "observations," "eavesdroppings," "keyhole glimpses," which are pretty sure to pay the cost of publication, and which may possibly make a real hit. But the mutual sentiments, traditionally attributed to rival actors on the professional or amateur stage, are but pale reflections of the hearty, if secret, hatred that rends the bosoms of competing concoctors of those volumes that flavour so delightfully the whole department of modern *belles lettres*. It is not safe to satirise in magazine articles the politics of one's family, if one happens to be pecuniarily dependent on the head of the house; for, after all, what repartee can be so effectual as the stopping of the supplies. But the literary compositions now so popular with well-born and well-placed writers are at once infinitely easier, and with a little skill can be so managed as to give, in Hamlet's words, "no offence i' the world."

The infusion into the polite system of the new element now analysed has been accompanied by a certain reconstruction of London's social chart. The club grew out of the old coffee- and chocolate-

houses into something like its present shape in the reign of George IV. The United Service, the oldest of those institutions, was established on the close of the great wars in 1815. Its most regular *habitués* were very different from the gentlemen of pleasure and the men about town who had given their tone to Almacks, the club as distinct from the rooms, since known as Willis's. At Almack's Club Charles Fox, in the evenings which he could spare from Brooks's, had performed his chief gambling feats. In that establishment, standing where now rises the Marlborough Club, was the little vestibule where the great Whig met the accommodating Hebrews who provided funds for his night's losses at faro. The exact spot was of course consecrated by the name of Jerusalem Chamber. Hence the lines rescued from oblivion by Thomas Raikes the diarist :—

> "But hark the noise of battle from afar,
> Between the Jews and Macaroni's war.
> The Jews prevail, and thundering from the stocks,
> They seize, they bind, and circumcise Charles Fox."

The club of the new *régime*, typified by the United Service, differed from the old in being not the hunting-ground of Raikes, but a co-operative home for poor gentlemen. The most punctual patrons of the Pall Mall and St. James's caravanserais, which began with the United Service, but were not extensively established till Victorian times, were fathers of families living a little out of town in the Tyburnia, the Bayswater, and the N. W. quarters,

first socially annexed to the metropolitan area in the days of the Regency. The Russell Square district had then gone out of fashion; Theodore Hook, invited to dine there with a merchant prince, thought it the correct thing to simulate ignorance with the question, "Where do you change horses?" Suburbia, however, increasingly made itself felt. Regent Street had been first designed by the architect Nash to connect together Carlton House and Regent's Park. The sons and daughters of fashion hoped that it might divert from their favourite Bond Street the suburban shoppers, who were fast making the whole capital uninhabitable by people of any pretension to politeness. The fresh thoroughfare in its earlier days was supposed to have a certain provincial cachet, communicated to it by the new school of clubmen, who took it on their way going home, making purchases in its shops for their wives and children, living, as was credibly reported, towards Hampstead in the north and Notting Hill in the west. Only within King Edward's lifetime have the dwellers in these regions been as well represented as the inhabitants of the streets and squares abutting on Park Lane in the world of fashion and at the Court itself. On the other hand, Bohemia, as signifying a social state isolated from its polite surroundings, has really ceased to have a place in the metropolis of the Empire. From being a distinct phase of life, even a separate locality, the most northern province of the Austrian Empire, in its English context, has come to indicate a social fashion that is itself a variety

of our latter-day cosmopolitanism. It has ceased to indicate a certain class or classes ; it is no longer the monopoly of writers, actors, artists, and others whose occupation formerly was held to imply a systematic defiance of respectable conventions. It connotes to-day habits and instincts which are protests, impartially distributed through all classes, against the decorous sameness of life. First came, between the latter half of the nineteenth and the opening of the twentieth centuries, the enormous increase in the well-to-do floating population of London. These persons had no settled abode among us ; they were birds of passage stopping in ever-increasing numbers, and at shorter intervals on the banks of the Thames. They seldom make any stay long enough to introduce them to the family life of the metropolis. The stir and noise of hotel existence ; the smart restaurant dinner before the play ; the supper, which was another dinner, after it—no two consecutive repasts, if possible, beneath the same roof. Such were the ideas of the new millions for whom London was called upon to cater. The permanent settlement in our midst of opulent pleasure-seekers from old Judea in the East to new Chicago in the West during most of King Edward's lifetime have been co-operating with those other agencies to form the real Bohemia alone to be found within the sound of Bow Bells to-day. Certain pursuits used to be Bohemia's exclusive specialities. Such it is not necessary now to name again. The employment, that was once precarious, has now become reasonably certain, if only are forthcoming the moral

qualities essential for success in all industries. Take an instance. The Savage Club was founded late in the sixties of the last century by the Broughs, by Tom Hood the younger, and a few other strenuous and not too wealthy intellectual workers. Its weekly meetings were held in a tavern in Maiden Lane over a dinner-table of the simplest kind. There was a joint, with what is called in *Pickwick* the usual trimmings. There were sufficiently sound ale and stout; wine seldom or never made its appearance. Every diner came in his morning workaday clothes. Sometimes men of the same employment from the provinces and from abroad were introduced as guests. Thus Charles F. Browne, the "Artemus Ward" mentioned in the preceding chapter, became a naturalised Savage on the introduction of Charles Dickens's chief writer in *All the Year Round*, Andrew Halliday. To-day a society bearing indeed the old name, but perpetuating no other characteristic, has its luxurious home in the Adelphi quarter. Its leading members are editors and their responsible lieutenants on the great newspapers. These bring, as the most representative guests, field-marshals, Cabinet Ministers, and ambassadors. Full evening dress is as obligatory as in the opera stalls. The decorous sable of civilian costume is varied by diamond stars and blue ribands, the insignia of the order to which the guests of the evening belong. Meanwhile the true Bohemianism —the social intercourse unfettered by any kind of pharisaic restraint—is found at the dinner-tables and in the drawing-rooms of Mayfair's most fashionable streets and squares. The modish *personnel* of those

companies remains the same, though the scene of their junketings may be removed to the smart restaurant of the hour in London, to the Thames for the Sunday picnic in summer, or in winter to the last new fashionable hotel at some point on the Sussex coast that has become the vogue.

The two sets of foreign influences introduced within King Edward's lifetime into the polite system of England have visibly affected the whole of our fashionable civilisation. The casual and inexperienced visitor to Paris finds himself dazzled by the glare and glitter of the boulevard life. The whole city, therefore the whole country, he concludes, must be inhabited by successive generations of *flâneurs* and *flâneuses*, who exist only to breakfast, to dine at the gleaming restaurants, who cannot conceivably have any serious occupations, whose only anxiety must be a quest for a new form of pleasure, to whom the very idea, still more the fact, of English domesticity must be unknown. On the other hand, the Parisians have or had a saying, "*Il faut être Anglais pour dîner au Café Riche. Il faut être riche pour dîner au Café Anglais.*" By that is meant that those resorts and others of the kind were reserved for Britons or other monied strangers. That is literally true. It would be less of a blunder to suppose that a true idea of London could be gathered by an underground railway trip from Bayswater to Farringdon Street, than to imagine that the foreign holiday maker, by going the regular round of the capital, catches a glimpse of the nation's character or life. To no people upon the earth is the sanctity of the home greater than to the really repre-

sentative French. Nowhere is the home life more completely self-contained than among our nearest neighbours on the Continent. Ninety-nine French-women out of a hundred, when about to pass the evening beneath their own roof only in their husband's society, make their toilets as elaborately, take exactly the same pains with their hair, their dress, and their appearance generally, as if they were going to a first night at the "Français," or to a reception at the Elysée. The English Channel is as well provided with seaside resorts, specially attractive to the French, on our own side as with those *bains de mer* on the opposite shore, that an increasing number of English affect. So far from the silver streak deserving the Horatian epithet of dissociating, it operates as a cosmopolitan force. It is, in truth, a liquid stretch of international cement in social life. At Boulogne and Dieppe French mothers take their children to *table d'hôtes* that they may observe how neatly and prettily the little English boys and girls eat. On the other hand, there is reason to believe perfidious Albion has profited as to the conjugal relations of its inhabitants by noticing that French husbands and wives, when they take their summer outing under the shadow of Beachy Head, show to each other in all the details of daily life a delicate courtesy and consideration that can advantageously be acclimatised in our insular soil. At the same time, the cosmopolitan forces that have found expression among us by entirely transforming the appearance and the life of London, do not of themselves make for domesticity. It would be a mistake to suppose the existence organised on the

Thames for the special enjoyment of the opulent strangers who act as King Edward's social viceroys is confined in its results to the smart and well-to-do upper-class sets most conspicuously identified with it. In that life the public assembly, the hotel or restaurant dining-room, the theatre, and countless other haunts of the same kind are shown by the Divorce Court revelations to figure most prominently. These are places not limited, like a few drawing-rooms or clubs, to the possessors of exceptional credentials. They are open to every decently-dressed aspirant with a sufficiently well-lined purse. In social, as well as in political matters, the day of democracy has come. From the highest place down to within a measurable distance of the lowest strata classes are separated from each other by a series of almost imperceptible gradations. As with fashions in dress, so now with modes of life. Certain habits may one day be the enjoyment of the few and the ambition of the many. A little later they have become the practice of all. That constitutes the absolutely distinguishing figure in the social internationalism of the present reign—the great and mixed movement, whose originators in nearly equal parts are the descendants of old Israel and the transatlantic posterity of our own Puritan fathers.

With that novel combination must be directly associated some of the social phenomena which give much concern to the moralist of the period. The Hebrew's antecedents through the ages, his uncertainty of home and fortune, his hurryings to and fro, the proscriptions and persecutions that once were all

part of the day's work have told upon his character and tastes in something like the way that Buckle, in a famous chapter of his great book, has shown the inhabitants of volcanic and tropical regions to be influenced by their environment. In a word, the Jew of to-day is the creature of speculation. The humbler specimens of his order trade in objects of art, of vertu, in curiosities of all kinds, as well as in money on a small scale. Or they deal in purely perishable goods, such as flowers and fruit. They will have nothing to do with fixed values in any commodity. An Israelite without a touch of the gambler is a contradiction in terms. The first whist player of his day in England, probably in the world, was Benjamin, the American jurist, of Hebrew parentage. In 1861 he had been Attorney-General in Jefferson Davis's Cabinet, afterwards, for a few months, Secretary of State. After the final collapse of the Federal cause and Davis's capture in 1865, Benjamin escaped to England, was called to the English Bar, practised there with immense success in commercial cases, wrote what is to this day a text-book on the sale of property, was entertained at a memorable dinner by the whole British Bar in 1882, two years later died in Paris. Together with the late Lord Russell of Killowen, and Captain Samuel Batchelor, he was among the boldest and most skilful player in what Thackeray called "the Temple of Trumps"—the Portland Club in Stafford Place, Oxford Street. None can doubt that the constant and influential presence among us of wealthy aliens of Benjamin's original and adopted nationality has

helped to spread and stimulate the gambling taste to a point not after all, perhaps, unprecedently high in the annals of the society surrounding the English Court. The above-mentioned connection by Buckle of human character with physical conditions is specially applicable to the American. He, like the Jew, is of a nervous temperament highly strung, most at ease in movement, only breathing freely in an atmosphere of excitement. He loves the life of the Atlantic liner because it contains a saloon that is a floating substitute for the roulette and rouge et noir chamber at Monte Carlo. Those are the tastes which he has co-operated with the chosen people in communicating to, or intensifying in, the lethargic fashionables of this played-out country, whose social control the Yankee now divides with the Jew. The latest resultant from the creative power of American or Hebrew speculation, and the Englishwoman's capacity for profiting from both, is the she-turfite, in the guise worn by her and disclosed by the law courts. Nothing is there in common between her and the sporting lady who first came into existence under the early Georges. Of the rural or picturesque surroundings of the stable and the race-course the twentieth-century Diana knows nothing. She does not trace her descent from a family whose members in one age after another have contributed to improve the native breed of horses. As a child she never possessed thoroughbred pets in the paddock. The quadruped in question is attractive to her only so far as it introduces her to a perfectly free and mixed society of her own and the opposite sex, living in the

defiance, reserved for the highest fashion, of the conventionalities, from which her lowlier fellow-creatures cannot escape. The speculative fashion, with the Semite and the Yankee as its heroic figures, may prove to be a transient phase. It can be paralleled by many precedents in this or in other lands. Some of these may have passed without leaving permanent mischief behind them. Of the thing itself there is no more doubt than of the race to which belong those who chiefly promote the sport.

CHAPTER X

CONCERNING CLUBS, DRAWING-ROOMS, AND STATESWOMEN

Famous London Clubs—The Club—Grillion's, the Athenæum—Its foundation—The Garrick—Delane and Clubs—Past *habitués* of the Athenæum, Liberal, and Conservative social organisations—Some hostesses of the past—The Carlton and Junior Carlton Clubs—Lady Salisbury's parties—Other Conservative hostesses—The Primrose League—The Primrose fêtes—The influence of the League on electors—The conduct of the Primrose ladies towards the poor compared with that of the Ritualists—The Eighty Club, the chief Liberal social centres.

THE club, which, as has been just seen, is a powerful agency of organisation in the life that once might have been spoken of as literary Bohemia, remains for society at large the same harmonising institution as it has been from the early years of the ninteenth century. Of these bodies first in antiquity comes The Club. Founded in 1764, it is to-day, in all structural points, identical with what it was when Samuel Johnson frequented and James Boswell immortalised it. Restricted to the same number as the French Academy, by tacit convention the club leaves three or four places vacant. During the late years of the

nineteenth century its total was thirty-six. Its oldest members then were the Duc d'Aumale, W. E. Gladstone, the Duke of Argyll. Its youngest members were Mr. Asquith, Sir R. C. Jebb, Mr. Pember. Most of the names of The Club to-day reappear in the list of Grillion's. That was founded in 1812, during Lord Liverpool's administration, for the purpose of promoting social relations and personal friendship between political leaders on both sides. Its founders were not the actual chief or their principal adherents, but the less famous and younger men of the party, notably the Sir Thomas Acland of the period. Charles James Fox and William Pitt had both gone before the institution was dreamed of. Lord Liverpool himself, Canning, Castlereagh, Gratton, stood on too high a pedestal easily to mingle with their juniors. In The Club each member, on election, receives an engraving of his most famous predecessors, from the time of Burke and Garrick downwards ; the newcomer in his turn presents his own picture to the general stock. To-day, therefore, the club possesses a chain of visible associations by a series of unbroken links connecting its existence under Edward VII. with its meetings when George III. was king. Its more recent years have witnessed the complete fulfilment of its original and conciliatory purpose. At Grillion's Lord John Russell and Lord Derby met at dinner on most Mondays during the session ; W. E. Gladstone and Benjamin Disraeli never had any personal relations since, on a certain day during the last quarter of the nineteenth century, they found themselves together in Lady Derby's drawing-room. They

continued to meet at Grillion's, Lord Stanhope first and Lord Houghton afterwards generally sitting in their immediate neighbourhood. Grillion's archives have been less carefully preserved than those of The Club, or they would furnish material equally valuable for a chapter in our socio-political history. Many members, both of The Club and of Grillion's belong, or recently did belong, to the society of Dilettanti. That body came into existence in 1734. The Duke of Dorset, Viscount Harcourt, Lord Middlesex, were then the leaders of a fashionable intellectual set whose members travelled together for the identification of classical sites, and for the encouragement of excavations in a soil where every turn of the spade brought up some priceless treasure of Greek art. The Dilettanti were thus the forerunners of the movement promoted during the eighties of the last century by Professor Jebb for founding an English school of studies at Athens, as well as for better organising archæological researches above and below ground. So recently as between 1861 and 1870 the Dilettante unearthed the temples of Bacchus at Teos, of the Sminthian Apollo in the Troad, and also in Asia Minor, of Minerva, Polias, at Priene. The same body not only gave a fresh vogue to intelligent travel in districts somewhat outside the beaten track. It brought to England the classic spoils of its wanderings, published books about them, such as *Stuart's Athens* (1762–1816), *Chandler's Travels* (1775–6). Before the old Thatched House, St. James's Street, successively was transformed into a life insurance office and a club, its meetings were held beneath that

historic roof. Subsequently its members have foregathered at Willis's Rooms, whose walls are still decorated with the society's memorials. In the February of 1824 these and other socio-intellectual movements of the time converged upon Pall Mall under the portals of the Athenæum Club. That building, standing where once stood Carlton House, is a perfect piece of Hellenic architecture. Its frieze reproduces the Pan-Athenaic procession which Phidias put up on the Parthenon. These things, as well as most of what relates to the history of the club, are so universally known, have even provided material for so many accessible handbooks, as to call for no recapitulation here. The club's early success was due to the personal efforts of John Wilson Croker, the "Mr. Rigby" of *Coningsby*, and to the distinguished patronage that these secured. The Mæcenas of his age, Lord Lansdowne, the Magnificent, was surrounded by the foremost politicians of the period, among them by several destined to become Prime Ministers, by Davy and Faraday, as omens of the growing dignity of applied science, by Mackintosh, by Tom Moore, by Theodore Hook, as illustrative of the club's comprehension of widely different forms of literary achievements, and by many more.

Some seven or eight years later was founded another company of intellectual workers. Of the Garrick Club's origin less is known. More, therefore, may here be said. Its earliest promoters were Sir Andrew Barnard, Francis Mills, Samuel James Arnold, and Lord Kinnaird. The first three meetings in connection with it was held at Drury Lane

Theatre. Its earliest domicile was Probatt's Hotel, 35, King Street, Covent Garden. Here, February 13, 1832, with the Duke of Sussex in the chair, the Garrick was opened with a dinner. Thackeray joined a twelvemonth later ; Dickens not till the January of 1837. The Garrick has become the parent of a countless family of similar associations. The exact point at which the remnant of the old Bohemian tavern life receives the dignity of a club is still apt to be indistinct. Resorts of the kind now mentioned have, however, done much towards making those who live by their pen look chiefly to members of their own craft for friendship and encouragement in their daily work. The patron went out as the club came in. There may be some danger, perhaps, of that sort, but as yet subservience to the extinct patron has not entirely been exchanged for subservience to the journalists who stand between the writer and the public. Another undoubted result of this variety of the club movement is the removal of those social barriers that once made a distinct and detached class of those who adopt letters as their profession. The Athenæum brings together on equal terms of social intercourse the distinguished author, the physicist, the Cabinet minister, and the bishop. On a level, less lofty and exclusive, congregate in their social hours for the most part the men who are the less pretentious but most active workers in the more popular branches of literature. These must be looked for less at the Athenæum than at the Garrick, or at establishments where the social life is on a more modest scale. The conventional idea of the able editor of a great news-

paper, lunching at a club in Covent Garden, dining at another in Pall Mall, between whiles dropping in at a third elsewhere if haply he may thus keep his finger on the pulse of public opinion at all its social centres, is a mere figment of the ill-informed imagination. No newspaper man who lived into the latter days of Queen Victoria knew more of what every one thought and said, or, if he choose, could reflect that knowledge more effectively in print than Delane. His successor, Chenery, was among the most regular diners at the Athenæum, in the corner which had once resounded with the laughter of Theodore Hook and his brother diners, which afterwards united round the same table Laurence Oliphant, Abraham Haywood, and "Eothen" Kinglake. But Delane himself seldom did more than for a few minutes drop in at the place. To the end of his editorial days he remained a regular rider in Hyde Park, and a visitor at the best country houses near his own in the Windsor or Ascot region, as well as less frequently in the Midlands. But as for clubs, he eschewed them. It was not at a club but at a private dinner-table in Mayfair that, in 1876, a chance remark from a fellow-guest inspired the editor with the announcement, published in next day's *Times*, of Lord Lytton's going as viceroy to Calcutta. Observed Sir Andrew Clark, "Robert Lytton this morning asked me how I thought the Indian climate would suit him." That was all; but, for the editor's quick ear and mind, was quite enough. Like other men in his position before and since his day, the ruler of Printing House Square knew from experience that to frequent a club was to run too great a risk of

becoming enmeshed in the toils of a bore. His successors in King Edward's reign may make the same discovery and with like results. To be made free of the Athenæum or of any other caravanserai on the same level is to be appreciated as a social compliment. Its purely professional uses are a vain fancy. The real function of the joint-stock palace of attic exterior confronting Waterloo Place resembles that which Grillion's was started to perform. It gives a most convenient neutral ground on which the leaders of parties and the more considerable of their followers can meet each other.

As to the social organisation of political parties, the Liberals, or rather their predecessors, the Whigs, are generally said to have succeeded better in drawing-rooms, the Conservatives in clubs. Facts do not entirely bear out that view. There lived till nearly the close of the last century the lady in whose drawing-room was laid the opening scene of Disraeli's final novel, *Endymion*. This was Mrs. Stuart-Wortley. On December 3, 1852, Disraeli, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, brought in his Budget. Gladstone spoke a week later, defeating the proposals by 305 to 286. A little later he dined at Mrs. Stuart-Wortley's in Carlton Terrace. The late Abraham Hayward, who was of the company, told the present writer he heard discussed the same evening in Mrs. Wortley's drawing-room not only every detail of the political duel at St. Stephen's a few hours earlier, but the composition of the coming Aberdeen Coalition ministry. At that time the only other great Conservative house was Lady Jersey's in Berkeley Square. On the eve of

the Conservative revival in 1841 Peel and those in his confidence were grumbling over the deficiency of their social machinery, not as regards salons and dining-rooms, but in the matter of clubs only. Originally, White's in St. James's Street had belonged to the Tory connection. Gradually it lost all political colour. Brooks's continued to be, as in name it still is, a Whig resort. In 1832 the Conservative Whip, still remembered as "Billy" Holmes, decided that something must be done. Sir Robert Peel was of course consulted. But the Whip relied chiefly on the encouragement of the magnates among the followers, especially Lord Clanwilliam. Funds were subscribed. Lord Kensington's house in Carlton Gardens was secured. The Carlton Club was, however, at the beginning, as it has been since, largely indebted to the presence among its political members of a social element detached from the strife of parties. That has ever been an influence leavening the social policy of the place. Thomas Raikes, the diarist, cared nothing for party politics, but a great deal for fashionable society. The Carlton's social opportunities at once secured his adhesion. On Sunday, May 13th, was held the opening dinner, with the Duke of Wellington in the chair. The speeches were good but violent. The Irish Secretary, Stanley, afterwards fourteenth Lord Derby, expressed the height to which the political fever had risen by leaping from his chair to the table, and thence denouncing his enemies. The club's weekly house dinners greatly helped Conservative organisation for many years after the Tory name had been superseded by the newer description.

The origin of the Junior Carlton Club resembled in some respects that of the parent institution. The election manager of the party, Mr. Markham Spofforth, during the later sixties of the Victorian age, had been overwhelmed by applications from his provincial agents to promote their candidature at the Carlton or the Conservative. The former had no vacancies. The latter did not include lawyers in its list. The resourceful manager called on Disraeli, then living at Grosvenor Gate, to suggest a new and supplementary club. The idea was pronounced excellent. The visitor was at once sent off to discuss the subject with Lord Derby, then the party's titular chief, in St. James's Square. That personage signified approval and gave his name on the condition, to use his own words, "of the curtain not rising till the house was full." At first there seemed a danger of this provision not being fulfilled. Very soon, however, the applications rose from tens to thousands. By those degrees were broadly and deeply laid the foundations of an institution that has done more than its promoters dreamed of towards deciding the colour of the politics most in vogue with the professional classes of England. The great Conservative club owes its exceptional success to its unique toleration and comprehensiveness. Thus Gladstone remained a member of it long after he was known to have renounced its political faith. In some cases the club's wise eclectism has decided the party politics of men who have eventually risen to the highest distinction in the party. The anecdote still remains current that W. H. Smith, having been rejected at the Reform, close by, was

induced, without any pledges, to join its constitutional rival, a step which afterwards gave the House of Commons one of its most useful leaders.

That variety of party organisation which is conducted beneath private roofs differs in these early years of King Edward very widely from its condition during the late reign. To-day the Liberal descendants of the old Whigs are without any place of social rallying such as in Palmerstonian times Cambridge House used to be. In that respect the Conservatives are not much better off. In 1886 Lady Salisbury, on her husband becoming Conservative leader of the Lords, recommenced in Arlington Street the duties of entertaining traditionally held indispensable to the coherent life of a political party. These receptions were in every way more successful than the weekly reunions held by Lady Derby during the fourteenth earl's leadership at the well-known house in St. James's Square. The Arlington House parties generally attracted the divisional chiefs, in addition to the average M.P. and his wife. There was also among the guests an extra-parliamentary element, as if in recognition of the fact that the foundation on which rested our polite system had ceased to be exclusively political. Over and above an occasional Conservative editor or leader-writer of repute was a sprinkling of art, science, and letters. Lord Salisbury had then just been installing the electric light at Hatfield and fitting up a new laboratory. Electrical engineering and scientific chemistry were therefore represented among the guests; these also generally included the operatic prima donna, Madame Christine

Nilsson. The Arlington House hospitalities were long the only functions of the kind at Conservatism's command. Indeed the perfunctory character of the St. James's Square receptions, during successive Stanley dynasties, might warrant the statement that since the death of Lady Clementina Villiers brought to a close the Jersey parties in Berkeley Square, the champions of the constitution had been without any "house" of their own. Since the rivalry between the younger Pitt and Fox there had always been, on the Tory side, a Lady Salisbury, rivalling the Mrs. Crewe or the Duchess of Devonshire of the Whigs. Unhappily for contemporary Conservatism, the deaths of Lady Ridley and Lady Hilda Brodrick, both of them hostesses living just long enough to crown promise with performance, came sadly near that of Lady Salisbury herself; Lady Stanhope altogether ceased to hold a political drawing-room; Lady Jeune multiplied the higher interest of existence. As a consequence, twentieth-century Conservatism has to rely upon its clubs.

The original founder of the Primrose Club has been the subject of scarcely less dispute than the earliest promoter of the Volunteer movement, or the author of the famous Cambridge A.D.C. Lord Glenesk, Sir William Marriott, Sir John Gorst have all been mentioned as having been among the first to inspire the most successful socio-political organisation ever known. Disraeli's novels are, for the first time, generally read in boyhood. They did not come into Lord Randolph Churchill's hands till he was approaching middle age, and had become the leader

of the Fourth Party—so called, because at that time the Irish were usually spoken of as a third. His fancy was fascinated with the idea of entertaining the Tory democracy at social gatherings, like those organised at Beaumanoir by Lord Henry Sidney and Mr. Eustace Lyle; these reunions should be presided over by ladies, by lordlings, by cadets of every degree of ducal families. In Sir Robert Peel's time this sort of thing had been managed by private enterprise. Under Sir Stafford Northcote it should be the achievement of corporate effort. Every village might not have its park, castle, or other great mansion; it was pretty sure to possess a local green or open space of some kind. This was all that could be wanted for the working of the association, which took its name from the spring blossom fabled to be specially loved by Lord Beaconsfield. When no nobleman's park, castle, or lordly pleasure-ground of any sort chanced to be available, any common would do for the local dames, councillors, or other dignitaries of the Primrose connection to hold their high jinks and junketings. Illuminated by the smiles of birth and beauty, or sobered by the frowns of a ducal countenance, there might be climbings of greased poles for prize pigs, trippings on the light fantastic toe by moonlight, occasional fireworks and distributions of little gifts during the summer months. As autumn approached blankets, flannel petticoats and soup would naturally take the place of the lighter commodities of the earlier season. A well-known West End tailor used to say that he had no debt collector so effective as his most aristocratic customers when they happened to be hard

up. The artist in clothes meant that his impecunious patrons in the best sets could place pressure invisible but effective upon debtors who could on a pinch find the money, but who, on their own account, never paid till the last moment. When one of those gentlemen, capable of, but too dilatory in paying the tailor's bill, had overtaxed his creditor's patience, he was apt to find himself, without any ostensible reason, cold-shouldered by friends and equals in drawing-room and club. "A good fellow, perhaps," they said with a significant look, "but treats tradesmen, who are as good fellows as himself, rather shabbily." Similarly oblique insinuations soon began to be made against provincial tradespeople who had refused to be won by the proselytising wiles of the Primrose League. The local grocer and baker by degrees found out that bankruptcy was the alternative to unconditionally giving over their votes to the dames and their nominees. In the sturdy north of England or in the more inveterately dissenting parts of Wales the Primrose boycott may have been unknown. The midland or the southern counties would tell a different tale. From Derby to Dover, from Beachy Head to the Land's End, is not a town or village wherein the baker, hankering after a flirtation with Liberalism, has not been prevented from indulging his political passion by the knowledge that his lady patrons would otherwise discover him to adulterate his flour, or in which the butcher, privately bent on voting yellow, has not been conscious that the cost of breaking with blues will be an accusation of selling Australian mutton and losing his best customers. In this way the Primrosers

have been able directly to deal with the democracy. Between 1832 and 1868 the Ten Pounders ruled the country. Their representatives were amenable to social manipulation by occasional invitations to Lansdowne House or to Lady Waldegrave's at Strawberry Hill. Household Suffrage, meaning in effect something scarcely distinguishable from universal suffrage, came in. Then artisans or mechanics in corduroys, agricultural labourers in smocks, with wives and litters of young ones, had to be kept in the right electoral path. At the Hatfield, the Devonshire House, or the Compton Lodge receptions the new constitutional powers might have felt embarrassed in the midst of the fine company. Lord Randolph's eldest brother, the eighth duke, had thrown the grounds of Blenheim Palace open to, had paid the railway fares of, children from the East of London. He did not live to institute Primrose galas in his park. Meanwhile, his younger brother, with his political aides-de-camp of both sexes, had prepared the way for the more thoroughly popular entertainments just looked at. One of his clerical retainers wished to revive at these *fêtes* the refrain of a delightful old song for children, redolent in its sentiment of eighteenth century feudalism :—

> "God bless the squire, and all his rich relations,
> And keep us poor people in our proper stations."

So ran the burden. Lord Randolph Churchill, however, ruled it out, as it would be contrary to the genius of Tory democracy to perpetuate class distinctions. The successes of the Primrose League have been not

more with the humblest electors and their families, rural or urban, than with the queens and princesses of provincial fashion. These ladies may not be stateswomen of the sort who rendered such service to Charles James Fox, or be burdened with the same weight of political convictions as the petticoated politicians who discuss the constitution or its improvement in some of the monthly reviews. But they have all the fondness of their sex for titles. They revel in recounting the number of first cousins to baronets or of divorcées belonging to *la haute noblesse* whom they meet at that delightful Mrs. Tomkinson Snobley's refined and enjoyable Tuesday afternoons.

For the far-reaching thoroughness of its organisation the Primrose agency can be compared only with the social methods of Ritualism in its most adroit developments. Sometimes intelligent working men, properly taught their parts by their ghostly stage-managers, may protest or even believe an advanced ritual to be essential to their spiritual or moral life. What, however, is beyond dispute is that the workman and his family have good reason to know households attending Romanised places of worship to fare infinitely better in worldly matters than evangelical congregations. "Mass in Masquerade," to revive Disraeli's phrase of a generation since, is the vogue in the most densely populated and poverty-stricken districts. In such quarters has the working-man's wife no materials for the family meal? is she despairingly wondering how, with only a few embers in the grate, food is to be prepared for eating? Suddenly the hovel is entered by Sister Somebody, in

a costume between that of a twentieth-century nurse and a mediæval nun. In a moment, as if by magic, from a wonderful bag that seems to contain everything the fire has been fed, a stew-pot is hissing and bubbling over the coals. The good angel does not depart before a savoury stew, though made of the simplest ingredients, is ready for dishing up. That is not all. Both nostrils and eyes have told the Sister that, if food is to be enjoyed, the place must be thoroughly cleansed. She does not read a lecture to the poor woman about cleanliness being next to Godliness. Down on her knees she goes, scrubs the whole floor with housemaid's brush and soap, cleanses all the vessels, with her blacklead she makes the wretched little grate shine like a looking-glass. That is only one instance of the providential intervention, on which, in the most distressful contingencies, the Ritualistic poor know that they can rely.

The ladies of the Evangelical party have yet, on their part, to devise any machinery like this. In politics the ladies on the Liberal side have, for some time, become conscious of the necessity to meet the Primrose League devices by counter tactics of their own. Something more stirring, more original, and a more material usefulness than the old-fashioned "At homes," with hot rooms and light refreshments, is needed. The Liberal hostess of the period gathers the members of the Eighty Club and their womankind around her in some public West End picture gallery, leased by her for the occasion. On one of the ladies' nights she brings a party of smart friends of her own sex to the daintily decorated board of a new Liberal

club. She holds women's classes in her drawing-room for teaching the wives and daughters of Liberal voters the lessons in household management that it is for their peace to learn and practise. Thus it will be seen that, in the case of both political parties, the social arts that used to be regarded as paramount have not become obsolete. They are only exercised under new conditions and in a more interesting environment. One remark in conclusion may be made. Disraeli and Archbishop Tait alike lived to admit the futility of putting down Ritualism by Act of Parliament. The anti-ritualistic ladies of to-day can only disarm their opponents by adopting the most harmless and beneficent of their methods. The Liberal ladies, who condemn on principle the electioneering expedients of the Primrose dames, can but hope to neutralise that form of electoral pressure by taking from it such hints as may be translated into practice without risk of infringing the spirit or letter of the Bribery Acts.

CHAPTER XI

THE CHURCH AND SOCIETY

The Church and the individual citizen—The influence of Wesley—Comparisons between Wesley and Francis of Assisi—Religious Societies—The High Church party—Nelson, Keble, Pusey, and others—Newman—The Broad Church party—Thomas Arnold, its leader—Religious controversies—The Public Worship Act—Proceedings against Dr. King, Bishop of Lincoln—Present-day tendency towards Ritualism—The new *rapprochement* of broad churchmanship too high—Archbishop Davidson—The royal prerogative in the appointing of bishops—Bishop Winnington Ingram—His work amongst the poor—The resource of the Free Churches compared with those of Anglicanism—Dr. Parker and Mr. R. J. Campbell.

"THE individual withers and the world is more and more." So in a well-known passage Alfred Tennyson. As an historical fact, social, political and spiritual progress, among all orders of King Edward's subjects, had ever been from the class to the unit. The supremacy of an aristocratic section, after centuries of effort, had given way to the control of the democracy. That, in a sentence, is the secular advance constituting English history during the last two centuries. Puritanism, however, still forms the keynote of the Anglo-Saxon

character. The bishops are still the pillars of the throne. The Church yet remains in a sense the depository, the reflection, even the foundation of the spiritual forces that move the people. The Establishment indeed, like the ruling class, with which it identified itself, long indeed delayed to do anything that could elevate or illuminate the masses. Its official teachers were often themselves sunk in irreligion. Their ministry involved no appeal to the individual conscience. Men were anticipating the approach of the nineteenth century when the clarion tones of John Wesley's voice rang throughout the English-speaking world and first brought home to the humblest member of the community the fact of his or her independent existence in the Creator's sight. "Buried in wretchedness, convicted of sin in itself unpardonable. Reserved to eternal darkness and loss, descend each of you into your soul, apprehend by faith the living God, so become purified and meet for the heavenly Kingdom. That faith will be given apart from all merits or endeavours of yours, as a free gift from Heaven, whose pardoning mercy supposes nothing in you but a sense of misery and sin."

The influence which first impelled Wesley when a fellow of Lincoln to the practical piety that formed so great a contrast to the temper of the time, was that of William Law, the non-juror. Half a generation later the same force was to operate on Newman and others in producing the Anglican movement. The fault of the eighteenth-century clergy, to whose number Wesley belonged, from whom he never

formally separated himself, but with whom he was brought daily into sharper antagonism, was not that they were unfavourable specimens of their time, but that they did not rise generally and markedly above it. It was the epoch of materialism, and so of the soulless, conventional employment of the wealth from trade beyond seas and from the new manufactures at home now being poured into the laps of a growing class. English territorialists or merchants, Indian nabobs or planters vied with each other in the construction of those huge square houses, set in labyrinths of gardens, for which Italy had given the pattern. The teachers of the Established Church were often men of blameless lives. Untouched by enthusiasm, distrustful of whatever bordered upon it, they accepted the places in which their lot had fallen to them. They made for the most part no effort to enlighten or exalt their generation by infusing into it a spiritual fervour such as their contemporaries scorned. Wesley's first notion was the formation of a society within the Church whose orders he had taken. By that agency he would try to leaven and quicken the inert mass of the ecclesiastical polity which he never formally renounced. John Wesley has been called the St. Francis of the eighteenth century. Both the early friar and the later methodist originally were animated by the same motives. Whether in its aspects of personal poverty or of sinless perfection, the life of Jesus Christ was to be reproduced. Both men began by emancipating themselves from the controlling traditions of the religious society,

wherein they had been born. Neither could brook the restraint of the parochial system. Wesley followed St. Francis in taking the world for his parish. The difference between the hero saint of the thirteenth century and the masterful religious genius of the eighteenth was that the former perpetrated no act of schism, and that his disciples never renounced allegiance to the head of their communion. One more resemblance, amid many differences, distinguishing St. Francis and Wesley may be noticed. The present writer had it from Dr. Pusey's own lips, during the last years of his life at Oxford, that when his friend Newman first became vicar of the University Church, St. Mary's, like all his friends, he insisted on severe simplicity of service and worship. No candles stood on the communion-table. No thurifers shed their fragrance through the choir. As the building, so the sermons. The transparently clear, colloquial, and studiously Anglo-Saxon style of Newman has remained a model for Anglican homilists till now; it is, indeed, reproduced by no one more systematically than by the former Canon Gore, now Bishop of Worcester, as well as by Bishop Winnington Ingram of London. Such, too, had been the qualities that uniformly characterised the discourses of St. Francis and John Wesley. Like the later pioneers of the Oxford Anglicanism, John Wesley, as St. Francis had done before him, eschewed the adventitious age to devotion of architecture and music.

The great contrast between St. Francis and Wesley is constituted by the utter dissimilarity of the two

spiritual authorities of their times. Lothario Conti, known as Innocent III., the greatest pope of his name, was born for spiritual rule. Succeeding Pope Celestine III. in 1198, he raised the Roman See to its highest point of spiritual and temporal power. He adjudicated between Germany's two imperial claimants to the crown of Cæsar. He brought Philip Augustus of France to his knees by compelling him to rehabilitate and receive the wife Ingeborg, whom he had cast off. After that the subjugation of the English king, John, seemed a minor exploit. In the same way, Innocent proved equal to the task of managing without the danger of alienating the spiritual forces whose exercise made St. Francis the ecclesiastic of his century. The son of the Wakefield draper who, from being a royal chaplain and a divinity professor at Oxford, became primate in 1737 had merits of a substantial kind. He was not cast in the mould of Innocent. Archbishop Potter, indeed, found himself pitted against an insubordinate so imperious as perhaps to have been unmanageable, even against an Innocent himself. Whether had it been delayed for a generation the work of Wesleyanism might have been done within the pale of the Establishment is a question to which only a conjectural answer can be given. As matters were, Wesley's achievements, even in their relation to the national Church, were not merely of a disintegrating kind. The great reformer first reached the Kingswood colliers and after them the industrial orders at large. Soon his appeals awoke echoes that thrilled the middle and

the upper classes alike. Justification by faith, the saving of the individual by a distinct transaction between his Maker and himself, were doctrines which needed to be enforced anew in Wesley's day, as they had needed to be formulated by St. Paul and to be revived by Martin Luther. The decorous ethics of Anglicanism throughout the whole community were quickened by the spiritualising agency of the new evangelicalism. Soon the prosperous trader, the more educated among the smaller country squires, began to share the experiences of the humblest converts. In a word, personal religion had become an institution. The way was thus open for the philanthropical and religious progress that set in during the last half of the eighteenth century. The ignorance of the masses, the barbarity of the penal code, the deplorable condition of prisons, lunatic asylums and other places of detention at home, the inhumanity of the slave trade abroad—such were the abuses now for the first time regarded as reproaches, whose responsibility rested not less with the individual than with the nation. English households were arming themselves against every form of oppression. Scores of families ceased to take sugar because it was the product of slave labour. In 1698 was founded the Christian Knowledge Society; it soon received liberal support; it employed its growing resources to circulate Bibles, good books generally, and to found charity schools. The Gospel Propagation Society received its charter June 16, 1701. These societies still existed in Wesley's time. They had, however, lost all their earlier

unction as well as much of their usefulness. The universities in the reigns of the first two Georges were more corrupt and unproductive of good men than they had been at any time since Edward VI. It was for evangelicanism to reanimate old and dormant agencies as well as to create new. In 1781 Thomas Raikes, of Gloucester, organised the Sunday School system. The year 1784 witnessed the consecration of the first Anglican bishop beyond seas. In 1799 Roland Hill, an independent Tory M.P., described in the *Rolliad* as "Friend to King George, but to King Jesus more," took a leading part in founding the Religious Tract Society. At the same time his brother evangelical, the son of Venn, of Huddersfield—John Venn, rector of Clapham—founded the Church Missionary Society (the London Missionary Society is of rather earlier date, having held its first meeting November 4, 1794). From the end of the eighteenth to the first quarter of the nineteenth century the Clapham Sect, with Zachary Macaulay, Romaine, Wilberforce, as well as Venn, among its managers, was a legislative not less than a religious force. Having founded the Church Missionary Society, it completed its anti-slavery labours by adding, in 1833, the Slave Emancipation Act to the Abolition Act of 1807.

The National Society, founded in 1811, may be said to have crowned the edifice of voluntary education, whose foundation several of the other bodies already mentioned had helped to lay. But for the humanising and spiritualising work of Wesley throughout the land, none of these later movements would

have prospered to the extent they actually did. "*Homo sum, nihil humani a nec alienum puto,*" the hackneyed words of Terence, had now received a new meaning. Whatever their home, station, and interests, men were practically showing their conviction that nothing human could fail to concern them. If Warren Hastings had not first been arraigned before the tribunal of public conscience, he would not have confronted Burke's denunciations in Westminster Hall. The ill-used Caribbees in the Island of St. Lawrence became the object of a like sympathy. The sensibilities of England, enlisted for Italian freedom by Garibaldi under Queen Victoria, had been excited in an earlier century by the Corsican patriot, Paoli, against the domination of his native island, first by the Genoese, then by the French. About the same time the struggles of the Poles to protect the remnants of their independence against the rapacity of the more powerful states which surrounded and were ready to absorb them, won the sympathetic admiration of the multitude, now not less interested in the politics of Europe than of their own island. Yet the noble endeavours in every field which followed the Wesleyan revival seemed on the death of George III. in 1820 scarcely to have purified or coloured the central current of the national or ecclesiastical life. The bishops, with rare exceptions, were not so much spiritual leaders as amiable scholars in little touch with their clergy, in still less with the body of their countrymen. For the most part these prelates led a life of cultured and dignified ease. They went

to Court with periodical regularity. As peers of Parliament, they supported the minister who had appointed them. They edited Greek plays. They elucidated certain points of classical scholarship in treatises more or less learned and sound. They entertained the county at their palaces. When, in their stately chariots, they made a progress through their dioceses, they accepted the hospitality of their inferior brethren or of the territorial magnates on their line of march. The religious school to which they uniformly belonged was still the evangelical. They perpetuated nothing, and would, indeed, have regarded as dangerous the religious fervour of that school's founders.

Already, however, had been accumulated the materials for a spiritual reaction of a character and tendency entirely opposite to the Wesleyan revival. Among the earliest members of the Christian Knowledge and Gospel Propagation Societies had been Robert Nelson, born in 1656; he had been a pupil of George Bull, successively rector of Stroud, Archdeacon of Llandaff, and Bishop of St. David's. Nelson had so distinguished himself in science as to become, while under twenty-five years of age, a Fellow of the Royal Society. Soon after that he made the grand tour of Europe; during it, in 1683, he became the convert of Bossuet and Cardinal Howard to the Roman communions. In 1710, after some years of association with the non-jurors, he rejoined the Church of his birth, though he remained a Jacobite and refused to pray for Queen Anne. Nelson's literary activity and influence may be

judged from the fact that of his devotional works that entitled the *Fasts and Festivals* circulated 10,000 copies in a little more than four years. Like his preceptor, Bull, he enforced and illustrated the high Anglican tradition as it had descended from Bishop Andrewes to Laud, thence to Ken of New College, Oxford, author of the morning and evening hymn, bishop of Bath and Wells, and Thomas Wilson, the distinguished product of Trinity College, Dublin. Such were the earlier predecessors of the Oxford Anglicans (1840-3). That movement had its later heralds in the London High Churchman, Joshua Watson, and in Hugh James Rose, of Trinity, Cambridge, at whose Suffolk Rectory was held, in 1833, the Hadleigh Conference, which ushered in the Tractarian developments. The ecclesiastical soil had now been prepared for John Keble. A prodigy of infantile learning, Keble had been so carefully trained by his father in other matters than High Churchmanship, that at fifteen he gained an open scholarship at Corpus, Oxford, at eighteen a Double First Class in Classics and Mathematics, a year later the English and Latin Essay, as well as a fellowship at Oriel. Those extraordinary acquirements were combined with a boy's capacity for healthy enjoyment, a poet's insight into life or character and command of delicate language. *The Christian Year* had been written by him long before the stirring of the academic waters. In 1831 he succeeded Copleston as Professor of Poetry at Oxford. Acting in the closest concert with Hurrell Froude, Newman and Pusey, he became a chief power in the new High

Churchmanship; by his Assize Sermon, June 14, 1833, on "National Apostasy," he was held by Pusey to have sounded the note that first thrilled Churchmen with a sense of the greatness of their spiritual heritage, and of the dangers to it at the hand of a Government that knew no principle but one of Erastian Utilitarianism, and had just shown its confiscating appetite by introducing a Bill for the suppression of ten Irish bishoprics. The Puritan revival under the later Tudors and the earlier Stuarts, notwithstanding its Calvinistic associations, had shown little sympathy with Calvinism itself, and had emphasised the moral responsibility of man. The evangelicalism of the eighteenth century had brought into prominence the personal relations between the Redeemer and the individual. The central idea of the *Tracts for the Times* of their writers and their friends was intellectually and morally to vindicate the sacramental aspects of the Church's doctrine and life. To-day Renn Dickson Hampden is remembered, if at all, chiefly as the writer of an article on Aristotle in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* that, minutely mastered, enabled many Oxford men in the old days to find themselves in the First Class. In 1832 his lectures on the scholastic philosophy threatened the integrity of the English Church. His successive appointments, in 1833, in 1834, and in 1836, to the principalship of St. Mary's Hall, to the Moral Philosophy and Divinity Chairs, did the High Churchmen infinite service by rallying them to their leaders against the common foe. In 1847 Hampden's appointment by Lord John Russell to the bishopric

of Hereford produced a storm that was to break out again when, twenty-one years later, the High Church premier, Gladstone, nominated a future primate, Dr. Temple, to the See of Exeter. After the Hampden fires had died out, Newman, as undoubted leader of the Oxford Anglicans, proceeded to adjudicate on the rival claims of Lambeth and the Vatican. Human sin, error, and infirmity had marred the Divine purpose with regard to the Church. Hence a loss of unity in its government, and an interruption in communion between its parts. How could be re-established ecclesiastical harmony under the Divine Head? The surviving use of the Sacraments and episcopal government suggested an answer. Rome must curtail her claims to monopoly. The Eastern Church must shake off its apathy. The Western Church of England must divest itself of a Protestantism never essential and now menacing to its existence. Such, or something like this, seems to have been the doctrine of the *via media* as propounded by Newman in his lectures on Protestantism. Newman's secession to Rome in 1839 dealt the English Establishment a blow from which, in Disraeli's phrase, it long reeled. Keble, the Mozleys, Pusey, and Isaac Williams remained loyal to the Anglican communion. If the Tractarians could not boast of success, their influence gradually permeated the ecclesiastical activities of their time. They might not retain many thoroughgoing converts in secular life, but among Statesmen or state officials they found at least partial sympathisers, if not disciples, in Roundell Palmer, Montague Bernard, William

Rogers, and W. E. Gladstone. In 1840 was started the *Guardian* newspaper, as the organ of constitutional successors of the old Oxford extremists. Samuel Wilberforce, now Bishop of Oxford, had never actively supported the old Tractarians. With Pusey especially he had differences that were almost bitter. He took, however, a prominent part in promoting the visible and practical results of the men from whose theology he may have dissented. It was largely through his personal efforts within his own diocese and outside it that Church life conspicuously revived, that the fabric and the services of the Church received increasing attention, that the social and intellectual discipline of the clergy themselves underwent a thorough process of reorganisation.

Throughout this period Oriel College formed the intellectual centre of Oxford spiritual and intellectual effort. The collection of great spirits within its four walls gave rise to the saying that the Oriel common-room was like heaven (the remark, as Robert Lowe, then in residence at University, said, was not altogether complimentary to the angels). From the foundation of Keble, Newman and Pusey issued an influence as far reaching as, and exactly the opposite of, theirs. Thomas Arnold, the famous Rugby headmaster, had become a fellow of Oriel in 1815. The strength of his opposition to, and especially a severely slashing article in the *Edinburgh Review* on, Pusey and his friends was beginning to secure for him the evangelical label; and undoubtedly in an increasing degree, as years went on, he had more in common with evangelicals than with any other among the sects of his

time. All the articles of the Creed were firmly and deeply held by him. Especially had he a loyal attachment to the Author of Christianity, colouring all his thoughts, actions, and the whole tenour of his life. On the other hand, he distrusted the personal piety, largely based upon the mere feelings and experiences, about which Wesleyanism said so much. Not less did he dislike and dread the formula, already in the lips of his Liberal friends, "A Free Church in a Free State!" To him the great mass of England was bound up in the religious character of its people. That was a quality only to be secured by bringing the soul of every citizen into personal communion with Jesus Christ. Unlike the other Oriel ecclesiastics, he did not regard the Church as a Divine society, divinely found and apostolically developed. Apostolical succession, absolution, and the sacraments, to these he attached even less of importance than he did to the technical doctrines of justification by faith and of predestination. As a schoolmaster, the chief thing he valued was the training and development of character. There had been a time when the Church and the State were held to signify each the same fact looked at from a different point of view. Arnold now advocated a national Church that should be comprehensive of the entire people, and even of those denominations outside the Establishment. The formularies of such a Church must divest themselves of everything, save those several doctrines whereon all real Christians are practically agreed. This done, it might be left to the different congregations to adopt any mode they pleased of recognising those truths and expressing

them in their worship. That, of course, was to be more of a congregationalist than are the Congregationalists themselves, to use the term by which the descendants of the sixteenth-century Independents are to-day described. The views here attributed to Arnold are implied in the introduction to his sermons on the "Christian Life and Course." The whole of this preparatory part is a polemic against the teaching of Newman as the Oxford High Churchman on Apostolical Succession in its relation to the Sacrament.

It is long since the religious forces now reviewed have ceased to operate, as at first they did, under the personal guidance of single leaders on either side. In some shape or other they continued to exist. Scattered throughout the various bodies of real or professing Christians, they still assert themselves, sometimes when least expected, with something like the old persistence or intensity. Among the disputants the efforts of each to compel his rival to conform to his own usage are at least suspended. The Real Presence in the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper had been advocated by the tractarians as what Mr. Wakeman calls a legitimate part of the deposit of faith.[1] The evangelicals conscientiously denounced that doctrine as idolatrous. Pusey reasserted it with an explicit emphasis that was held to be an advance on the views of Andrewes and Jeremy Taylor. Archdeacon Denison, in 1856, adopted the dogma in two sermons. These were condemned in the Diocesan Court of Wells. The whole proceedings were set aside as irregular. The question was not then pressed

[1] Wakeman's *History of the Church of England*, p. 481.

further. In 1871 the Vicar of Frome repeated those sacramental views in a devotional volume. Another legal argument ensued. Both the Ecclesiastical Court of the Province and the Privy Council held the vicar (W. J. E. Bennett) not to be punishable for inconsistency with the formularies of his Church. The theologians on the other side now concentrated their efforts on attacking as illegal the High Church ceremonial which symbolised the objectionable dogma. It then appeared that the ornaments' rubric in the Prayer Book of Edward VI. allowed, if it did not enjoin, that ritual. Several other cases, involving similar issues, were now tried. On each the Privy Council's decision went against the Ritualists; these, however, persisted with the incriminated services and vestments. In 1874 Archbishop Tait introduced in the House of Lords a measure that, on the second reading debate in the House of Commons, was adopted by Disraeli as a Government Bill. "This," said the then premier, amid the tempestuous cheers of his hearers, "is a measure to put down the Mass in masquerade" (otherwise known as Ritualism). The Public Worship Act, as this legislation came to be known, substituted for the ecclesiastical courts of the two provinces a parliamentary court, in the first instance, to take cognisance of all ceremonial disputes. The competence of the jurisdiction was extensively denied. Public opinion did not support the new machinery. The bishops, unsupported out of doors, refused leave to prosecute. Shortly before his death Archbishop Tait owned to having made a mistake. He agreed with a Commission in 1881, which reported against the state

of things produced by the Public Worship Act of 1874. Tait's hand had been withdrawn ten years when, in 1892, was concluded the proceedings against Dr. King, Bishop of Lincoln. That favourite disciple of Pusey had been accused of illegal sacramental practices. The Episcopal Tribunal at Lambeth, which first heard the case, ordered to be discontinued "the breaking the bread, and the taking the cup, not before the people." The other counts in the indictment they dismissed. The bishop appealed to the Privy Council on the two prohibited points. That appeal produced nothing more definite than the reconsideration and, to some extent, the overruling by the Privy Council of certain points involved in earlier cases.[1] That settlement does not seem to have proved final or universally obligatory. The tendency is for the bishops to discourage proceedings against the Romanising clergy, who protest they are but reviving the Anglican practices legalised under the Tudors, though since, too often, fallen into desuetude. The laity have become generally indifferent or universally tolerant. At the present moment they do not know what is legal and what is not in the Anglican ritual. The ecclesiastical rulers show a disposition to sanction or tolerate the practices countenanced by the majority of the worshippers at a particular church. The clerical anarchy, though for the most part veiled by decorum, is thus tolerably complete. Events seem to favour the probability of the ritual, involving, as it does, the doctrinal, of the

[1] Wakeman's *Church of England*, p. 486. The details here do not seem exactly to coincide with those given in the 22nd Edition of Haydn's *Dictionary of Dates*, 1898.

national Church being replaced by the adoption of those principles of congregationalism which leave it for the regular attendants at the services to decide in what manner they should be conducted. How far such a disposition may affect the history of the Establishment cannot yet be predicted.

Intestine feuds have not had the effect of paralysing the activities or impairing the usefulness of the Church. More than half a century has elapsed since the secession of Newman was thought by some to sound the knell of Anglicanism. During that time have been created six new bishoprics in England and close upon seventy abroad. Apart from the suffragans, or assistants, two hundred and fifty bishops are now subject to Canterbury. Canada has an archbishop of its own. In 1867 was held at Lambeth the Pan-Anglican Conference of prelates from every part of the English-speaking world. The office, therefore, in which, on February 12, 1903, in Canterbury Cathedral, with imposing ceremony, Dr. Randall Davidson was confirmed has therefore become of Imperial dignity. The highest tribunals in the land, by the rulings in the Frome case (1871) already mentioned, have extended the Church's pale in the direction of Rome, as by the Gorham case (1850), asserting the doctrine of baptismal regeneration not to be compulsory, they had extended it towards Geneva. Midway between these two opposite movements occurred the events that ended by confirming the claim of the Broad Churchmen to remain in the national communion. The changes and discontents following the Reform Bill of 1832 produced certain successive efforts to

reconstruct the social fabric in such a way as to promote general happiness, or at least content. The Puseyite organisation of 1833 had been followed by the picturesquely amiable efforts of the well-born and well-to-do politicians, who were Disraeli's personal adherents—the Young England party, whose composition was so redolent of Old Judea. In 1848 came the Christian Socialists. The lay workers among these had founded a co-operative tailoring association, in which wages were paid according to the quality of the work done, but profits were divided among all. Charles Kingsley and F. D. Maurice were among the chief clerical leaders of that body. Its work marks the date to which may be referred the beginning of a new Church party, consisting of liberal-minded and highly-cultivated clergymen conscientiously opposed to ecclesiastical exclusiveness, whether of dogma or of life. In March, 1860, the Oxford representatives of that little school published the volume *Essays and Reviews*. The book at first almost fell flat. A year later it was discovered to contain pernicious or heretical ideas. Two counterblasts to it were quickly forthcoming in the Bishop of Oxford's *Replies*, and in the *Aids to Faith*, edited by Provost Thomson, of Queen's College, afterwards Bishop of Gloucester, and Primate of the North. In June, 1864, the original volume was condemned by Convocation. Two of the clerical contributors, Williams and Wilson, were sentenced to suspension for a year—a penalty afterwards revoked by the Privy Council on appeal. It was his paper, "The Education of the World," in this work which raised the storm against Archbishop Temple on the

beginning of his episcopal course at Exeter. The eventual toleration by law of all the essayists and reviewers further enlarged the Anglican boundaries, so as to include the whole latitudinarian school.

At first the Broad Churchmen found some allies amongst the evangelicals. Since then they have been reinforced by the adhesion, on at least some points, of the latest masters of High Anglicanism. Dr. Pusey lived long enough to lament the free-thinking proclivities in the volume *Lux Mundi*, shown by those who called themselves his disciples, especially Canon Gore, since Bishop of Worcester. For the present, however, the liberalism of the *Lux Mundi* theologians is eclipsed by, or merged in, their ultra-orthodox sympathies. Such, at the beginning of King Edward's reign, are the different spiritual and intellectual forces most actively operating in the Church. The Prince Consort's theological traditions combine with the religious tolerance of his son in favour of Broad Churchmanship at Court. Not indeed that Queen Victoria's husband took any form of spiritual neology under his protection. His sound Christianity and innate statesmanship prevented his doing that. But the intellectual atmosphere which he had inhaled most deeply favoured a sufferance in all Church matters of every school, not necessarily hostile to Christian revelation. The Court of Edward VII. is not likely to be wanting in the same spirit of charity. It also, as has been seen, sympathises with the decorative taste of the age. The fashionable divinity of the period, being a blend between the latitudinarian and the ornamental, must commend itself to royalty.

Archbishop Davidson is not without signal qualifications for impartially disciplining these diverse elements among his clerical subjects. Edward VII. is no more likely than was Queen Victoria to allow the most trusted of his premiers a free hand in selecting the head officer of the Church, whose head, under Christ, he himself is. When, in 1868, Disraeli, at that time premier, submitted to the sovereign Dr. Ellicott as his nominee for Canterbury, the Queen promptly negatived the suggestion, and signified that her choice was Tait. Dr. Davidson has the advantage of being not only Tait's son-in-law, but his compatriot, with a full measure of the shrewd tactfulness proper to the Scot. So late as the middle of the last century Dr. Davidson's appointment would have been universally hailed as one of the old orthodox kind, equally creditable to the nominating premier and advantageous to the Church. Bishop or archbishop making had not then become the complex and critical task which in the twentieth century it is rightly regarded as being. William IV. thought everything necessary had been done when, to the newly-created spiritual father, on doing homage, he administered an oath that the new prelate would support the King and his ministers, and would always oppose those d——d Whigs. Queen Victoria's first premier, Lord Melbourne, complained that the bishops were always dying to spite him, just as her last premier, Lord Salisbury, accused the bishops of taking off his new umbrellas from the Athenæum Club. The Greek play bishop, the prelate who had been a headmaster, or a famous college tutor, mingling some

of Porson's learning with a cleanliness of life never possessed by that great scholar, had by no means gone out of date when the duty of distributing mitres fell to Lord Palmerston. "That wretched Pam" was the phrase, *apropos* of that function, applied by Samuel Wilberforce to the statesman, simply because Palmerston did not take even Melbourne's intellectual interest in theology, but left the choice of prelates to his evangelical relatives, Lord and Lady Shaftesbury. The one survivor (February, 1903) of the Palmerstonian appointments to the Bench, Charles John Ellicott, vindicates the much criticised promotions of that minister, just as Victoria's veto already referred to on Dr. Ellicott's elevation to St. Augustine's Chair reminds one that a primate's manufacture is not entirely a prime minister's work. His ready acquiescence in his sovereign's suggestion of Tait for Lambeth attests Disraeli's wisdom in that province of his duties. Lord Salisbury went through this work nearly as well as his old political chief; he recognised the growing representative significance of the Broad Church and High Church alliance by appointing the editor of *Lux Mundi* to the See of Worcester. Mandell Creighton, transferred from Peterborough to London on Temple's translation to the primacy, was a recognition of historical eminence like that rewarded in the case of William Stubbs by the Chester bishopric in 1884, and translation to Oxford five years later. In virtue of family descent, Lord Salisbury's nephew and successor is a metaphysician by birth. In his various writings, from his work on *Philosophic Doubt* to his magazine article on Doctor Clifford, he has

shown himself a theological amateur by taste. His choice of Doctor Randall Davidson for the primacy may be regarded at once as an act of avuncular piety and the acceptance of the inevitable. No Churchman of his epoch had been in such strict training during so long a time for the succession to Benson. No Churchman of any epoch had, by reason of his primary ecclesiastical connections, been consulted so habitually by courtiers and statesmen in the award of croziers. Archbishop Davidson's idea in things pertaining to the Church have been called the ideas of his father-in-law. More correctly it might be said that they are more immediately derived from, as well as visibly coloured by, the personal prejudices of Mrs. Tait, by birth a member of the strongly clerical family of Spooner. Before and since Mrs. Proudie's day the bishopess has generally felt a more vivid consciousness than her inferior half of the dignity of direct succession to the apostles. The primate, consecrated February 12, 1903, may be trusted so to use his high position as to avoid all those sins, whether of omission or commission, which Mrs. Tait would chiefly have disapproved. It was the late Archdeacon Hessey, sometime headmaster of Merchant Taylors' School, not as some have ludicrously conjectured Archdeacon Letroy, who remarked that if ever a Churchman were born with a gold spoon in his mouth it was Randall Davidson. King Edward and his Queen are known to favour a reasonable amount of picturesque ceremonial in religious worship. Herein they both show themselves the true representative of their time. It is an æsthetic or decorative age. A sovereign or a

metropolitan who, in devotional matters, ignored or discouraged the decorative element would be an anachronism. His exceedingly sensible and courageous refutation of the wholesale charges of irreligion brought against Board Schools and School Boards is only one of many instances conclusively proving Dr. Temple's successor to combine with the social temper of the serious courtier and discreet man of the world more of manly independence than courtiers usually dare to show, and a good deal less subservience to convention than marks a majority of Dr. Davidson's contemporaries at the Athenæum Club.

"We all like him very much. We all think he will do very nicely. At the same time, we could some of us perhaps wish he treated us a little less as if we were costermongers." Such was the verdict of a very fashionable, very excellent but, at the same time, very shrewd lady on the remarkable divine who followed Mandell Creighton at London House and at Fulham. Bishop Gore exemplifies the High Church tendency towards a *rapprochement* with the Higher Criticism. Bishop Ingram illustrates the fashionable sympathy between High Churchmanship and the most popular affinities of Christian Socialism. There are drawing-rooms in Eaton and Grosvenor Squares whose young mistresses, being disciples of the metropolitan prelate, hold Sunday afternoon classes for the street arabs from the adjoining slums. These benefactresses of their kind sometimes are beholden indirectly to the good bishop for some droll experiences. A few years ago, after tea and buns, as a prelude to Bible lessons and hymns, it occurred to the

Belgravian hostess that she might as well know the names of her humble guests. The first name received was "Fred Archer"; this had no sooner been given than the young lady was surprised by observing a mysterious smile on the face of the answerer of her question, communicating itself to the rest of the company. When the second boy answered "Fordham" and the others gave like replies, the fair philanthropist was startled to observe the smile growing into a general laugh. It began to dawn upon her that in some way or other she must be the object of her visitors' fun. It was not a congenial preliminary to devotion. The Sabbath receptions were discontinued, notwithstanding that the hostess remained innocent of the joke till the divine under whose advice she acted explained that these cherubs of the gutter and of the mews must have been personating, so far as patronymics went, the favourite jockeys of the period. In these days the lowest cockney patois has succeeded to the vogue formerly enjoyed by blue china, sunflowers, and other symbols of the æsthetic cult, that had its high priests in the Maudle Posthlewaite whom Du Maurier's pencil introduced to the public. The costermongers' bard and vocalist, Mr. Albert Chevalier, as already mentioned, enjoys the smiles of two Imperial sovereigns and Courts. "The greatest poet of patriotism, since the days of Tyrtæus," as Mr. Rudyard Kipling was recently described by a distinguished Oxford admirer, perhaps reached as high as Parnassus itself in his fine lines, "Lest we Forget." On the other hand, in the gentler lyrics, which, in Longfellow's phrase, "come

from the heart," Mr. Kipling can descend from his aërial heights to the vernacular of the music-hall or to the eloquence of the pavement. Here he displays a quality which Bishop Ingram, and to some extent Bishop Gore, share with him. It is, perhaps, an acquired taste that can be sure of appreciating even the bard of Tommy Atkins in all his moods. Scarcely less of special education is wanted to ensure at their real worth the recognition of the London prelate's colloquial methods with the fine flower of the blasphemous Whitechapel and *crême de la crême* of the atheistic cobblers of Bethnal Green. But a fact, absolutely uncontestable, it is that the episcopal gaiters never enclosed a pair of episcopal legs whose owner even approached Bishop Winnington Ingram in skilful and effective dealing with the industrial reprobates whom the evangelical Christian reader or perhaps the London missioner has at last given up for incorrigibles. That suggests only a small portion of the power exercised by this notable wearer of the mitre. Throughout his diocese, as well as in all the many places where he has served, Dr. Ingram has proved himself, in the modern phrase, a magnetic man, and a good deal more. He not only attracts in numbers unprecedently large young men of worth and promise to the service of Christianity in the roughest spheres of work; he inspires those who serve under him or who in casual contact touch him with the same zeal as animates himself, or as stirred Edward Denison and Arnold Toynbee before him. Such are some of King Edward's Churchmen, who, in other ways than that which is obvious and upon the

surface, may be affecting the near future of Christianity as by law established in England. Parliament-made statutes, Privy-Council issued inhibitions and prohibitions—these are the things kicked against by many among the rising generations of hard-working and ardent clerics, who, nevertheless, insist upon their readiness humbly to obey their rulers in Christ, provided only those superiors be quite free from that Erastian taint some of whose corruption would seem of necessity to attach to every priest or deacon of an Established Church. It is a critical position—the more so that, while the resoluteness and organisation of the successors of the Oxford Tractarians seem daily on the increase, no visible progress for some time has been made by the still existing followers of Simeon and Venn in the once talked-of movement towards reunion among evangelicals within and without the Anglican pale.

While the strength of the national Church is being shown in its capacity to produce personal powers, like those just mentioned, Nonconformity has equal reason to be satisfied with its wealth of resource. The death of the greatest preacher seen by London since C. H. Spurgeon—Joseph Parker—threatened to leave a vacancy that could not be filled. Within a very short time Dr. Parker's worthy successor was found in a young Nonconformist minister in a Sussex town. Mr. R. J. Campbell, of Brighton, presented a contrast at every point to Parker. He at once showed, however, the same power of holding the attention of large and representative congregations. Dr. Horton, of Hampstead, as regards intellectual training and pulpit

methods, closely resembles the young Congregationalist pastor now installed at the City Temple. These are experiences that repeat themselves in other denominations of Protestant Dissenters.

CHAPTER XII

THE STATESMAN BY THE THRONE

The imperceptible change of England from an aristocracy to a democracy—Contrast in this respect between ourselves and France—The decline of the English squirearchy—Rise of the middle class—Joseph Chamberlain at its head—Revival of the Caucus, controlled by Mr. Chamberlain—Mr. Chamberlain's severance from Mr. Gladstone—His subsequent rise to his present great position—Mr. Chamberlain never a Gladstonian—His tastes opposed to Gladstone's—Causes of Mr. Chamberlain's success—His intimacy and sympathies with the late Admiral Maxse—Mr. Chamberlain's appearance before and after his separation from Gladstone—The widespread dissatisfaction at the Home Rule Bill of 1886—Mr. Chamberlain's opinions on Ireland—His popularity.

A FRENCH writer on English politics has entertainingly explained the peaceful evolution of English democracy by an adaptation of Charles Lamb's famous account of the origin of roast sucking-pig. The facts may be briefly recapitulated. At a remote epoch, in an obscure corner of China, a small house was destroyed by fire; inhabitants and furniture all perished. The neighbours busied themselves with the decent burial for the charred body of him who had owned what was now a heap of ashes. For

a little pig discovered among the ruins the most appropriate sepulchre seemed the stomach. It had been cooked to a turn, and proved the daintiest of morsels. A new luxury was in this way discovered. The appetite thus created had to be satisfied. But how, except by first repeating the original conflagration? Accordingly two or three little cottages were deliberately burned to the ground. At last, during one of these preparatory fires, a villager, wiser than the rest, suggested that the desired luxury might possibly be brought to table without any wholesale incendiarism. A sucking-pig was accordingly found, cooked in the ordinary way, and proved not less delicious than if a palace had been burned down during the process. Such, the local sage had suggested, would prove the case. The philosopher was acclaimed a king the whole countryside and worshipped as a god. That wise man, adds the French critic of his countrymen, has yet to appear among us. We still consider it necessary to burn a house to cook a pig—that is, to have a revolution if we would see anything like progress. "Why not," he goes on to ask with humorous pathos, "rather emulate the less legendary and more destructive proceeding of the German poet's grandfather, Gaspar von Goethe? He, when his house needed reconstruction, repaired and rebuilt it, one room and one storey at a time. In this way his family had no reason to quit the premises all the time." That, indeed, is the mode in England. There, during the last quarter of a century, society has been in a state of perpetual flux, has passed from aristocracy to democracy without any

burning down, without even a crisis, without, in fact, men having been aware of what was going on; so gradual and peaceful has been the metamorphosis of institutions and of character. England, the monarchical and patrician, has given birth to a veiled republic with a royal figure-head, while under the influence of anæsthetics she has known nothing of the pangs of parturition. Strictly speaking, indeed, the transformation commenced at a much earlier date, proceeding from the first in the delightfully unconscious manner wherein perfidious Albion contrives to do these things. While the aristocratic polity, reflected in Burke's writings, politically conducted by Pitt, was seemingly being confirmed, that minister, brought into power by the party of the royal prerogative, established the oligarchy which was soon to make way for a system purely popular. The period between the first quarter of the eighteenth and the close of the nineteenth century in the French observer's eyes was filled with revolutionary changes. In France each of them would have set the whole building on fire. In England the entire series did not involve the need of so much as changing a room. From 1714 to 1760, almost without a break, the Whigs were in power. The seven decades between 1760 and 1830 witnessed a nearly uninterrupted turn of Tory administration. The Reform Act of 1832 doubled the electorate. The next Act of 1867 increased it by six millions more. The years separating these two measures were a time of transition. The House of Commons was an aggregate of interests rather than a popular chamber, alternately swaying towards the Man-

chester school of non-intervention and the militant territorial Whig swagger of Palmerston. The socio-political gospel of the age insisted on the acquisition of wealth as the first duty of man. That was natural enough for an age that beheld successively the Corn Laws Repeal, the Irish famine, the Anglo-French commercial treaty, the development of railways, of steam navigation, and the institution of Colonial self-government. In 1868 the Conservative dispensation of Household Suffrage began to be followed by the legislative feats of Gladstonian Liberalism. The Irish Church ceased, as an establishment, to exist. The same stroke that swept away purchase in the Army dealt a blow at the House of Lords. Primary education was made compulsory by the Liberals in 1870, to become, twenty years later, gratuitous under the Tories. In 1884–5, by agreement between the two parties, household franchise extended itself from town to country. Some 1,200,000 peasants were added to the electorate, whose total thus amounted to the 6,000,000 already named. It is, therefore, just thirty-six years since the foundations of English democracy were fully laid, rather less than twenty since the structure was completed. Instead of attempting the narrative of this evolution it may be looked at now in some of its personal results in the political system presided over by King Edward.

As a fact, indeed, the narrative of our democratic progress naturally concentrates itself in the career and person of one man. In the account already given of King Edward's Court, Sir Nigel Kings-

cote, a Gloucestershire squire of many acres and old descent, has appeared as the one representative near to the throne of the country gentleman who, till the eve of the Victorian age, was an English power only second to the Sovereign or his great territorial nobles. The landed aristocracy consisted of several degrees. Between them they blocked all the approaches to public power. This not in virtue of caste privilege; that had never existed here. Its authority has rested on its possessions and its social influence. The towns were comparatively few, separated by long distances from each other, and of no great importance. Their inhabitants were chiefly traders and artisans. Their fashions were set by the local ideal of a leisured and well-to-do gentleman. Such was the rural proprietor, the squire, whose patronage conferred upon the urban resort of farmers and drovers the dignity of the county town. That personage, unlike the corresponding class in old France, found little attraction in the Court and the capital. For the most part he preferred a country life on his estate. Here he passed most of the year. At occasional dinner-parties, once a quarter at Quarter Sessions, he met his brother landlords, as well as, now and then, the more considerable of the commercial or professional dwellers in the neighbouring towns. Thus was performed all the local business, from the punishment of petty criminals to the nomination of parliamentary candidates. In the third volume of his recent work, *La Convention*, M. Jaurés, with many interesting and instructive illustrations, has proved anew the French Revolution in the eighteenth century to have been primarily a middle-class move-

ment. The English middle class, recognised with reluctant contempt by the squire, could never have been an agency of that kind in England. Here the lawyer class never rose to political importance, notwithstanding the help of the petty persecution which, during the fourteenth century, had closed the House of Commons against them. Thus the ruling order of England practically encountered no opposition. The political estate of the clergy had helped to secure the great charter from King John. In modern England it had become merely a branch establishment of the squirearchical order. The clergy, indeed, were generally the cadets or dependents of county families. They had been at school and college with the squires. They took fence by fence together with him in the hunting-field. They shot with him in his game preserves. They ate from the same plate, drank from the same cup, played for the same stakes at the whist-table. Before English democracy could exist the homogeneity of these governing arrangements had to be destroyed.

The distinguished individual who, more than any other single man, has been the chief instrument in that destruction is to-day the most powerful of King Edward's subjects. He is also the chief, the idol, and the champion of the classes and interests that, earlier in his career, rightly saw in him their most dangerous foe. It is necessary now to go back a little. During the debates, just a generation since, on the recasting of the now democratised constituencies, much was said of checks upon the absolutism of the masses and of minority of representation. Lord

Cairns's motion, providing that in three-cornered constituencies no elector could vote for more than two candidates, was only one of several attempts in that direction. That effort succeeded in Parliament, only to provoke an organised agency to defeat it out of doors. Such was the movement that roused the energies of Mr. Chamberlain and first familiarised English ears with the Caucus. Strictly speaking, that word was less a novelty than a revival. Towards the close of the eighteenth century the public shock caused by the loss of the American Colonies, the huge sums spent on bribing Members of Parliament, or maintaining sinecures for them and their friends, produced scandals, ending in a demand for economic and parliamentary reform. To promote those ends, on the initiative of Yorkshire, county committees were appointed. Associations of the French Revolution prejudiced Englishmen against the sinister phrase, "corresponding committees." The word "calkers" on the other side of the Atlantic had already produced the nomenclature "Caucus." Birmingham, by way of reply to the minority clause in the 1867 Reform Act, was about to give a fresh illustration of the dissyllable's real meaning. Until, in the nineteenth century, at Birmingham, began the perfecting of democratic machinery, the nucleus of all political organisation was the whips on either side at Westminster. These are the stage managers of the parliamentary play, working in the dark, and unknown to the general public. To the people are responsible the Prime Minister and his colleagues. Those indicate

the main line of action; they leave to the parliamentary under-strappers the business of keeping an eye on the actors, of thus ensuring that each man is in his place.

It was not, however, to party organisation at Westminster that during the last quarter of the nineteenth century the advanced Liberals directed their attention, but to the agencies that from the electorate outside they could bring to bear upon the deliberations of Westminster. After the minority clause in the 1867 Reform Act, a fresh rallying point for Midland Radicalism presented itself in the 1870 Education Law. That measure provided for the popular election of School Boards on the cumulative system (such as the method by which electors having votes for several candidates, can concentrate all their suffrages upon one person; in that way a minority can not only carry their man, but make their voice heard against the dominant majority). To nullify the minority vote and the cumulative vote had now therefore become the prime purpose of the extra parliamentary campaign. The Liberal Association was at first enfeebled and almost dispersed by the second blow aimed at the omnipotence of numbers. Its scattered parts, however, were soon to reunite as well as eventually to acquire a new and decisive authority. About this time (1873), came on the political stage of the Midland capital Mr. Chamberlain, at the head of a few loyal and capable satellites (chief among these being the born political organiser Schnadhorst). None of this little band were classical scholars or literary students. George Grate, however,

in his popular *History of Greece*, had vividly brought before them the picture of the Athenian democracy, and of the victories to be won by a sense of citizenship, at once unflinching and intense. The metropolis of the Midlands combined several conditions, eminently favourable for making it the scene of a repetition of the Attic experiment. Though sufficiently prosperous it had not the enormous wealth of the great Lancashire cities. Nor were there any members of the community who had entirely distanced all competitors in the race for riches. There existed also a special opportunity for an ambitious, capable, and patriotic municipal reformer, winning ascendancy over his fellow-townsmen by noble reforms, coming home to the business and the bosoms of the ratepayers. Mr. Chamberlain, becoming mayor, purified and beautified the place by a series of public works. New streets were opened. Slums were demolished. Drainage, sanitation, and pavements were perfected. Public libraries, baths, and hospitals, under improved management, sprang into existence. The municipality was installed in the ownership of its gas and water supply. Like other towns, Birmingham had a Liberal Association; membership of this was open to all, practically without payment. Of that body Mr. Chamberlain obtained control. Superior to all petty vanity, he did not convert it into an instrument of his personal will. He imported to it a new and vigorous life. Above the subordinate committees of the different wards was an executive committee numbering exactly 594 members, but known by the name of the Six Hundred.

Here, as a sort of democratic Doge, Mr. Chamberlain found a loyal, stronger, as well as more numerous council than the chief oligarch of Venice ever commanded. The backwoodsman's axe cleaves a path through the maze of aboriginal forests. Almost such an instrument was that, now wielded by the municipal statesman in the oratory exactly suited to his audience, which on all subjects of national or municipal moment he addressed to the Six Hundred. The subjects were often of extreme difficulty, full of every possible complication, raising innumerable questions of conflicting rights or duties and competing interests. To clear the ground first, then to state his policy, to explain in detail the steps by which it was to be effected. Such was the operation, at the periodical meetings of the body, achieved by its leader, eventually carried through by dint of sheer intellectual strength and tenacity. The Six Hundred supremacy was no mere nominal attribute. The great leaders who have made the House of Commons their instrument are exactly those who have most respected and sedulously consulted the wishes of that assembly. In the same way did the Birmingham dictator deal with the local associations committee. To the Six Hundred in all things belonged the decisive voice. Even John Bright must subject himself to this body before his Parliamentary candidature for the borough became in order.

In the spring of 1886 came the final severance between Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Gladstone. The Liberal Associations had generally followed the aged Statesman in his conversion to Home Rule. Mr. Chamberlain was declared to be gradually lapsing

into the position of a general without an army. By and by some of the Associations, notably that of Leeds, denounced him as a traitor to the Liberal cause. How the erewhile Mayor of Birmingham, who had employed Schnadhorst to create and discipline the Caucus, and through the power with which it had invested him, ruled alike the Cabinet, the Commons, and the country was thought to be on the eve of destruction at the hands of his own creature; how, adhering resolutely to the line he had taken, he recreated in effect the associations throughout the country; how, practically extinguishing their original political colour, he converted them into agents of Conservative rule and of Imperial policy —these are the deeds that summarise the political story of some two decades and constitute a record altogether surpassing that of which any among his contemporaries or predecessors can boast.

It has been exactly as if Mrs. Shelley's Frankenstein, instead of being overmastered by the monster he had manufactured from the spoils of the charnel and the dissecting-room, had succeeded in making the abomination his obedient tool. Other national leaders may have triumphed not less decisively than the Colonial Secretary over the parties with which on first starting they were identified, and the traditional ideas in the conduct of affairs they had been supposed to represent. But those victories were not won as has been the case with Mr. Chamberlain, by the very votes that first seated them in power. The country gentlemen who had nominated him their chief did not enable Peel to

carry free trade in corn. On the contrary, after some groups of personal friends, of new Radicals, of Russell Whigs, and of Tory malcontents had compensated the defections among his own party, Peel's earliest followers rallied round Bentinck and Disraeli, using the Irish Coercion Bill to expel him from office. The absolute uniqueness of his exploit is the measure of the unprecedented power of the man. In the House of Commons Mr. Chamberlain was by two years Lord Randolph Churchill's junior. The latter, however, had made himself felt little at St. Stephen's and in the country not at all until, in his management of Conservatism's organising units, he adopted the tactics of the Birmingham Caucus. Tory democracy, in its origin, is thus not less of a Birmingham product than the new Colonial Imperialism itself. Nor is that historical truth diminished by the fact that the Unionist connection with all its Imperial responsibilities as these exist to-day was first announced to the public by name in a speech of Churchill's delivered at Manchester on March 3, 1886. The General Elections of 1880 had restored Gladstone to power at the head of the most Radical majority ever seen at St. Stephens. Mr. Chamberlain and Sir Charles Dilke, then in close alliance, were spoken of as constituting "a party of two." The Birmingham dictator received priority over the Chelsea baronet in promotion to the Cabinet as being the most representative man in the House of Commons. His public course since then has shown him progressively to reflect the opinions and aspirations of his countrymen more faithfully and widely than has been done by any other person of his generation.

Of that fact in its wider bearings several explanations may be given. One, at the outset, seems of an importance entirely exceptional. Disraeli, as a Jew, leading a proud and patrician party, was at the time an astounding novelty. But antiquity of aristocratic descent as a national attribute was not wanting to the stock whence Disraeli had sprung. The oldest of the county magnates among Disraeli's followers secretly confessed the truth of their leader's literary sneer at the mushroom modernness of the snub-nosed Franks peopling Western Europe ages after the ancient aristocracy of Syria had become historical. Had not Sidonia in *Conings by* told them all this? On the other hand, Mr. Chamberlain had aggressively identified himself with the very latest births of time, whether in the way of material inventions or political theory. It was, indeed, the Birmingham statesman's slightly scornful indifference to the antique tradition in education, arts, and letters that prevented his appreciating those aspects of Gladstone's complex character and taste, which, long after his Liberal evolution, retained for him the friendship and admiration of many among those personal friends who first clung to him when they knew him as, in Macaulay's phrase, "the rising hope of the stern, unbending Tories." An admirer of Gladstone, Mr. Chamberlain never ranked as a Gladstonian. He never, that is, formed one of the inner clique, consisting of an occasional Cavendish, of Phillimores and Russells, who continually supplied his chief henchmen. Compare as to contents and ordering the library of the older statesmen at Hawarden or at any of his London

houses with the book and smoking-room of his junior at Highbury. The domestic surroundings of Gladstone as regards their associations of picturesque feudalism, were those, in an earlier generation, dear to Sir Walter Scott. But for the ancient volumes of patristic theology one might have been in the library at Abbotsford instead of within the earlier home of the books that have since found their resting-place in St. Deniol's hostel. The new oak-panelled apartment at Highbury adjoining the glasshouses of the orchids contains indeed enough to satisfy the lighter moments of any reader, as well as the smokers' more serious hours. But the volumes, at once challenging scrutiny on the shelves by their yellow backs and sides, are proclaimed to be not the classics of Italy, Greece, or of any other land. They are the novels of modern France; foremost among them are Alphonse Daudet's works. Fitly enough, for what reader of that novelist's masterpiece, having also visited Birmingham in the last century, does not recall a striking likeness between the tone in which the French electors proudly as well as fondly spoke of *Roumestan*, "our *Numa*," and the emphasis of voice, the kindling eye, and the glowing tone that marked all references to "our Joe." The sentiment thus shown has been natural and commendable.

The elections of 1886 revealed the existence of a political zone in the Midlands that was nothing more or less than the kingdom of Chamberlain. In virtue of his personal achievements in the metropolis of his monarchy the name of Chamberlain must always be to Birmingham what Pericles was to Athens,

Doria to Genoa, or the Medicis to Florence. The deep letters in which is described throughout the region he inhabits that remarkable personality explain Mr. Chamberlain's victorious survival not only of his comparatively few mistakes but of the hearty attacks from every sort of instrument or strategy known to private bitterness or public hate. The Birmingham magnate is also the first Imperial statesman, produced by the social order to which he has never concealed he belongs. His course from the first has been progressively expansive and logically consistent. His clear-visioned resolution, his accuracy in judging local conditions and commercial tendencies, enabled him to secure for the screw-making firm of Chamberlain and Nettlefold a mastery of the market. The same qualities were next employed by him to render his first magistracy of Birmingham memorable as an era of municipal usefulness and as a school of Liberal statesmanship. The old directness and determination, together with the now perfected or mellowed mastery of clear argumentative direction, were next employed to assert the dominant power of Radicalism among the Liberal forces of Parliament. Travelling another stage onward, reaching the central point of a more stately circumference, he was able to apply to the Greater Britain beyond seas the principles whose triumph he had secured at home. In its spirit and essence his Colonial policy does but illustrate and enforce on a larger scale the ideas which, practically illustrated, have given Birmingham its place in the scale of civic greatness. To treat the Colonies as

estates whose resources needed development was the notion that, on taking his present office, the Secretary of State neatly put into words. The same idea had not only been expressed but acted upon by his predecessors. It had never been exactly phrased in such a way as to possess the minds of all classes in the old country. No minister before his day knew quite so well how not only to interpret, but by that process to dignify the thoughts of the hour. The English democracy, looking at Mr. Chamberlain, sees in him as in a flattering mirror the reflection not only of its own features but its own possibilities. Home Ruler or Unionist, colleague of Gladstone or lieutenant of Salisbury, Liberal or Conservative, Mr. Chamberlain in all these guises is never regarded save as a son of the people and a demagogue (using that last word in its etymologically accurate sense). "The strength of an aristocracy lies in its force, that of a democracy in its ideas." So runs the commonplace of political philosophers. Mr. Chamberlain has shown the world that democracy's most characteristic product may combine the vigour of the new *régime* with the energy of the old. The "new diplomacy" has been the occasion of some jokes. Among Englishmen in international relations, whether of peace or war, the travelling statesman whom, as these lines are written, an entire nation is waiting to welcome home from South Africa, has shown to the whole world that a politician of the new order may and can succeed in all those patriotic capacities wherein Palmerston or Disraeli delighted his generation by never failing.

It has been said that, notwithstanding his early

official apprenticeship, Mr. Chamberlain was never, like his old friend, Mr. John Morley, a Gladstonian. At one time he may have been amenable to Mr. Morley's intellectual influence. Yet at that same stage of his course he was on equally intimate terms with another eminent Radical of his day, and of a very different kind—the late Admiral Maxse. That this gentleman was the original of the chief portrait in Mr. George Meredith's novel, *Beauchamp's Career*, is generally understood. Admiral Maxse, though an advanced politician, always retained the spirit of militant patriotism, suitable to his early profession, confirmed rather than weakened by a cosmopolitan experience, exceptionally varied and interesting. With that friend of other days, who also introduced the French politician, Clemenceau, to English society, Mr. Chamberlain's intimacy was responsible for many comparisons between the arch-Radical of Birmingham and of France. But at each successive point of his evolution, amid all his sectarian associations, the Colonial Secretary has been an Englishman first, a partisan afterwards. He has himself mentioned the persecution by the Stuarts of a nonconforming clerical ancestor of his own as an explanation of his early detestation of religious intolerance. But, as a boy at London University College School, the young Chamberlain, before he had learned to speak in the Edgbaston Debating Society, proclaimed his royalist sympathies with the fervour on that side traditionally proper to extreme youth. Whether as Birmingham resident and mayor, or as Cabinet Minister, he has throughout his course felt and never concealed the

Pauline consciousness of citizenship of no mean city.

The two greatest reputations developed in France after the disasters of 1870-1 were produced by causes exactly opposite. Thiers crowned a long and illustrious career by the endeavour to dissuade his countrymen from, and afterwards denouncing, the war that transferred the Continental leadership from France to Germany. Gambetta, with more patriotism than wisdom, declared for continuing the struggle till the death. The decision, taken by Mr. Chamberlain in 1886, was to exercise a decisive and enduring influence on his place in history, not unlike that which their conduct during the events of fifteen years earlier stamped on the memories of the two French statesmen. The world already knew the master of the hardware capital to be a political force in the country. All political sections were now to acknowledge him as a statesman of common sense. Gladstone's first Home Rule Bill, in effect, consisted of two parts. There was to be an Irish legislature at Dublin of two orders—one representing the householders, the other the propertied classes of a rental not less than £25. The new legislature was to be prohibited from endowing any religious body or creating any religious disability; it was also to be authorised to raise a police force in place of the existing Irish constabulary. The members of the two-headed assembly, sitting in Dublin, were to be excluded from the Imperial Parliament at Westminster, but the Irish people were to pay their share towards Imperial expenses. By way of supplement a few days later was introduced a

Land Purchase Bill. That authorised the Imperial advance of £50,000,000 to the new Government across St. George's Channel for completing the purchases begun under Lord Ashbourne's Act. His criticism of these proposals created a fresh landmark in Mr. Chamberlain's career. It also coincided with a change in the personal appearance and bearing of the man. Before this the expression of confidence habitually worn by his face had been tempered by a look of anxiety as well. His oratory had been an acquired rather than a natural gift. He had taught himself to speak excellently. He made himself speak often, not because the intellectual exercise had any special fascination for him, but because it was a function as essential to a political being as is the circulation of the blood to a physical frame. After the events of 1886 the shadow of anxiety passed away from the resolute physiognomy, never to darken it again. Instead, a quiet and assured smile was always playing over his countenance. His sentences were brightened with the humour of irony or epigram. His manner was jaunty, recalling to many that of Palmerston or Disraeli in their prime. He had, in a word, begun to feel entirely at home in St. Stephen's because he knew he was making himself its master. Many Liberal members, who had not yet seceded from Gladstone, were profoundly dissatisfied with his proposals. Home Rulers themselves complained of the Bill violating the constitutional principle that payers of taxes should have a voice in expenditure. The two orders of the Irish legislature disgusted the Radicals. The Irish Nationalists resented the checks

and balances as an insult to their countrymen. Englishmen of business unanimously regarded as entirely inadequate the Irish security on which the purchase millions of the Land Bill were to be advanced. "My opposition," declared Mr. Chamberlain, amid cheers on both sides, "to Home Rule is only relative and conditional. My opposition to the Land Bill is absolute." The analysis of the material guarantees for repayment of the Irish loan was followed by appeals to English feeling in and out of Parliament, couched in language in which, perhaps for the first time, the speaker rose to the height of real oratory. Yet he had always insisted, he did not deny now, the necessity of some real settlement of the Irish Question. He had already defined the English government of Ireland as a system founded on 50,000 bayonets, a system of centralisation as tyrannously bureaucratic as that by which Russia holds down Poland, by which Austria used to plant her heel on Italy. The Irishman at home cannot move a step or take the slightest interest in any of the municipal or educational matters that touch his daily life without coming into collision with a foreign functionary serving under an alien government but reflecting no shadow of representative authority. Surely, he added, it was almost time to bring to an end the exasperating absurdities of Dublin Castle. Nor even when separating himself from Gladstone had he withdrawn either his hatred of coercion or his alternative scheme of Irish Reform. When he talked of having been a Home Ruler before Gladstone, he meant, indeed, the Home Rule not of Parnell but of Isaac

Butt. That meant a scheme of graduated local autonomy which should give the country municipal liberty, subject to the undiminished majesty of the Imperial assembly at Westminster, just as the local parliaments of the Canadian Dominion are their own masters under the central chamber at Ottawa. The 1886 elections replaced the political sovereignty of the Grand Old Man by that of the Birmingham Imperialist.

Since then, whatever opinions the fact may excite, Mr. Chamberlain has been deepening his position, and by successively enlarging circles extending his influence as the first subject of the British Crown. The Liberal split was, indeed, immediately followed by a series of more or less perfunctory efforts at reunion. The Round Table conferences lasted from the autumn of 1886 into the winter of 1887. The four conditions insisted on by the then Lord Hartington were the retention of the Irish members at Westminster, the supremacy of the Imperial Parliament, the guarantee of Ulster independence, as well as obedience throughout Ireland to the established laws of the country. The negotiations failed, as from the first they were destined to do. Mr. John Morley laid the responsibility of the miscarriage on some stinging expressions of Mr. Chamberlain in a Review article. Mr. Chamberlain himself said it was the fault of Mr. Parnell. The rotundity of the board at which the negotiators sat could not prevent the differences dividing the two political schools from becoming daily more diametrical and insoluble. Mr. Chamberlain himself was meanwhile enlarging the area of his

activities and his fame. His visit in the spring of 1887 to Skye and the neighbouring Scotch islands was almost a royal progress, as well as a rehearsal of his South African journey, yet to come. The Scotch expedition served the national purpose of enabling the traveller, by his addresses to the crofters, to show himself still true to his earlier views of peasant proprietorship. The psychological moment had now come for Mr. Chamberlain to proclaim his coalition with Lord Salisbury by undertaking a mission across the Atlantic for the settlement of the Canadian Fisheries question. At Washington the English envoy found a reception more enthusiastic than had been given to any Englishman since Charles Dickens or the boy messenger, Jaggers, who, a few years ago, was sent with a letter to deliver on the other side of the ocean, and who found himself the lion of the New York season. Since Lord Hartington, in Victorian days, no English squire of dames so universally irresistible had ever entered the smart drawing-rooms of New York. Even these achievements were perhaps eclipsed by the triumphant manner in which, to the Birmingham Six Hundred, the international messenger vindicated his alliance with Lord Salisbury, and proved the only recreant to real Liberalism to have been Mr. Gladstone himself. It was at a banquet given by the Society of the Sons of St. George that he recounted his own performances during the last eighteen months. As for the Washington errand, it had not so much as composed a controversy about fishing rights in Canadian waters as concluded a treaty of alliance between Great Britain and Greater

Britain. It had, in a word, established eternal peace and goodwill between the mother and the daughter of the great Anglo-Saxon race. Mr. Chamberlain's most brilliant disciple on the Conservative side had some years earlier married Miss Jerome, the daughter of a New York financial prince. Mr. Chamberlain matrimonially was now about to pay his Tory pupil the compliment of imitation. On November 15th, 1888, he found a bride in a daughter of those Pilgrim Fathers who more than two centuries earlier had made their westward voyage in the *Mayflower*. Mrs. Chamberlain came from a country that has never known a king. She had no sooner landed in England than she saw her husband received as the political monarch of his country and the welcome of a queen awaiting herself.

CHAPTER XIII

THE EMPIRE'S PARLIAMENTARY PILLARS

The Duke of Devonshire—His former relations with Mr. Gladstone —His humour—His connection with the Liberal Unionist Association—Lord Lansdowne—Lord Selborne—Lord Salisbury—His early life—His journalistic career—His maiden speech—Lord Salisbury as a statesman—Mr. Balfour—Why Mr. Balfour became premier—The support given him by Mr. Chamberlain — The last of the country gentlemen, Lord Iddesleigh and Sir M. Hicks-Beach—Lord Rosebery—The spiteful fairy at his christening—Lord Rosebery as Alcibiades—The secret of Lord Rosebery's succession to Gladstone—The absence of any Harcourtian organisation—Lord Rosebery as a judge of men and as an international worker—Is Lord Rosebery an earnest Liberal?—Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain as complements to each other—Mr. Winston Churchill—Mr. Wyndham—Mr. Brodrick and Lord Curzon—Lord Kitchener—Mr. William Beckett, Sir Howard Vincent, Major Rasch, Mr. Burdett Coutts—The Brighton members—Mr. Pretyman, Mr. C. P. Trevelyan—Sir W. Harcourt—John Morley in relation to Bulwer Lytton—Addison, Macaulay, Burke—Sir Edward Grey—Mr. Herbert Gladstone—Mr. Bonar Law.

AFTER the Home Rule and Liberal rout at the polling booths in 1886 Queen Victoria would have recognised the national feeling had she at once sent for the chief author of the overthrow to form a new administration. Mr. Chamberlain had, indeed,

with decisive effect, made the Radical Caucus the weapon for securing an Unionist triumph. For the rest, the organisation that annihilated Gladstonianism in the 1886 elections was Conservative. The chief marshaller of the victorious forces and supreme director of tactics had been the former Irish Attorney-General, till lately in the front rank of Tory speakers in the Commons, Mr. Edward Gibson, created in 1885 Lord Ashbourne, one specimen of whose enjoyable Irish wit may be given. *Apropos* of Mr. Gladstone's suggestion that some Irish members might remain at St. Stephen's while subjects of Irish interests were being discussed and retire when purely Imperial topics came on, Lord Ashbourne said he reminded him of children allowed to sit with their elders until some risky story was about to be told, when they were sent to play in the garden. Now the Liberal Unionists were not so deeply dear to all Conservatives as they had become to Mr. Balfour. Subsequent differences with respect to filling one of the Birmingham seats showed the new coalition, though reasonably complete, not to have effected a perfect sentimental fusion between the two. Neither as Marquis of Hartington, nor as Duke of Devonshire had the head of the Cavendishes a serious ambition for the premiership. For that office Lord Salisbury's incomparable claims were admitted on all hands. To have made a change would have been to open the door to personal rivalries and sectarian jealousies which might have jeopardised the whole connection. Long, therefore, before the Conservatives were confirmed in their places by the second plebiscite of 1895

it had been virtually settled by the controllers of the two Unionist divisions that Lord Salisbury should remain at the head of affairs so long as his life, his strength, his inclination or Unionism itself lasted.

By a coincidence that may now seem droll it was the incorporation of advanced Radicalism, then represented by Mr. Chamberlain, that first began to detach the Lord Hartington of those days from his Gladstone allegiance. A Liberal indeed that heir to the Cavendish strawberry leaf never at heart was. While outside the Conservative pale he remained the same aristocratic Whig he had been when, in 1859, he first made his mark by moving the resolution in the Commons which threw out the Derby Government. Gladstone's famous "flesh-and-blood" declaration *apropos* of fully enfranchising the working classes had been in 1866 as distasteful to Lord Hartington as, a century earlier, it would have been to the *soi-disant* people's friend—at heart the Whig champion of social privilege—Charles James Fox. To the well-born, fashionable Whigs, such as Charles Greville, the diarist, with whom Lord Hartington had been brought up, life possessed two serious interests: one was politics, the other was the turf. As occupations these pursuits should be confined to the upper classes, well endowed with money and land, to whom expense was no consideration whatever. With the exception of some of the Russells the political descendants of the Whig Committee, who took Charles Fox as their cleverest man for their leader, had always regarded Gladstone as a dangerous character. His genius unhappily made him indispensable; he was to be

tolerated, not trusted, and dispensed with on the first opportunity. What, therefore, must really seem surprising is that the Whig tradition of his family, unmixed with any sympathy for the man, kept the head of the Cavendishes so long the colleague of the greatest popular leader whom the century had seen. At Newmarket, in the Jockey Club, in all sections of society in London, Lord Hartington always had his principal commerce with persons of the Conservative connection. Hence, as Disraeli when in opposition used pleasantly to say, "my early and accurate knowledge of all Gladstone's Cabinet secrets." Something, indeed, of popular fibre marked Lord Hartington's contempt for the *cachet* of fashionableness on which Conservatism piqued itself. The Executive, under West End pressure, was considering whether it should put down working-men's Sunday meetings at the Reformer's Tree. "Really," commented the future Duke of Devonshire, "I don't see how, if you throw Hyde Park open to mobs of well-dressed people during the week, you can keep a rather less well-dressed mob out of it on Sunday." That abrupt, genially scornful way of talk has ever been encouraged rather than resented by those whom the Duke honours with his notice. A slight touch of insolence during the first half of the nineteenth century seemed to impart a piquant flavour to the conversation of humorists less exalted than the Duke. It was successfully cultivated by Theodore Hook. The Duke of Devonshire's qualified congratulation to a colleague who had just settled himself in a particularly good house in South Kensington, "A delightful place,

when you succeed in getting here," was quite in the vein of Hook, whom His Grace, in earliest life, might very well have heard. Though Gladstone's lapses into Radicalism first caused Lord Hartington to distrust his leader; for declared and consistent Radicals themselves, whether at the Reform Club or in the social life of the House of Commons, the Duke, in his pre-ennobled days, showed the same amused toleration as a Whig peer of the old *régime* might have displayed towards Jack Wilkes. The twentieth-century leader of the peers, by taste and temper as well as by birth, was ever a *grand seigneur;* he lived and moved on a level so infinitely above his parliamentary inferiors as to feel himself and his order absolutely beyond the reach of democratic attack. On a certain occasion, as Lord Hartington, he had been hissed by Conservatives within the precincts of the House. It was the sort of thing one might have expected from the Disraelian *canaille*, who still had to be educated up to the grand manner of the Revolution Whigs. Half a generation's close and continuous association with Conservative colleagues has not been considered necessary by the Duke to call for any diminution of his agreeable frankness in commenting upon their personal characteristics. The Liberal Unionist Association has for its chairman a brother academic chancellor (Lord Avebury is to London what the Duke himself is to Cambridge). Its vice-chairman is the Duke's nephew and heir. Its meetings, therefore, resemble a family reunion, at which his grace is free to indulge the vein of naïve humour concealed by him in the gilded chamber.

Mr. Jesse Collings and Mr. Powell Williams have no place in the reconstituted administration. But the present premier, being a much younger man than Lord Salisbury, is not a Conservative of a pronounced type. Mr. Chamberlain is scarcely second to the premier himself. The Foreign Secretary and the First Lord of the Admiralty have both received certificates of sympathy with Liberal ideas from the same ducal critic.

Of those two ministers Lord Lansdowne, from his cosmopolitan training, proficiency in easily talking, with an accent better than that of Paris, correct and idiomatic French, as well as from his family connection with a famous foreign stock, may be said to have been born rather than trained for the succession to Lord Salisbury in the supervision of our foreign relations. At Oxford that consummate judge of well-born youth, Benjamin Jowett, circumstantially predicted for his favourite pupil the line of promotion that he has since trodden. As the Lord Kerry of undergraduate days he combined an urbane stateliness of manner with dignity of gait and general distinction of appearance. "There," pointing to the Kerry of those days, as he strode along the quadrangle, remarked the future master, "goes the nineteenth-century edition of Aristotle's magnificent man who, being worthy of great things, knows that he is so; an invaluable quality after all," added Jowett, "for one who is as sure to be Foreign Secretary in due time in whichever party he chooses as to-morrow's sun is to rise."

Consummate tact is seldom the product of high

breeding alone. Lord Lansdowne's reputed faculty, when he takes pains, of saying the right thing has been shown equally during his private progresses with his wife among his Irish tenantry, in an assembly of Indian chiefs, at his official Foreign Office receptions. It is really a social grace secured by an intellectual guarantee. Every one knows the historic portrait of Lord Castlereagh as he appeared at the Vienna Congress (November 3, 1814). Since that day the British Foreign Office never had a more impressive representative than its twentieth-century chief. Lord Lansdowne's courtierly aptitudes perhaps obscure in him the democratic tendencies discovered by the Duke of Devonshire. He has, however, quiet and deep tenacity of purpose, sustained power of work, as well as a gift, unsurpassed even by Lord Salisbury, of keeping the essential object steadily in sight through a series of complicated negotiations, often threatening to intercept the view. If he does not invariably in the precise way he or the country might desire secure exactly the chiefly desired end, he seldom misses the fruits of discreet compromise. His faculties really seem not yet to have reached their full development. As the slightly bewildering sense of novelty imported by a new reign wears off, he probably will not disappoint even the sanguine expectations of the Oxford tutor who believed his college to be the first training-school on the habitable globe for the private citizen at home and the Imperial statesman abroad.

Of Lord Selborne it must be said that no distinguished father's son was ever the successful object

of paternal care more conscientiously or profitably bestowed. The son-in-law of Lord Salisbury, he has ways more winning and in particular a smile more pleasant than always distinguishes his Cecilian kinsfolk. Lord Selborne's eventual destination may yet prove to be the vice-sovereignty of a self-governing dependency of the Crown.

Lord Salisbury's actual resignation of the premiership had been preceded by many rumours, both of what was and was not coming. Relieved of the Foreign Office by Lord Lansdowne, he was represented as likely to continue indefinitely in harness. Those who took that view could indeed adduce no very reasonable argument in its support. As a public man his career from the first had been brilliant rather than happy. The second Duke of Wellington, with a touch of grim humour, affected to bewail the irony of fate which had given him such a father. The hereditary responsibilities of the young Lord Robert Cecil were of an even more depressing kind. The fancy or the knowledge of some old family friend has drawn a touching picture of a little boy solitarily and tearfully walking up and down the long gallery at Hatfield wherein are the portraits of the Elizabethan founders of the glories of the race. The second marquis, a severe and ambitious disciplinarian, indefatigably impressed on the mind and person of his second son the duty of living up to his most famous forefathers from the Tudor queen's Lord Burleigh downwards. The taunt of being only fit to live with maiden aunts and keep tame rabbits coming from parental lips, according to local tradi-

tions, more than once stung the child. In later years, during the last days of his leadership, with a certain grim touch of pathos, as an expert in these matters, the then premier, *apropos* of complaints against flogging in Board Schools, seemed to put it to their lordships whether, after all, "the discipline we have most of us had has done any permanent mischief." Unless it may have been the period of emancipation from conventional restraints during his gold-prospecting sojourn in Australia, the brightest spot of Robert Cecil's youth probably was his winning of an All Souls' Fellowship in 1853. The same year—the twenty-third of his age—he began public life as member for Stamford. Thus far the London life best known by the future Conservative chief had been the literary Bohemia then existing exactly as it is described by Thackeray in *Pendennis*. Bludyer himself was still briskly flaying the authors of the books he reviewed, who were also the authors of his own dinner. That critic's employer and creator, like, indeed, the critic himself, was seldom seen in Fleet Street. The reviewer lived in the Temple. His editor, an Aberdonian with thin, red hair, a short, rather apoplectic neck, a gourmet and man of pleasure, occupied one of the best set of chambers in the Albany. Here, after 1855, he used to instruct his contributors on Tuesday morning. Here, later in the day, he entertained at dinner, very seldom, if ever, his writers, but often public men of Peelite sympathies, such as the Duke of Newcastle and Sidney Herbert. The first number of the *Saturday Review*, financed chiefly by Beresford Hope, appeared

on November 3, 1855. John Douglas Cook, its conductor, had before then controlled the Peelite organ, the *Morning Chronicle*. For that Robert Cecil, as the twentieth-century Lord Salisbury, is among the few survivors of Cabinet rank who wrote regularly. The others are Sir William Harcourt and Mr. John Morley. Never before or since could the same periodical boast of being almost simultaneously the literary nursing-school of so many front-rank politicians. Long after he had a seat at St. Stephen's Lord Robert Cecil continued to find a connection with a daily paper convenient. Thomas Hamber, a contemporary at Oriel of Lord Goschen, had become editor of the *Standard*, a daughter of the old Tory *Morning Herald*. The member for Stamford varied his social and political studies for Douglas Cook's *Saturday Review* with articles, generally on foreign politics, in the *Standard*. These appeared about the same epoch that Henry Reeve's Tuesday leaders on the same subjects were a feature in the *Times*. The most important of Robert Cecil's earliest writings on public affairs were perhaps those that had already appeared in the occasional publication known as (Oxford or Cambridge) Essays. On April 7, 1854, he rose in the Lower House for his maiden speech on Lord John Russell's Oxford University Commission Bill. That measure formed the first in a legislative series which has since, at periodic intervals, replaced academic anachronisms by academic crotchets. Thus has been ridden to death the hobby of restoring to modern and collegiate Oxford the mediæval supremacy of the University over the colleges. Lectures

have in this way been multiplied and audiences thinned. New professorships have been founded. At the same time the undergraduate "pot-hunter" of the schools has been, by a readjustment of Honour lists, seduced into a specialism in his studies that has caused him systematically to shun the class-rooms of the new teachers. The success of these academic revolutions may be judged from the fact that the twentieth century actually witnesses a new school of University reformers, preparing to agitate for a third Commission to undo the work of its two predecessors. On the April 7, 1854, already mentioned, Lord Salisbury, in the literary style of the Saturday Reviewer (perceptible in most of his best speeches, as in all the best speeches of Sir William Harcourt), denounced the Oxford Bill for annihilating the preferences, shown by college founders for their birthplace, for the schools with which they have been connected and for their own kindred. As to the argument of the founder having no right to tie up the property for future ages, Lord Robert Cecil answered that then the analogy of private estates ought to be followed and the property returned to the heir in the natural course of law. If, he added, the endowments of various founders are to be squandered in this manner there will, by and by, be no more endowments to deal with. That warning seems in a fair way of being fulfilled. Louder and louder at the present time grows the Oxford complaint of studies languishing from an empty treasury. The merit and success of this first effort may be judged from Gladstone's remark about it a little later in the same debate.

"The young member, whose earliest efforts, rich with future promise, shows that there still issue from the University men who give earnest of their future accomplishments."

Of all the public men on either side in his generation the subject of that Gladstonian prediction has done the most solid and enduring as well as brilliant work for his party, perhaps for the whole country too. The depressing influences of his childhood were to some extent repeated during the earlier stages of his political manhood. When, together with Lord Carnarvon, he resigned over Household Suffrage in 1867, Disraeli simply remarked, "The young man's head is on fire, but he will come to heel all in good time." Before serving in Disraeli's later Cabinet, Lord Salisbury had practically admitted the folly of his rash vow, "I will never follow that Jew into the lobby again." In a sense, wherein it cannot be said of any of those who were before him, Lord Salisbury has proved a political constructive power of the first magnitude. The function of Wellington, Canning, Peel, Derby, and Beaconsfield himself was to preside over transitional systems, leading up to Free Trade and Household Suffrage. English democracy may have been created by Disraeli, decorated, disciplined, and tricked out by Randolph Churchill and his clever friends, especially the present Sir John Gorst, who, by the way, illustrates through his miscarriages the truth that in parliamentary life nothing succeeds like meek-tongued mediocrity. Mr. Balfour, in words he may have recanted or forgotten, once described himself as an old Tory. As a diplomatist Lord Salisbury

has shown the patient passivity of Londonderry. In general politics his statesmanlike consciousness of, and belief in, the innate Conservatism of Englishmen has been that of Pitt; it has been attended by like results. Here is the chief point at which the uncle has been of permanent benefit to the nephew. So far back as Fourth Party days Gladstone foresaw that Mr. Arthur Balfour's administrative ability and ready resourcefulness in parliamentary strategy must inevitably conduct him to the first place, and keep him there long after the brilliant intuitions and dazzling performances of Randolph Churchill should have been forgotten. On the other hand, Mr. Balfour has not yet come into full possession of the elastic adaptability of his illustrious relative. There is something really magnificent in the obstinate fixity of the political ideas of King Edward's second premier. So long as the great master of effect, Mr. Chamberlain, supplies the vigorous movement, that is all that need be demanded from the First Lord of the Treasury. Something of Lord Salisbury's personal manner has descended to his nephew, with perhaps a few of his mental idiosyncrasies. The intellectual stubbornness, at once his strength and his weakness, chiefly distinguishes Mr. Balfour's Conservatism from that of his uncle. Lord Salisbury's political development during the second half of the twentieth century is the first authentic revelation of modern Conservatism. There is no fixity of idea here; no threadbare threat of putting the back to the wall; fighting it out to the final breath; dying in the last ditch, and so forth. The politics of Lord Salisbury were less those of the

born and haughty aristocrat idolised by nursemaids and young ladies whose ideals of high life used to be drawn from the *Family Herald*, than of the scientific student to whom every branch of learning or of action is an essentially progressive affair. Change is the inexorable law of the political as of the animal world. "Admitting the historical continuity of parties to have a political as well as a sentimental value, I say it is an absolute delusion if it be applied to measure the tendencies of a statesman of one age by the tendencies of a statesman in another age. It would only mislead if it be used to give a character of permanence to that which is, in its nature, fleeting. The axioms of the last age and the fallacies of the present, the principles which save one generation may be the ruin of the next. There is nothing abiding in political science but the necessity of truth, purity, and justice. The evils by which the body politic is threatened are in a state of constant change, and with them the remedies by which those evils must be cured." So Lord Robert Cecil as a writer in 1861. Compare with this Lord Salisbury in 1884 (his House of Lords speech on the Housing of the Poor). "After all, veen my noble friend" (Lord Wemyss) "may press as earnestly as he will upon us the need of leaving every Englishman to work out his own destiny, and not attempt to aid him at the expense of the State; but, on the other side, he must always bear in mind that there are no absolute truths or principles in politics. I hope Parliament will never transgress the laws of public honesty. I equally hope that Parliament will not be deterred by fear of being tempted to transgress

those laws, or by fear of being accused of intending to transgress them, from fearlessly facing, examining, and attempting to fathom those appalling problems which involve the deepest moral, spiritual, and material interests of our fellow-countrymen." The truth, so often missed is, that Lord Salisbury had always been not reactionary but cautious. The Conservatism, called Unionism, that follows Lord Salisbury's retirement, as illustrated by Mr. Balfour, by Lord Lansdowne, in a less degree even by Mr. Chamberlain, borrows an appearance of strength from a periodic tendency to violent reaction and prides itself on casting all thoughts of caution to the four winds of heaven.

The establishment of Free Trade, the removal of religious disabilities, the national prosperity consequent on raw materials cheapened, on railways extended, and on the practical applications of science, left the English people without a single ground of complaint. Hence the consolidation of popular Conservatism which, commencing in 1874, with a few Gladstonian interruptions has continued to the present day. On coming to the first place Lord Salisbury knew he might successfully appeal to that national sentiment. Therefore he declared against destructive legislation, but urged on domestic reform. More recently the crowning proof of his statesmanlike provision was seen in his prognosis of the Irish Question. Everything was drawing Gladstone in the direction of Home Rule. Lord Salisbury, in his sportive moments, may have rallied the then Lord Hartington on his "squeezableness," may have made disrespectful reference to Mr. Chamberlain as a "Brummagem

button-maker." In 1880 the alleged reactionariness of Lord Salisbury had been contrasted by some of the Fourth Party critics with the comparative Liberalism of Sir Stafford Northcote, with whom he was then associated in the Conservative leadership. Northcote rejoined that, of the two, Lord Salisbury was the more tolerant of political novelties. The truth of the remark received an illustration a few years later. In 1884 the two Houses had differed over Gladstone's Bill for enfranchising the agricultural labourer. The Caucus set to work to intimidate the peers. Street processions were organised in London, and demonstrations throughout the country. These tactics were satirised by Lord Salisbury in his keenest *Saturday Review* vein. The next day he approvingly identified himself with the analogous doings of the Conservative Caucus and with Lord Randolph Churchill's adoption of the detested electioneering methods of Birmingham. His correct judgment of character was shown in the perception that surviving Whigs of the Cavendish variety would not acquiesce in the agrarian confiscations which Home Rule must imply and that Mr. Chamberlain, as a true son of the English middle-class whose Tudor and Stuart forefathers made England an Imperial country, would not, when hit on one cheek, turn the other patiently to the smiter. Here the late premier was importantly assisted by his destined successor. Mr. Balfour was one of a little set of political friends and foes who were often Mr. Chamberlain's guests, or who habitually met him at the houses of common friends. His quick eye for House of Commons situations and possibilities made him at

once ready with details of the arrangement whose principles were of Lord Salisbury's discovery. Thanks to Disraeli, in the first instance, to Randolph Churchill and to Mr. Chamberlain in the second, the day of democratic Imperialism had come. The genius of that movement had been affronted and affrighted by Gladstone. The political future—during at least the next few years—would belong to the men who recognised, guided, and gratified it.

If, on Lord Salisbury's withdrawal, the first man on his side had been sent for, no one doubts Mr. Chamberlain would have been his successor of to-day. Even, however, in a dispensation of democracy the traditions of practical politics are patrician. For an ex-Whig like the Duke of Devonshire, as, in 1886, had been provisionally fore-settled, to have been brought to the premiership by an organisation dominantly Conservative would have offended some sensibilities. For an ex-Radical, not born into the territorial aristocracy, to have become generalissimo of the allied armies might have been a scandal, straining sentiments of allegiance to rupture-point. The new King, therefore, did what really had been inevitable. To entrust Mr. Balfour with the formation of the Cabinet was to adopt an expedient which would gratify the orthodox tradition by keeping the premiership in the hands of a great family, which would also humour the democracy by giving its chief, Mr. Chamberlain, plenary authority over the whole combination. Not only had the present dual controllers of the popular Chamber long been close friends in private; in the Home Rule Parliament (1892–5)

they had worked together in maintaining the opposition to Gladstone. During those years the difficulty of that task was increased by an unusual experience. As a rule ministerial majorities display a tendency to diminish. If they rally on great occasions, it becomes increasingly difficult to rely on them when the House is occupied with the drudgery of detail. At the period now mentioned the Gladstonians had justly derived satisfaction and hope from their figures in the House itself or in the division lobby, steadily standing above the normal level. Mr. Chamberlain, of course, formed the life and soul of the resistance. Mr. Balfour, as his colleague, often grew so evidently weary that the Gladstonians were encouraged to anticipate the wearing out of their antagonists. Mr. Chamberlain's energies, however, never flagged; strong himself, he was a source of strength to all about him. He rallied and reinvigorated waverers above and below the gangway; he inspired with his own resolution even his partner, always languid, often apparently exhausted. The relations between the two men presented a spectacle such as the House had never seen before, such as none of those who ever beheld it can forget. Upon Mr. Balfour its effects were permanent as well as temporary. He caught the contagion of Mr. Chamberlain's animated bitterness against the political enemy. Between two such men anything approaching to jealousy must be out of the question. They had long been associates with a real liking for each other. Mr. Chamberlain's intensity had now transformed the mutual sentiment into the strongest of personal alliances. Each might indeed see himself

reflected in the other. The Mr. Balfour of 1892–5 had, in a parliamentary sense, ceased to be the nephew of the Hatfield marquis; he had for the time become a reincarnation of the spirit of the owner of Highbury. That is not a transformation easily to be outgrown in a political lifetime. As it has been, and is, with the twin chiefs, so it has proved with the rank and file of the two Unionist divisions. All the members of the connection, from the mightiest of the leaders to the humblest borough member, understand themselves and each other as perfectly as did Cavour and Napoleon III. in the Franco-Italian relations of a generation and a half since. Surely, some people thought, the policy culminating in the annexation of Nice and Savoy must bring about an estrangement between the earnest patriot and the prehensile emperor. Each of the pair is said to have smiled at the indignation shown by friends of Italy in England. But, in exactly a year after the French aggression, the Italian Parliament proclaimed Victor Emmanuel the nation's king, and Italian unity was assured.

The new reign, at its beginning, has, therefore, seen the confirmation in power of an old party by agencies entirely novel. Mr. Balfour's premiership, like Lord Salisbury's before him, suggests the subjection of mere Unionism to Conservative authority in the highest places. The traditional representatives of Conservatism have disappeared from the forefront of the political battle. The country gentlemen, as the descendants of the Shire Knights who were the real makers of the House of Commons, have not politically survived to the first anniversary of King

Edward's coronation. Sir Stafford Northcote, who died Lord Iddesleigh, was the last of the great remnants of that historic type. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, as a Gloucestershire squire of ancient family and of many acres, belongs indeed to the same order. But in his case his great powers had for some years before he resigned the Chancellorship been so employed as to identify him with London officialism rather than country leadership. To that same official class belongs also his successor, Mr. Ritchie.

Rather more than half a century ago a recently and nobly-born infant was surrounded by a distinguished group of family friends and relatives, all closely observing or forecasting the future of the aristocratic little stranger. Opinion was unanimous that no finer or more promising babe had ever been added to the peerage. At the moment of scrutiny the features might, after the manner of infants, be vague, red, and puffy. The highest distinction was, however, discerned to be latent in them. "That brow, like Jove's, will some day threaten and command." So ventured to murmur a relation who had the reputation of being well read in books and in character. "Why," asked the chief parasite of the house, who was leading the chorus, "should not that forehead betoken the imagination of a Shakespeare, the philosophy of a Bacon, the aptitude for affairs of a Pitt?" "My own idea," broke in a bookish young kinsman, "is that the interesting brat will become a prince of students." "Not a bit of it," said a heavy-moustached sporting cousin on his way to Newmarket; "horseflesh is his *metier;* his destiny is to win two Derbies and ruin his

party." "No doubt," waspishly interrupted a spinster aunt, "he has only to live long enough to put you all right and everything else wrong." Just then was heard the noise of a late-comer, who had not, perhaps, received an invitation to the christening party—a crabbed little old gentleman, crippled with gout, hobbling forward on his stick. "You are mistaken," he pleasantly broke in; "can't you see he will grow up never to be in the secret of his own mind? What coronet in the world can get over that?" Such, with a few necessary revisions, is a familiar version of an old family story. It might be, with some further alterations, first have been told of a statesman as near to the King as any of those already mentioned, but identified with an opposite set of opinions. If ever there could have been born in the purple one to whom Imperial sympathies were to be a second nature, it is Lord Rosebery. Belonging by birth to a country whose chief products, as he himself once said, were oatmeal and Liberal members of Parliament, he soon developed tastes tending socially, as they had done in the case of Lord Hartington, to identify him with Conservatism in its several forms then popular. Disraeli saw in him an Alcibiades of the pattern admiringly reflected in his novels. The Liberalism, that might be regarded as his political birthright, triumphed over the social seductions of Conservatism in its most brilliant forms. Already, at Eton and at Christchurch, he had developed into a *grand seigneur* of popular proclivities. Those tendencies were indeed guaranteed by his pursuits. He began to keep a racing stud while he yet had rooms in Canterbury

Quad. He had not taken his degree when the signal collapse of a favourite horse, which, by a prophetic coincidence, bore the same name as the Derby winner of 1894, nearly caused him to renounce the turf in disgust. The outburst of chivalrous admiration for Disraeli's great opponent, that marked the opening of his political career, was sure to be followed by a reaction. Meanwhile Lord Rosebery had summoned the history of the past to assist him in his studies of the politics of the present. The immortal reputations in English affairs had been won by men standing conspicuously aloof of parties. Of that detachment the most congenial instance revealed itself in the second Pitt. Lord Rosebery's life of that statesman belonged to the same order of literature as the third Napoleon's book on Julius Cæsar, or Disraeli's monograph on Lord George Bentinck. Its interest, that is to say, resided in the revelation of the author rather than in the subject. It was, in fact, a form of autobiography. The writer's Pitt was the reflection of the original in Lord Rosebery himself. To his great exemplar the biographer has since shown his practical fidelity. After Gladstone had withdrawn in 1894 circumstances conspired to make the magnate of the Midlothian district the successor of a statesman whom his earlier efforts had associated with that county. At the last the great man's retirement seemed to have come suddenly. No premonitory hint was given. Loyalty to Mr. Gladstone prevented alike the mention of what impended, or the preparations for choosing a leader in his place. Lord Rosebery had been designated by the old chief himself. The advanced

Liberals were unanimously for him, not avowedly because he was a peer, but because he was an enemy rather than a champion of that order; because, with Mr. Asquith as his lieutenant in the Commons, he impressed Mr. Massingham, the then Radical protagonist, and others as likely to go further and quicker than Sir William Harcourt. If the ordinary usage had been followed, that gentleman undoubtedly would have been "sent for" by the sovereign. But, in the way already explained, there was no Harcourtian machinery set at work. Many years earlier the host of Dalmeny had pleasantly foretold his destiny twice to win the Derby, once to be Prime Minister, for all time to reorganise Liberalism. The primrose on the turf was in 1894 absolutely master of the political situation. Part of his self-prophecy had been fulfilled; he had won the Derby; he was now Prime Minister; would he accomplish the rest of his prediction—carry off the blue ribband of the turf a second time, and re-unite the Liberal party? In 1895 the sportsman realised the vision of the seer. The twentieth century has come without as yet the statesman's horoscope being converted into fact. At the 1886 elections, as, indeed, once at least after that, the Gladstonian caucus had so prevailed as to make Home Rule the test of genuine Liberalism. On that supreme topic decidence became the unpardonable sin. Intolerance was but another name for orthodoxy. To admit the possibility of there being two sides to the question on which Gladstonianism had declared its mind was cowardice and treason. The familiar extract from the

old mock heroic poem had indeed fulfilled itself to the letter—

> "Here is all truth. Whoso believes it not
> Is liar, idiot, dotard, cur and sot."

Lord Rosebery saw from the first the suicidal nature of these tactics. To nineteenth-century Liberalism he perceived Mr. Gladstone and Irish autonomy to be in danger of becoming the same fatal agencies as the coalition of Fox with North and the resulting India Bill had proved to Whiggism a hundred years earlier. Already Lord Rosebery had made no secret of his indisposition to renew the Gladstonian offers to Ireland. Long before his familiar remark about the need of converting the predominant partner in the English constituences to Home Rule, he had refused the application of it as a Liberal test. In November, 1886, the Liberal Federation held its annual meeting at Leeds. Lord Rosebery, amid many signs of disapproval, declared that those Liberals would assume a grave responsibility who let the Irish split in the party become permanent. The president of the Caucus sharply called the future premier to order. This, he said, was not the language to use when one had a majority. He then arithmetically demonstrated, by the number of new associations affiliated since the Irish crisis, a clear gain to the cause of 25 per cent. How, then, he indignantly asked, should Lord Rosebery propose to make a pontoon for bringing over those members of the party who were standing on the other side of the gulf? Thus, in advance of what was now about to happen,

Lord Rosebery had made it plain that the ruling out of Imperialists from Liberals must imply his own withdrawal from the party. If his connection with the then dominant Home Rule Liberalism had virtually ended, there were other bodies, claiming to be popular, with whom he remained in close touch. The Fabian Society, Mr. and Mrs. Webb, with their many colleagues, well versed in influencing and organising opinion, now became the oracles of the accomplished peer, whose elevation to the first place in the State, whose defeat at St. Stephen's, whose decisive overthrow in the constituencies and whose formal withdrawal from any responsible connection with his old party were crowded into a bewilderingly short time. Some of the propaganda of his unofficial advisers Lord Rosebery, when Foreign Secretary, had effectively anticipated. Even now, only a very few years have passed since the extensively unnoticed death of a man of extraordinarily brilliant parts and of early promise curiously unfulfilled. Such was Henry Ottiwell Waterfield. As a boy, captain both of collegers and of the school at Eton, he won brilliantly a fellowship at King's. An excellent scholar and a fascinating teacher, he seemed born for an uneventful and useful life as schoolmaster. To that, indeed, he ultimately settled down. Before doing so he had travelled widely and to good purpose. The example and the books of two earlier Etonians—respectively the authors of *Eothen*, of the *Crescent and the Cross*—had shaped in these early roamings his course rather outside the beaten track. He mastered on the spot every phase of the Near Eastern Question. At Constantinople

he had made the acquaintance of Percy Smythe, the eighth Lord Strangford, the brother of George Smythe, picturesquely reflected in the eponymous hero of Disraeli's most famous novel. Working together, George Smythe and Waterfield mastered, as none of their contemporaries did, the chief problems, racial, political, philological, of the Balkan Peninsula and the Levant. Lord Salisbury, at the Foreign Office, knew as little even of the faces of his subordinate staff as he knew later of his junior colleagues in the Cabinet. How little that was may be judged from the fact that the premier's question about an opposite neighbour at the Club, "Who is that fresh-faced young man?" referred to one of his own heads of departments, Mr. Walter Long, President of the Local Government Board. Of his Foreign Office staff abroad Lord Salisbury knew absolutely nothing. In all those respects the contrast presented by Lord Rosebery was complete. No one who ever held his portfolio so promptly, minutely, and correctly acquainted himself with our diplomatic *personnel* beyond seas. He was ever watching for men, such as the just-described Waterfield, whose exceptional knowledge he might, if but informally, utilise in the international interests of the country. That feature in his administration produced at the time a marked effect abroad. It is remembered still. Lord Rosebery thus remains the one type of intelligence among our responsible diplomatic managers whom the contemporary chanceries of Europe have known. As to his future intentions Lord Rosebery has yet to show himself completely in the secret of these. Thus far the advanced Liberalism

once attributed to him is a bud that has not shown any sign of blowing into blossom. On his first accession to power he hinted at a short way with his own Chamber, if its members resisted the reforms of a drastic Liberalism. Such a way, and of a purely constitutional kind, there of course was. When the peers repeatedly throw out proposals that the nation desires to see pass into law, such action can always be met in another way than by a fresh creation. Tacking is the device impartially resorted to by Whigs and Tories for presenting a necessary Bill, unacceptable to the Upper House, in such a way to their lordships as practically to leave them no alternative but to pass it. Had Lord Rosebery been in earnest, his declaration for these methods would have sufficed to remove the last obstacle in the way of the genuinely Liberal legislation for which Lord Rosebery's affection has so far been purely platonic.

As regards the political school, to which power still belongs, Lord Rosebery is so far less an active antagonist than an academical critic. It had indeed seemed possible to some that Mr. Gladstone's successor of nine years ago might be so won by the allurements of his brother sportsmen and personal intimate, the Lord Hartington of other days, as to register his final separation from the faction for which he had abdicated responsibility by taking up Lord Salisbury's work on that statesman's retirement from the Foreign Office. Such an expectation may have seemed to Lord Rosebery to imply a surrender of self-respect. At the moment these lines are written the way, perhaps, is being quietly prepared

for the ex-premier's resumption of a less irresponsible and a more enterprising part. Excessive organisation may be a symptom of atrophy rather than vigorous life. It proved so with the Roman Empire in its decadence. Is that experience to be repeated in the story of twentieth-century Liberalism? The new Liberal League, however, can advance the same claims for consideration as any of its rivals. The earliest and greatest Opposition victory won in 1903 was that of the candidate in the Newmarket Division, who was a Liberal in domestic affairs only, an Imperialist in all others. Lord Salisbury's apparently final withdrawal from all scenes of political activity may produce an effect on Lord Rosebery as yet incalculable even by the latter himself.

In a speech at Manchester (March, 1886) Lord Randolph Churchill first explained and christened Unionism. Earlier preparations, equally essential to the new coalition's success, had, however, been made by that member of the Cecil group, who, during these opening years of the twentieth century, acts as King Edward's first minister. Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain are loyal and close personal friends, between whom there is no room for even a shadow of jealousy. Each of them is also the necessary complement of the other. The two, in fact, make one statesman. Lord Salisbury's nephew entered St. Stephen's encompassed by a certain atmosphere of personal distinction, like that with which the gods of classical poetry surrounded their favourites. At Eton and Cambridge his actual achievements may have been modest. Both places yielded him a few

admirers who, with quiet confidence, anticipated for him a great future. Lord Salisbury had always taken an interest in his favourite sister's sons. The coming Prime Minister enjoyed therefore from the first all the Hatfield influence. A Scot, and consequently a metaphysician, by birth, he had been noted at the University for greater quickness than even clever young men usually show in detecting fallacies in arguments on economic subjects. Before he had made his position at St. Stephen's he had collected round himself in society a little group of earnest votaries. Like his personal friend and political opponent, Mr. Asquith, he had been chosen into the little coterie of superior beings known as "souls.' A small society, largely composed of young Oxford Radicals, in the first half of the nineteenth century had formed the *Century Club*. It disbanded itself when Disraeli's personal triumph had made Conservatism the vogue. In its place was organised the *Cecil Club* under Mr. Balfour's presidency. One of the earlier members of that company gave up attendance at its meetings. He could not take them seriously enough. So drolly did they recall the account in *Conings by* of the half a dozen young gentlemen who supped thrice a week off soda-water and a blue-book, and called themselves a political party.

In the House of Commons Mr. Balfour, from the first, moved towards pre-eminence without a single retrogression. Mr. Gladstone appreciated Randolph Churchill, but to future responsibility always declared Lord Salisbury's nephew to be alone equal. Former

leaders of the House have generally owed their influence over it to their wise manipulation of its self-love. They have been the assembly's masters by appearing only as its servants. That is a kind of flattery to which Mr. Balfour has not stooped. He has, however, studied and can even gratify some of its humours, especially on theological or at least serious matters. When on those subjects he turns from party recriminations to the general feeling of the House and of the country, he often contrives to adopt a very clever and successful tone. The excesses of religious partisanship, he seems to say, are no doubt deplorable. Yet even those heats may have their uses. They may, that is, serve as safety valves for impulsive and overwrought tempers. If there were no religious controversies the men who, as it is, talk against the Church, might speak disrespectfully of the Constitution, the Cabinet, or even of parliamentary government itself. That is a dexterous employment of the philosopher's temper for parliamentary ends.

The Prime Minister, politically regarded, is a Cecil rather than a Balfour. That, however, does not prevent some among his most self-assertive critics belonging to the Cecil clan. Those are occasionally reinforced by Lord Randolph Churchill's son, of whom more will be said a little later on. For Mr. Balfour the most ominous parliamentary incident is the reappearance of Sir John Gorst. That adroit and intellectual master of political cynicism was Lord Randolph Churchill's safest and shrewdest counsellor. Since then he has been a conspicuous illustration of the truth that mediocrity and not ability is the secret

of parliamentary success. The parliamentary history, so far as it has gone, of 1903 shows the results to Mr. Balfour and his colleagues of the methods that may be applied by candid friends like those just glanced at. Reactionary pressure, such as was attempted during the Education Bill's progress, might yet colour the whole course of ministerial legislation with consequences not limited to the party in power.

While he yet remained in office Lord Salisbury's commanding influence ensured for Conservatism or Unionism (the two things are practically the same) the moderate and progressive character which satisfied the Duke of Devonshire's and Mr. Chamberlain's Liberal followers. That restraining power's withdrawal seems increasingly likely to result in a growing difficulty to prevent Lord Hugh Cecil and his kinsmen from reproducing the paternal tactics, when Lord Cranborne and Lord Salisbury denounced or defied his titular chiefs. In the improbable event of such Conservative vagaries, there may conceivably occur some reorganisation on both political sides. Lord Salisbury became in 1883 a convert to Randolph Churchill's democratic Conservatism. On the strength of that, having made common cause with Mr. Chamberlain, he remained beyond the reach of opposition rivalry up to the day on which he made room, in the manner already described, for Mr. Balfour. What would happen if ministerial Conservatism were to revert from the Randolphian views to the original Cecilian orthodoxy? In the first place, Lord Rosebery might be moved to take the lead of a reconstructed Opposition. In the second place Mr. Winston Churchill,

in honour to his father's memory, might be stimulated to new efforts as champion by right of birth of the Churchillian ideas.

Lord Randolph's political qualities were hereditary on both sides. His quickness of eye for political combinations had descended to him from his ancestor, the conqueror of Blenheim. His energy in some of its aspects, and the particular sort of interest taken by him in international affairs, came from the maternal Stewarts, and, in regard to the smaller nationalities, reflected with a curious closeness the statesmanship of Castlereagh. But Churchill learned from experience almost as little as the Bourbons themselves. His son is now beginning at a point in advance of that at which his father left off.

Mr. Winston Churchill has brought into Parliament not only his father's ingenuity and independence, but a knowledge that his father only late in life ever thought of acquiring. With Lord Randolph everything was effected by his native genius. Subjects indeed were sometimes "got up" with surprising rapidity and completeness. Otherwise there had been none of the political study like that with which the son matures his mind, strengthens his position, helps his future. The one point wherein the second Churchill thus far resembles the first is that he stands absolutely by himself. As Fourth Party leader Lord Randolph had henchmen. With the exception of his ablest counsellor, still surviving as Sir John Gorst, he had no friend but only rivals among his co-operators. The exceedingly astute gentlemen of the Cecil name who constitute Lord Salisbury's parliamentary legacy

in pettish moments may be disposed to use Mr. Churchill as an instrument for chastising Mr. Balfour, but blood is thicker than water. The first Churchill found that out in the 1880 period. The second may have made the same discovery now. He will certainly strengthen himself in proportion as he realises that the modern Cecils are by nature *frondeurs*. They grumble at their appointed chief, but end by following him. From the American Jeromes, his mother's relatives, Mr. Churchill has inherited an acumen and caution that instinctively prompt him to seek allies in men like Mr. William Beckett, unfettered by family connections.

In the Disraelian House of Commons a generation ago the great minister was supported by no follower of more comely aspect and genially polished manner than the perennially youthful Percy Wyndham, famous in the social life of the place among his intimates for his Eton reminiscences of the fifteenth Lord Derby, whose peculiarities of articulation he reproduced in the drollest way imaginable. In due time this agreeable gentleman bequeathed to Parliament the clever and good-looking son who, as Irish Secretary, is almost as much in evidence as Mr. Chamberlain himself. With a presence not less pleasant and even more polished than that of his father, he combines literary tastes of the prettiest kind, as well as an intellectual temper, disposing him to gravitate at some points towards ideas scarcely less liberal than those once held by Randolph Churchill, and still advocated by Mr. John Morley. Mr. Wyndham's education was almost the same as that of Lord George Hamilton.

He furnishes, in fact, after the Indian Secretary, another proof that a guardsman's training may be no bad preparation for parliamentary and official work.

As Under-Secretary for War, the introducer of the 1903 Land Bill made his first great Parliamentary success in 1899, in what was then known as the Lorrimer case—that of a mutinous private whose death in prison was alleged to have been hastened by barbarous treatment. The facts in clever hands might have furnished a damning case against ministers. Mr. MacNeill, who took the matter up, weakened and blundered it at every point. The Under-Secretary, with a jaunty freshness that at once pleased the House, was easily enabled to pulverise Lorrimer's champion and to vindicate the Government. Since that day Mr. Wyndham has had only to maintain the reputation thus made. There was a short interval during which the Irish Secretary of to-day sat aloof from his present friends below the gangway. Eventually ability found its own level. Mr. Chamberlain's immediate followers having been attended to, Mr. Balfour felt free to make some provision for his own former secretary, who in Disraeli's day, long ere that, would have been made a junior lord.

During his Irish employment Mr. Gerald Balfour irritated the landlords without really winning the Nationalists. On his mother's side Mr. Wyndham is descended from that son of the Duke of Leinster who as Lord Edward Fitzgerald became one of the popular heroes of 1798. National sentiment and family associations are not, however, the only reasons of the acceptability of the Unionist Secretary to the

National party. Mr. Wyndham, on the whole, has little to thank but his own personal endowments for the commanding place he occupies. Irishmen at St. Stephen's, in the twentieth century as ever, are connoisseurs of mental calibre, of political tact. They are, therefore, proud of Mr. Wyndham. They also recognise in him the capable and cultured instrument pre-eminently acceptable to the Court, of the enlightened intentions towards the sister kingdom that King Edward is supposed to entertain.

During the seventies of the last century there were together at Balliol certain undergraduates of whom the world has heard a good deal since. Each member of the group seemed equally rich in promise. All have since fulfilled most of the expectations formed of their futures. Mr. Balfour, as belonging to an earlier generation, seemed from the first to take a paternal pride in the initial successes of Mr. St. John Brodrick and of Mr. Curzon—the two alumni of Wycliffe's College most in evidence during these later years. Mr. Curzon's mark was made in 1896. A certain aggressive juvenility of look, of manner, and the air of contemptuous infallibility, usually bred of extreme youth, were qualities that won for their possessor the title of the Grand Young Man. The nickname was not so much lived down as converted into the reality which proved a stepping-stone to success. The Foreign Under-Secretary of the last century grew more tolerant of the limitations on the average intelligence. He recognised that even out of other places than the college in Broad Street good things might come, and that a member of the House might be a sensible sort

of man, without having qualified himself to write books on the Eastern Question, far or near. So *rusé* an interpellator as Mr. Labouchere gradually came to compliment Mr. Curzon on the dignified adroitness with which, in few words or many, as best suited his case, he said nothing in reply to foreign policy questions. The paternal dwelling of Kedleston is said to have served as a model for Government House, Calcutta. The eldest son of the Kedleston rector, the Rev. Lord Scarsdale, conceived the infantile ambition of becoming Viceroy of India. As the great Sir Robert Peel was brought up by his father to be Prime Minister, so the Lord Curzon of the twentieth century trained and informed his mind from earliest youth to qualify him for his sovereign's Asiatic representative. Lord Salisbury never proved a shrewder judge of capacity than when he made what was thought the rash experiment of transforming a ministerial under-strapper into the greatest of Anglo-Oriental potentates. So long ago as 1889 the future Viceroy and the future War Minister had covered themselves with fame by their combined protest in the House of Commons against the parliamentary hardships of clever heirs to peerages. The two had taken into their council the Marquis of Carmarthen, the prospective Duke of Leeds. Mr. Curzon's proposal was practically to make it optional with peers by inheritance in which House they should sit. Lord Salisbury, in a rather cynical spirit, rather evaded the issue raised by a humorously irrelevant proposal for fresh life creations. Mr. Brodrick, (1895–8) as Under-Secretary for War, (1898–1900)

Mr. Curzon's successor in the Foreign Office, did well enough honestly to have won the Cabinet. Whether his intellectual power and gift of sustained industry will result in creating the army that is wanted at a cost that is agreeable still perhaps remains in the same doubt as the exact nature of the article desired.

In England, at any rate, great soldiers have, for the most part, been the embodiments of the national idea on other than purely military subjects. The Duke of Wellington, in his mature prime, was not only the symbol of English victory over a tyrannical foe, he was also the sage of Europe, as well as the arbiter and protector of his nation's destinies. Lord Wolseley, after his South African successes, returned to England to find himself the military idol of the democracy. He seemed to be the destined demonstrator of the patriotic expediency and the political wisdom of army reforms adopted in opposition to the privileged classes. So, too, with the present Commander-in-Chief (1903). Lord Roberts of Kandahar stands forth to his countrymen not only as the winner of triumphs recalled by his title, but as the soldier's friend. Few generals have possessed more title to distinction, over and above feats in the field, than Lord Kitchener. His diplomatic skill in dealing with morbidly irritated states of foreign opinion displayed itself through all the negotiations arising out of the Fashoda incident. His conduct of the Transvaal operations during their final stage showed him not merely as the conciliatory captain, but as the original, far-seeing, and successful organiser. The South African atmosphere may exercise a confusing in-

fluence on the use and meaning of ordinary words, as well as on judgments. The Boers crowned the enormity of their victories by winning them under conditions the least expected, and at moments the most inconvenient for their opponents. When, therefore, in the summer of 1902 Lord Kitchener brought the war to an end, no one need have been surprised at hearing from professional experts that the successful general "knew little of soldiering," or that "the blockhouse system was notoriously far from being a real success." The fact remains, that from the day of his first great achievements in Egypt the most intelligent opinion of the King's army in India began earnestly to desire Lord Kitchener's appointment to its supreme command. At last the wish was gratified. The appointment was made. That great nomination had been preceded by several improvements with the mighty force which the new generalissimo controls. The native army had been largely rearmed. The transport system had been reorganised. Many other improvements had been introduced. Recent commanders-in-chief had, however, scarcely realised the expectations formed of them. In fact, since the departure of Lord Roberts, the place had not been regularly or permanently filled.

Great as a soldier, Sir George White had fallen even below the modest performances of Sir William Lockhart, whose unique experience had raised hopes which White himself had never excited. Sir Power Palmer was only a *locum tenens;* he did not even possess a seat in Council necessary for the position.

Lord Rosebery has complained of "the sending to India of our most valuable military asset," instead of keeping him, in reality as well as in name, as the head of the army at home. Lord Kitchener's present opportunities have been estimated, with more knowledge and correctness, by Lord Curzon himself. The Viceroy of 1903 has given signal proof of his courage in running counter to certain unreasonable local prejudices. He has even preferred to risk offence in high places rather than connive at injustice. When he has enlarged upon the vastness of an Indian commander's powers, he has been simply describing facts. Were Lord Kitchener in Lord Roberts's place at home he would be, in military matters, a chief executive officer of the Cabinet, the agent of a policy prescribed by the Secretary of State. In India he is second only to the Viceroy. The Supreme Council corresponds to the Cabinet at home. As a member of that body Lord Kitchener will have a large share in shaping the military course of the Indian Empire. When, early in 1903, he proceeded to his new command he took with him all the authority and prestige that his African successes could bestow, as well as the thoroughly tested capacity of organisation that is the latest and most pressing military need of the country. The first business for which exists the vast force now controlled by Lord Kitchener is not the suppression of internal rebellion (rapidity of communication has minimised that risk since 1858, when there were only one hundred lines of railway in India and reinforcements from England could not arrive under three months). The slow but steady advance of Russia

may at some supremely critical moment have to be actively repelled. That contingency must form the one test of the adequacy of our military establishment in Asia. The equipment of the vast and various troops at our disposal, the organising of communications, of reserves, of supplies—such, apparently, are the tasks that must meanwhile occupy the men entrusted with the keeping of our Eastern Empire. As regards cavalry, our Australian colonies constitute the nearest field of supply for our Indian horse. Lord Kitchener, from his African experience, has seen the difficulties involved in the question of remounts. Yet that is only one among the problems now awaiting his solution in his new surroundings. Apart from demonstrated fitness for a task even so onerous as that imposed upon him by his new command, Lord Kitchener is happy in the support, not only of quiet and circumspect self-confidence, but in the belief of the countless legions he controls abroad, as well as of his countrymen at home, that his present duties, however arduous, are not beyond his powers.

To turn once more towards the parliamentary servants of King Edward at Westminster, Mr. Winston Churchill, in the function to which his ambition, like his antecedents, prompts him, and which his practical preparation qualifies him to discharge, may find other co-operators not less useful than Mr. William Beckett. Sir Howard Vincent, Major F. C. Rasch, and Mr. Burdett Coutts have honestly worked at the Imperial subjects likely for some time yet to remain prominent in their domestic, as well as in their foreign, bearings. Captain Went-

worth, one of the Brighton members, is a descendant of George Canning, whose name he bears. His colleague, Mr. Loder, combines with loyalty to his chief official knowledge, quickness of resource, and some vigour of independent initiative. Mr. Pretyman is a descendant of the Bishop Tomline who was the private tutor and lifelong friend of William Pitt. Such associations may inspire the gentlemen in whom they centre to fulfil in the twentieth century the Tory traditions of the eighteenth and nineteenth. On the other side, Mr. C. P. Trevelyan, having rivalled his father's fame at Trinity, promises to win something of his distinction at St. Stephen's.

One of King Edward's earliest and most graceful exercises of his prerogative was the personal offer of a peerage to the last survivor of the old Gladstonian Liberals. Sir William Harcourt declined the honour. All classes of the King's subjects appreciated the thoughtful manner wherein had been given the opportunity of the refusal. The institution of the new order of merit came later. Of that decoration one among the first recipients was a statesman on the Opposition side who, whatever may be his political status, will always be at the head of the political forces which make for Liberalism. Mr. John Morley may be regarded as the one eminent Englishman who has stepped from the library or the editorial room into the Cabinet. Bulwer Lytton had been an old parliamentary stager as well as a seasoned writer long before he became Colonial Secretary. Addison, Macaulay, and Burke, indeed, all held ministerial positions. Burke, however, always remained at St.

Stephen's, a parliamentary tragedian. Addison, like to some degree Macaulay, was less a statesman than the most illustrious of place-men. Apart from the Gladstonian Harcourt, Morley, and Sir Edward Grey, there is still at Westminster, in the member for Leeds and the Opposition Whip, a Mr. Gladstone himself. Thus as little on the left as on the right-hand of the Speaker is there likely to be, under Edward VII., a failure of those parliamentary names which were the ornaments of his mother's reign. The position won by a Glasgow member, Mr. Andrew Bonar Law, during the few years he has been at St. Stephen's, shows him to be a rising man on his own side, as well as gratifies the Crown's Canadian subjects, among whom he was reared.

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